JUN 2 0 1983

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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Jul./Aug. '83 $1.75

Cover Contest Winner

How to Keep Your Teeth

Sylvester Stallone

Steve Allen

Sally Struthers

Church and State

The 1984 Olympics

Prevent Diverticulosis & Colon Cancer

Fiction: Ray Bradbury and Nicholas Monsarrat

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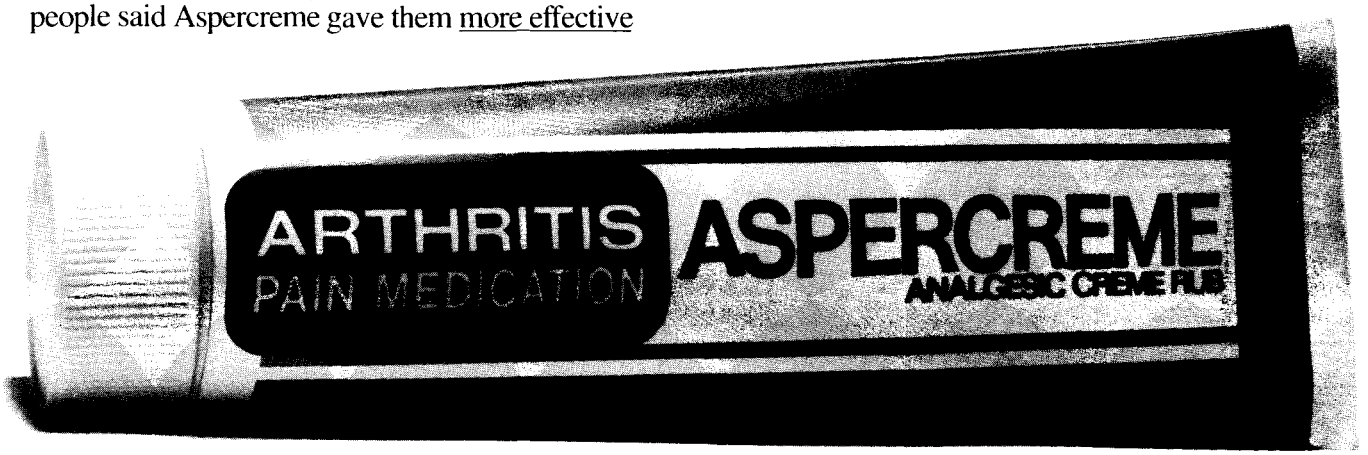

Strong, effective relief without unpleasant odor.

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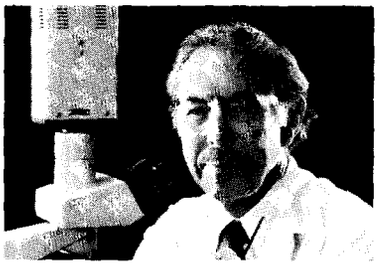
The "Rocky" Image—of Sylvester Stallone is KO'd by "the saddest day of my life." **42**



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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

FOUNDED A.D. 1728

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(Cover painting by Ann Thompson)

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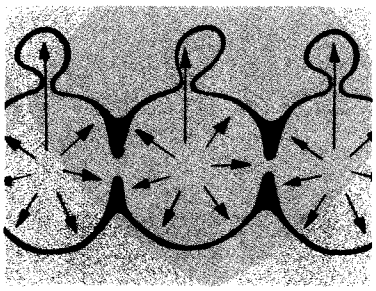
Smoking Is Bad Business—in more ways than one, as American companies are now finding out. **30**

Canvas-ing America—Eric Sloane's brush with life reaches from land to lakes, to the sky. **66**



Fiber Is the Answer—to reducing the incidence of diverticulosis as well as colorectal cancer. **26**

Sally Struthers' Dream—that "no child goes to bed hungry"—takes time, tears and money. **56**

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Letters

Shingles Relief

Usually, when I am through with a good magazine, I give it to someone.

And so I did with one of your magazines that had an article about shingles and the right diet to stick to in order to overcome it.

I gave it to the driver on the city bus. About two weeks later he told me he had been sick and went to his doctor, who gave him some pills that, Al said, proved worthless. So one day he picked up the magazine I had given him and "just happened" to come across your article on shingles. That very day he started the diet and now is almost free of it, he said.

He was so happy and so thankful and said he couldn't thank me enough for giving him that magazine. So this is to thank you for publishing such worthwhile material that can bring both health and happiness to the reader.

—Barbara L. Gustafson
Concordia, Kansas

In regard to the letter written by Mary Spires of Rocky Mount, North Carolina, and her information concerning shingles and lymphoma, I found it interesting, because my mother has terminal lung cancer. She was operated on in October '82 (unsuccessfully). Since December '82 my son in Athens, Georgia, has had mononucleosis, as has my brother in Atlanta (they haven't come in contact with each other but both have with mother), and my sister in Atlanta had a terrible case of shingles! (I was hospitalized with microplasma pneumonia, also).

My mom is still living at this writing.

Mrs. William A. Pope
Washington, Georgia

Egg on Our Faces

In the SatEvePost of May/June '83,
It was plain to see you need a
dictionary.
For on page 55, you list foods not
to eat,
For arthritics their disease to beat.
Among them you list egg *yokes*;
This offended we Midwestern *fokes*.

continued on following page

EDITORIAL
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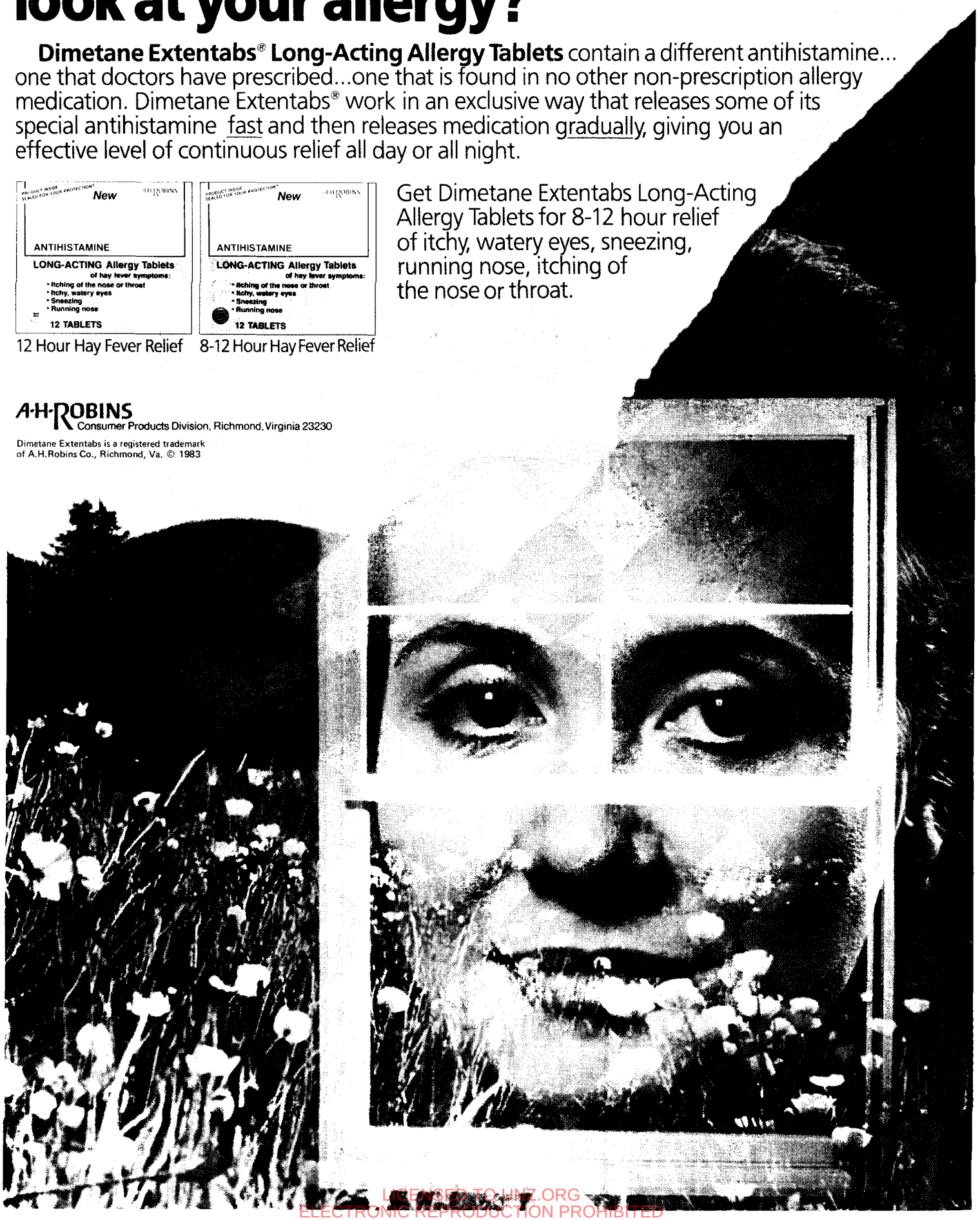

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For it seems that oxen have yokes,
But folks like us shouldn't eat egg
Y O L K S !

—Nathaniel Pulver, M.D.
Madison, Wisconsin

Roueché and Dumas

Berton Roueché's article, 'Some Kind of Poisoning,' in your May/June '83 issue, was fascinating. The concept of grafting a tomato onto a jimsonweed plant is really intriguing. I've understood that in some cases successful grafts have been made between similar species of plants, for instance, an apple tree being grafted into a hawthorn bush.

What really interested me was the remaining mystery of why the less-toxic tomatoes produced by the Claytons' graft didn't poison the eaters. It put me in mind of something that I read in *The Count of Monte Cristo* some years ago. In that story one of the characters, who is in fear of being murdered by poisoning, starts to take minute amounts of the suspected poison. The amounts were small enough that she wasn't poisoned by them, but when the murder attempt was made, she survived because the smaller amounts built up a resistance to the poison in her body. Could it simply be that, with the milder amounts of poison in the tomatoes that the Claytons ate, a resistance to the poison was built up in their bodies? It's an interesting question. I don't know if it's the right answer, but it is food for thought.

—Naniel Finch
Wallaceburg, Ontario

Arthritis: A Joint Effort

I read with interest your article, "An Arthritis Diet That Worked For Me" (May/June '83).

I have been arthritic for 36 of my 64 years (and possibly since childhood). I have been examined, tested, diagnosed and treated in several hospitals; yet the most relief I ever obtained was by following a diet similar to the one described in your article.

The biggest areas of differences lay in the "no-no's." My diet allowed no white-flour products, no refined sugars, no alcoholic beverages, no prepackaged foods with preservatives, no carbonated drinks, no coffee or tea. I only cheated a wee bit, for I did not give up coffee entirely.

I went to work for years when I had to crawl up and down the steps, and I had to use crutches or canes. I haven't used a cane but very little since seven days after I adopted my new eating regimen. If I go too far astray and eat the wrong things I still get attacks, but that reminds me to go back to a better way of eating.

My doctor asked me last summer why my arthritis was so much better. (He was studying 1968 and 1982 X-rays for comparison.) I hesitated to tell him, because I had run into skeptical doctors who hooted at the idea of diet improving arthritis. He said, "I never question anything that works."

—Edith V. Neece
North Tazewell, Virginia

Lysine Uses

I am the administrator of a 60-bed nursing center, and we have successfully used L-lysine whenever cold sores, canker sores or even herpes syndrome of the mouth has appeared—amazing results! I first used it to heal a cold sore of my own. It was excellent and our family soon became faithful users. Since I have been reading of its other values, I have been using it daily.

—Mrs. Betty Jo Banks
Downs, Kansas

Lysine

I have been experiencing some success with the use of lysine for herpes. I have used it myself and have also been recommending it for use in my practice.

M. McKelvy, M.D.
Gibsonia, Pennsylvania

Today's Wise *Post* Adults

I just read an article in *The Saturday Evening Post* called "Today's Revolting TV Kids," and I agree with every word. The sapient, obnoxious kids on TV today make my blood boil and my stomach turn. The idea of an innocent-looking youngster behaving like a hip, shrewd adult may have been funny once, but only to an extent. Now the idea has been used and abused so much that it's just plain nauseating. Please continue to print articles of such high quality.

—Alfred Hall
Newton, New Jersey

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Thank you for Simi Horwitz' article, "Today's Revolting TV Kids," in your May/June '83 issue. He put down in words what I have been thinking for some time. These kids are mere reflections of their "adult" (?) TV counterparts!

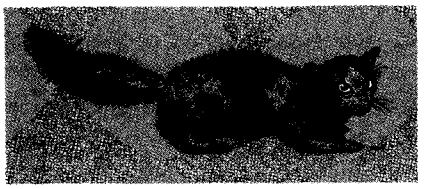
I find my TV viewing now is limited to news and watching PBS and reruns. I can at least relate to experiences in shows like "The Waltons" and "All Creatures Great and Small."

Finding something "real" in what passes for entertainment on TV now is limited to about the same possibility as one has of finding a morsel of eatable food in a cesspool!

—Mrs. Earl T. Anderson
Fayetteville, Arkansas

Cat's Tales

I've been a *Post* reader for at least 55 years—can't wait for the next issue. However, I must take exception to your cover on the May/June '83 issue. You *must* tell your artist that no self-respecting cat as scared as that one would have such a skinny tail—its tail would be at least three times that size!



Yours for Truth in Pictures.

—Mrs. A.T. Desaulniers
Mt. Berry, Georgia

Spina Bifida

I am writing in response to your March 1983 Medical Mailbox. I have a daughter who has spina bifida and am interested in participating in the research project involving prenatal vitamins. I would appreciate any information on spina bifida that might be available to you and consideration for taking part in this project.

Betsey Wheeler
Mission Hills, California

The current folic-acid study gives would-be mothers pills containing 0.8 mg of folic-acid supplementation a day. Since the spina bifida problem occurs during the first three weeks after conception, the folic acid should be started before pregnancy occurs. To inquire about participating in the research project, contact the Spina Bifida Association of America, 343 S. Dearborn, Chicago, Illinois 60604.

Big Ben Strikes Fancy

Your article "CBN's Remarkable Ben Kinchlow" in the April 1983 edition of the *Post* deserves praise.

It's a sad commentary to see how major newspapers and magazines in the United States love to criticize and crucify the leaders of this country, especially those leaders who have made sacrificial efforts for the betterment of mankind.

My family has watched Ben Kinchlow and Pat Robertson for many years on the CBN "700 Club." They have a proven track record in the field of Christianity. Their constant vigil on the economic, business, political and religious future of the world has been an inspiration and help to millions worldwide.

Thanks for a straightforward report.

—Charles E. Riddle
Woodbridge, Virginia

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ARCHIVE COLLECTION

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And no wonder. The bands of Benny Goodman, Glenn Miller, Eddy Duchin, the Dorsey Brothers, Glen Gray, Guy Lombardo—and all the rest—created a new era in music unlike anything America had seen or heard before.

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Here too are all the hit songs by the great bands that made them famous. Charlie Barnet's "Cherokee," Frankie Carle's "Sunrise Serenade," Les Brown's "Sentimental Journey," and Eddy Duchin's classic "Stormy Weather."

You'll hear the big band vocalists that audiences loved ... and still remember. Frank Sinatra with Tommy Dorsey, Peggy Lee with Benny Goodman, Anita O'Day with Gene Krupa. And the famous theme songs that fans everywhere knew by heart. Louis Armstrong's "When It's Sleepy Time Down South" ... Glenn Miller's "Moonlight Serenade" ... Bunny Berigan's "I Can't Get Started."

The ultimate collection of original big band recordings

This is a collection that would be difficult—or impossible—for any individual to assemble. For it has been brought together from the archives of all the major record companies ... and vintage labels like Brunswick, OKeh, Vocalion, Bluebird and Perfect.

The collection will reach back to *musical forerunners* like Paul Whiteman, with Bing Crosby; Fletcher Henderson, who influenced Benny Goodman and many others; the early sounds of Jean Goldkette, and Fred Waring.

It will include many recordings now considered rare treasures by collectors. Some—like Wayne King's "Melody of Love"—have been *unavailable for years*. Others were only released on 78s ... and *never re-issued*. And still others are *hard-to-find recordings* of early radio broadcasts. In every case, the selection will be a *classic* of the era.

Selected by a panel of distinguished authorities

This collection will also be the *first* ever selected and assembled by the very bandleaders and music authorities who helped shape the big band era. Bandleaders Count Basie, Les Brown, Lionel Hampton, Woody Herman, Harry James and Sammy Kaye. And writers and critics who have brought big band music to the attention of the world—Dave Dexter, Jr., Neil McCaffrey, George T. Simon, Richard Sudhalter and John S. Wilson.

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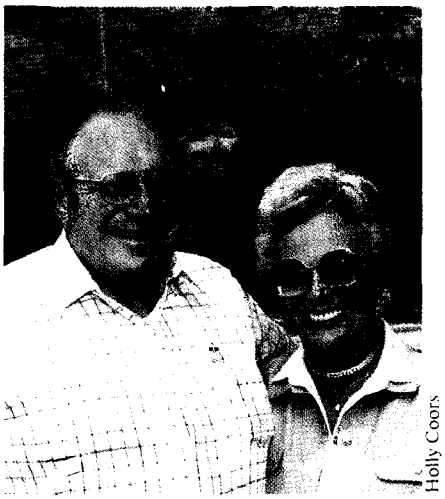
Post People

Although ***General Lewis W. Walt*** and wife ***Jane*** give the impression they haven't a care in the world, the General, as former assistant commander of the Marine Corps, is concerned about America's defense. "No great nation has ever existed longer than its military supremacy," he reminds the audiences in his lectures across the United States.


Holly Coors

It's not so much a question of one hump or two—but rather, will ***Landrum Bolling***, president of the Benjamin Franklin Literary and Medical Society, manage to stay aboard his undulating perch? Peace throughout the Middle East is a passion of this energetic goodwill ambassador who is quite familiar with Arab and Israeli as well as dromedary temperament.

Holly Coors

Upon receiving her award at the White House this year for being one of the six most outstanding Peace Corps volunteers of 1983, ***Sister Madeline Charman*** did not respond, "Thank you, Mr. President." Instead, she asked Mr. Reagan to help her get 300 pounds of flour for her canteen in Ghana. Within two hours, she had her flour. In keeping with his emphasis on volunteerism, the President personally obtained it by asking for a donation from the Seaboard Corporation of Kansas City, Kansas, which has a subsidiary in Africa. He even called back to make sure it was on its way.

Carol Holt

Holly Coors

When it comes to golfing, fishing or speaking out for America and for the free-enterprise system, octogenarian ***Lemuel Boulware*** doesn't let age dim his enthusiasm. The father of "Boulwarism"—the philosophy of "Take it or leave it" bargaining—established his leadership at General Electric Corporation after World War I. Kentucky-born, he and his wife Norma now divide their time between residences in Connecticut and Florida.

British physician ***Katharina Dalton*** crisscrosses the United States with her minister husband and a missionary zeal to teach about premenstrual-syndrome (PMS) treatment with progesterone suppositories. One of the foremost experts on PMS, she and her tireless efforts to ease the agony of this Jekyll-and-Hyde affliction are legendary. Dr. Dalton has helped more than 30,000 PMS victims and rescued teen-age girls from mental hospitals and even young mothers from jail.

Paul SerVaas

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JULY-AUGUST ON THE 700 CLUB'S LIFECARE DIGEST

July 7
Breast Cancer

Learn the latest techniques for early detection. Who gets it? One out of eleven women in the U.S. But why is it scarce in some countries? Why is there a greater prevalence among wealthy women? And nuns?

July 14
Anesthesia

What are its risks? When is it important for the doctor to have an alert patient? Why do you always meet your anesthesiologist before surgery? Get the answers this week.

July 21
Gallstones

At least a quarter million gall bladders are removed in the U.S. yearly. Why is this disease so prevalent here, yet rarely seen in rural Africa? Find out this week on LIFECARE DIGEST.

July 28
Hypoglycemia

Marked irritability, acute fatigue, weakness, sweating and nervousness when hungry might mean hypoglycemia. Your doctor's test can help you find out.

August 4
False Negative Lab Tests

What you don't know about some tests could cost you your life. For example, some drugs and vitamins can interfere with certain test results. Find out which tests and what drugs and vitamins this week on LIFECARE DIGEST.

August 11
Lung Cancer and Women

Unless women stop smoking, this will soon be the number one cancer killer for women as it is for men. We'll show you new ways to overcome this addiction before it's too late.

August 18
Cancer of the Prostate

It's rare before sixty, but there are 25,000 new cases in the U.S. each year. About 50% of these can be diagnosed on rectal examination.

August 25
Flexible Sigmoidoscopy

It gives a better look into your colon. More comfortable than rigid sigmoidoscopy, it can detect many more colon cancers early. Find out more on this week's segment.

Check your local listings for time and station

THE 700 CLUB

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Speaking Out

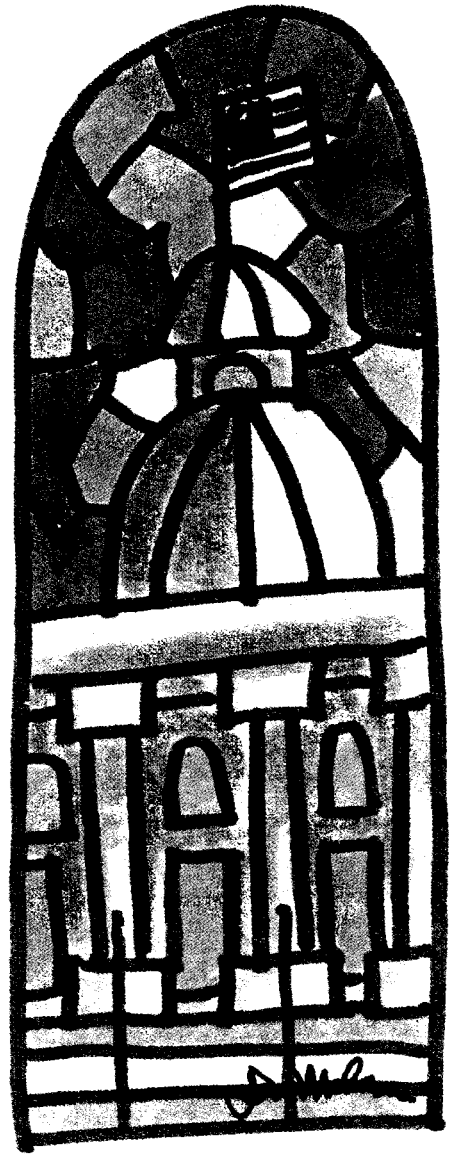
CHURCH AND STATE: THE MYTH OF SEPARATION

"We desire not separation, which would always favor atheism, but the religious freedom that permits us to cherish connections between the life of the spirit and the life of the state."

by D. Elton Trueblood

It is commonly supposed in our country today that the Constitution of the United States proclaims the principle of "separation of church and state." As a matter of fact, it does nothing of the kind! The principle of separation does not appear either in the primary document or in the Bill of Rights, which includes all of the first ten amendments. We are wise to remind ourselves of how brief the constitutional reference to the subject really is. On the subject of religion, the Bill of Rights says only the following: "Congress shall make no law respecting an establishment of religion or prohibiting the free exercise thereof." Such brevity is almost breathtaking.

The key word in this laconic statement is "establishment." This was, of course, something with which the Founding Fathers were familiar, many of them having experienced it firsthand. The most vivid example of what they sought to prohibit was practiced in both England and Scotland and continues to this day. The Church of England, a part of the worldwide Anglican communion, is "established" in the precise sense that the queen appoints its bishops and that church property is maintained by general taxation. The coronation of the monarch occurs in Westminster Abbey, the Archbishop of Canterbury presiding. Valuable as such an arrangement has proven to be in Great Britain, the architects of our country decided to reject it, hoping to create something better. What they sought was a middle ground between establishment, on the one hand, and complete secularism, on the other. We are grateful for the creation of this system, which has been, on the whole, highly successful. We are more likely to be able to preserve it if we understand thoroughly what the system is.



When we scrutinize the opening phrases of our Bill of Rights, we soon realize that "establishment" and "separation" are radically different ideas. Indeed, if by "church" we mean the whole body of believers, we have never as a nation experienced either separation or establishment. If there were an established church, one particular body of believers would be given preferences and advantages that other groups would not enjoy—but this arrangement we have never had. The absence of an established church, however, does not mean the denial of privileges in general. What we have done, in fact, is to give assistance to all churches, rather than to give assistance to one alone.

Far from requiring "separation" of church and state, we have created a number of connections that are significant features of our entire social order. Among the practical connections are the following:

1. Exemption from taxation of church property, if used for church purposes, is universal in the nation. This exemption is a large item in our economy. If church-owned buildings, used for worship and instruction, were taxed as adjoining property is taxed, the burden of church budgets would be great indeed. The tax-exempt status of churches is not only a connection between church and state, but really a gift from the state to all churches of all sizes and denominations.

2. Chaplains of Congress, in both the Senate and the House of Representatives, are appointed and supported. This means the houses of Congress regularly open with spoken prayer, those leading the prayer representing a variety of denominations. Sometimes the congressional prayers are published by the United States Government Printing Office. A good illustration is that of the

continued on page 18

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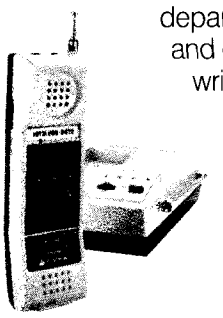
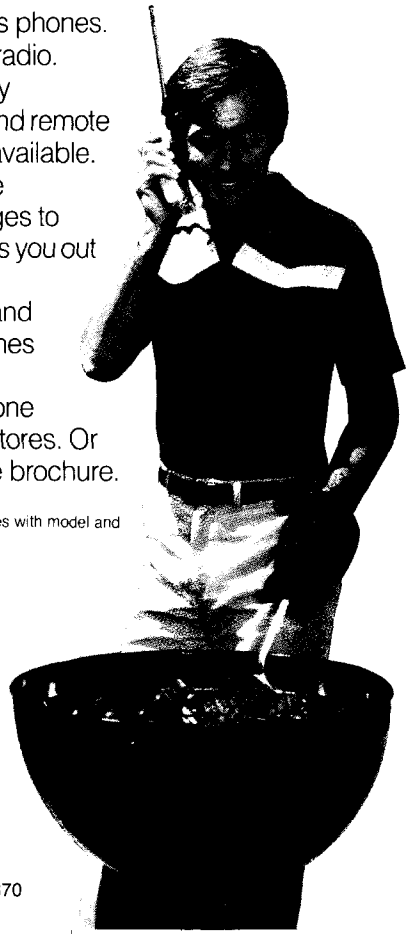
Cobraphone cordless phones follow you out to the sunshine

Wherever you happen to be, inside or around your home, your Cobraphone cordless phone goes where you go. *Because there's no cord to tie you down.* Whether you're relaxing on your patio, tinkering in the garage, mowing the lawn, or across the street at a neighbor, you'll never miss a call with the phone that goes outside with you. It makes and receives calls to or from anywhere in the world, like any phone. Operates up to 600' from the base unit.* That's the length of two football fields.

Inside it's a completely portable extension phone. Use it in the kitchen without stopping your chores. Take a call while you're in the bathtub and the caller will scarcely believe it. Keep it at your side when watching TV.

There's a wide choice of Cobraphone cordless phones. Even a combination cordless phone/clock-radio. Computer memory for automatic dialing, 2-way intercom, automatic redial of busy numbers and remote charging are a few of the exciting features available. And because it's *your* phone – not the phone company's – there are no monthly lease charges to pay. Enjoy the luxury of the phone that follows you out to the sunshine. Sets up by just plugging the small base unit into an ordinary phone jack and AC outlet. FCC approved. See Cobraphones at catalog showrooms, department stores, telephone and electronic specialty stores. Or write for free descriptive brochure.





*Range from base unit varies with model and local conditions.

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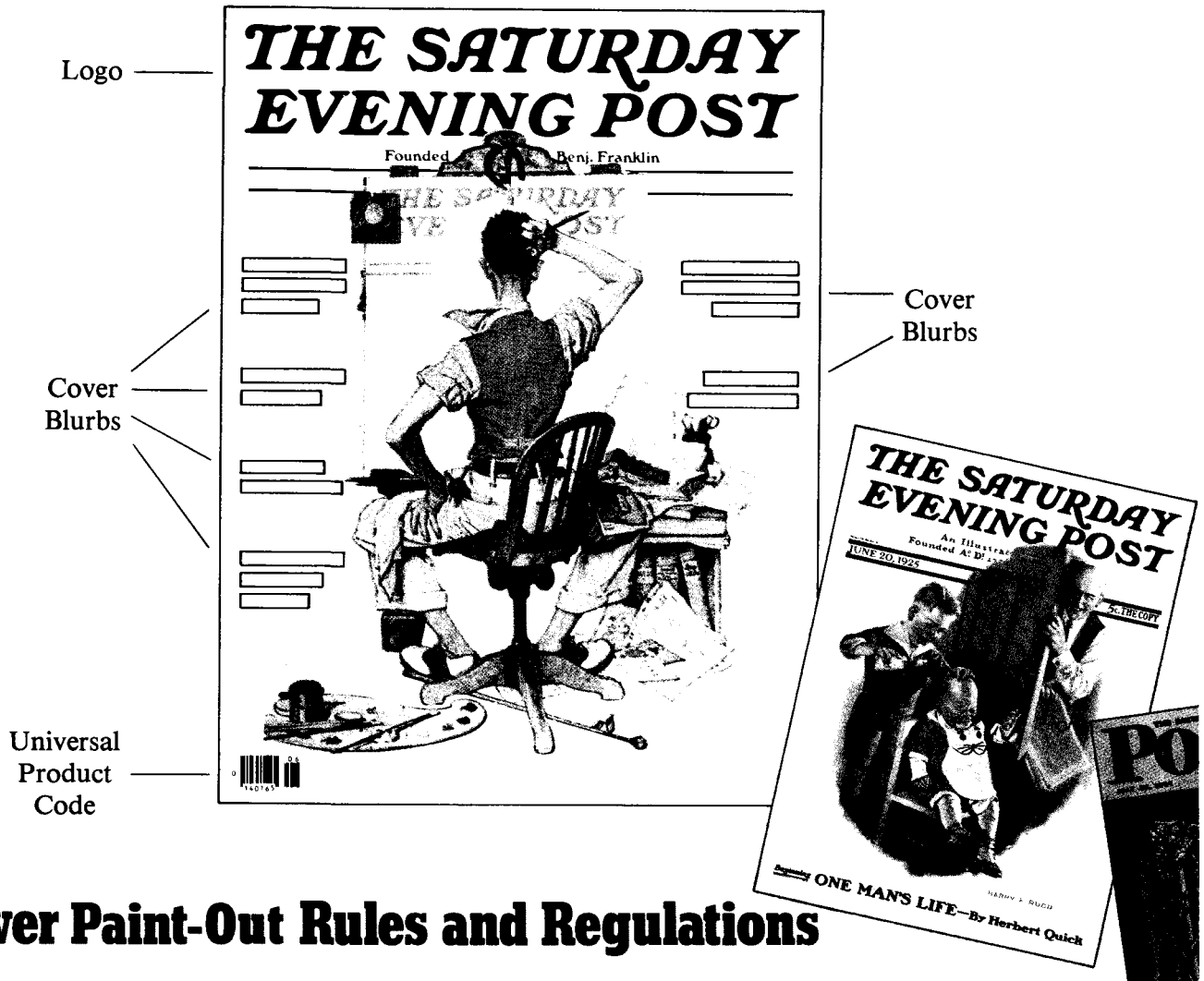
The *Post's* Funn



Cover Paint-Out Rules and Regulations

Please send expendable, nonreturnable material (prints, slides, etc.). Do not send original artwork until you are asked to do so.

Artwork must be larger than, but reflect a vertical ratio of, 11⅛" x 8¼". Artwork must afford ample room and color contrast for the cover's logo elements. Coverline blurbs will naturally vary in length, but consideration must be taken to accommodate the average length, relative position and number, as shown above.

If you would like a transparent printed logo showing the general area which must be retained for cover blurbs, please write to the address below.

The editorial and art staffs of the *SatEvePost* will notify you if your submission is being considered for a cover possibility and will give you instructions for sending in your original work.

A prize will be awarded as soon as a cover is submitted that is deemed to be appropriate for a *SatEvePost* cover and the submission is published on the cover. More than one contestant can win the camera with attachments, if more than one cover is published. The Paint-Out competition will remain open until December 1984. However, winners will be selected and awarded their prizes as soon as cover submissions are published.

If no entries are submitted which are judged to be good *SatEvePost* covers, the editorial and art staffs reserve the right to extend the closing date for the Paint-Out until a winning cover is received. Multiple prizes will be given if more than one winner is received during the contest period.

The publisher reserves the right to alter color or density of color and crop or re-proportion artwork for production and editorial suitability. Your entry in the *SatEvePost* Funny Cover Paint-Out is an acknowledgement of that right.

Because of editorial or seasonal relevance, the publisher reserves the right to use the winning "cover or interior" artwork in a future issue of his choosing.

Before receiving a prize, the winner must sign a notarized statement that he or she has full rights to the illustration submitted, that he or she authorizes full rights to the *SatEvePost* for the use of his or her work for editorial or promotional publication and that the work has never before been published.

Each entry must be clearly identified on the back (please print) with the illustration's title (if any) and the artist's name, address and telephone number.

Entries should be addressed to the *SatEvePost* Funny Cover Paint-Out, 1100 Waterway Blvd., Indianapolis, IN 46202.

Remember, humor is the most important ingredient.

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y Cover Paint-Out

...to carry on a popular *Post* tradition

Upholding a popular *Post* tradition, America's No. 1 family magazine is again out for some laughs. We invite all aspiring illustrators, young and old, to strike our funnybones and those of millions of our readers by entering the *Post*'s Funny Cover Paint-Out. Whether your medium be oils, acrylics, gouache, watercolors or crayons, your entry will be judged on its ability to make our all-too-serious panel of judges crack a smile, chuckle, laugh or even guffaw.

The *Post* wants to set the country smiling again from New York to California, and if you can do it there'll be some extremely palette-able prizes. Aside from taking their places among the long line of great *Post* illustrators such as Norman Rockwell and J.C. Leyendecker, all winners of the Funny Cover Paint-Out will receive a 35mm Minolta SLR camera with autowinder, zoom lens and automatic electronic flash—all contained in a handsome tote bag.

So, don't waste a minute. Saddle up the old paint and man your easels. . .and may the funniest artists win!!

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
Nov. 15, 1930
INFLATION — By BERNARD M. BARUCH
THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
MAY 11, 1935
SAMUEL G. BLYTHE · HELEN HULL · MAURICE WALSH
THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
An Illustrated Weekly
JUNE 25, 1921
THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
OCTOBER 3, 1936
THE DOUBLE RIDE
By Francis Wallace
GOVERNMENT-RUN-EVERYTHING By John Raymond McCarl

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Readers of Saturday Evening Post are invited to

Enjoy collecting a stirring panorama of U.S. history

to be treasured now and preserved for future generations.

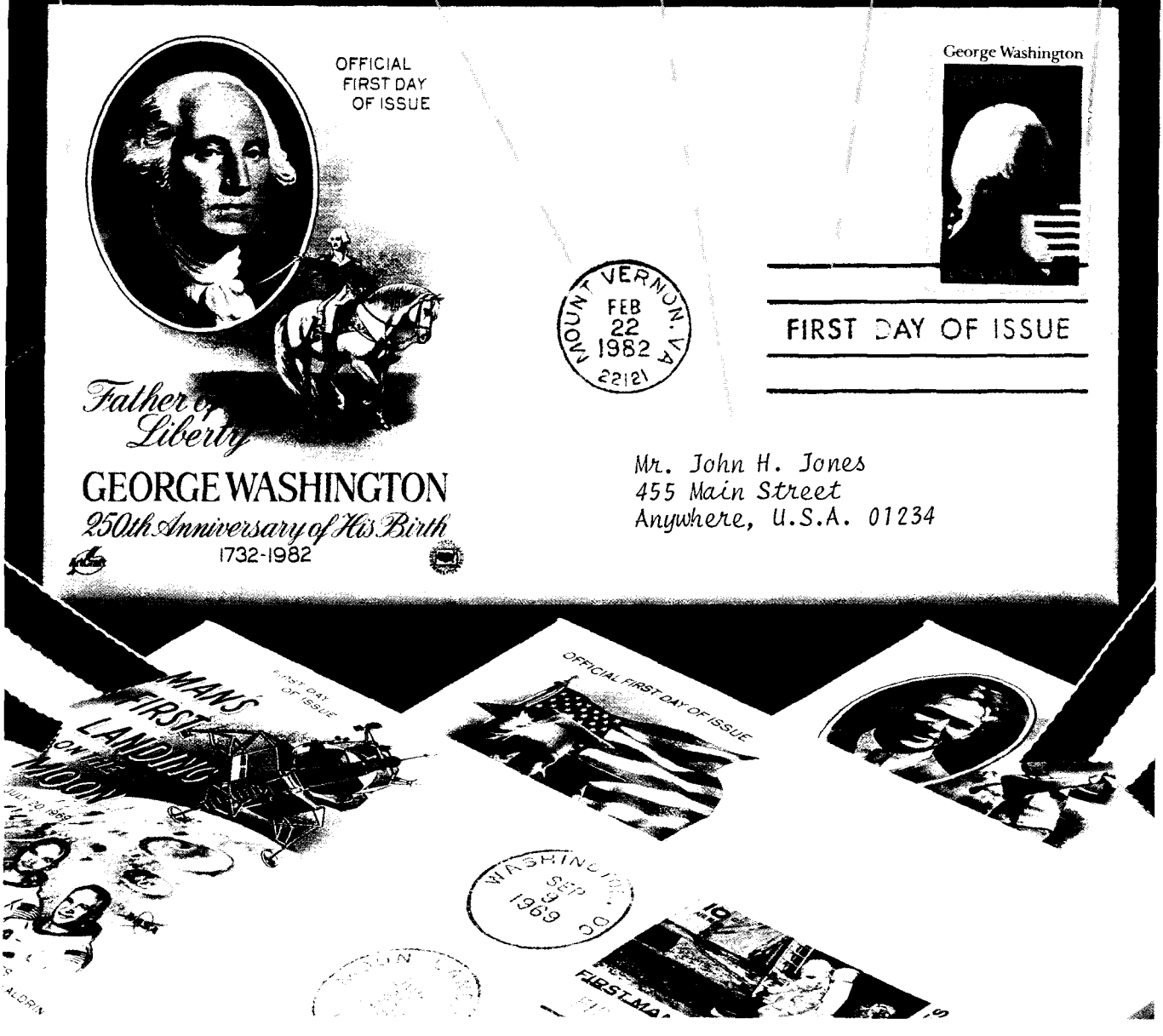
Handsome "cachet" designed for each new issue, strikingly executed by steel engraving on the envelope.

Postmark of the officially designated post office issuing the new stamp.

Your own name and address is on every First Day Cover, and each is mailed directly to your own home.

The official "First Day of Issue" cancellation.

Official U.S. commemorative postage stamp.



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At a surprisingly modest cost, you can receive beautiful First Day Covers for each new commemorative stamp issue of the United States.

THE UNITED STATES regularly honors the important people, places and events in its history through the issuance of official U.S. commemorative postage stamps. When a new stamp is to be issued, one, and only one, post office is designated for the official "First Day" cancellation and postmark. The privately designed special envelope bearing the new stamp, cancelled with the exact date of first issue of the officially designated post office, is a First Day Cover.

First Day Covers are fascinating collector's items. As you can well imagine, the combination of an historic stamp, cancelled with the "First Day of Issue" postmark of the officially designated post office on a specially designed envelope, results in a collector's item of the first order. One that has been prized by collectors like Dwight D. Eisenhower, Gerald Ford, Franklin D. Roosevelt, and others with the foresight to preserve yesterday and today for tomorrow.

The best time to obtain these prized collectors' items is when they are issued. This is now made easier than ever by the Postal Commemorative Society.

First Day Covers combine art and history in a tribute to our American heritage. Eisenhower... The writing of the Star-Spangled Banner... The Olympic Games... The landing of astronauts on the moon... Lindbergh's transatlantic flight... such are the subjects chosen by the United States for national honor on commemorative postage stamps.

The post office chosen for a first day of issue usually bears particular significance to the subject commemorated. For example, a First Day Cover of the 1982 George Washington 250th Anniversary stamp bears the "First Day of Issue" postmark of Mount Vernon, Virginia, Washington's home.

The nation's leading artists and designers are called upon to portray the subjects chosen. Such commissions naturally are highly prized, and bring forth the best efforts of the distinguished artists selected.

For each Cover issued, the Society provides an exclusive custom designed display page, specially made for the member's personalized album.

Membership in the Postal Commemorative Society makes it possible to easily collect First Day Covers as they are issued. The Society will guarantee that you receive a personally addressed First Day Cover for each new U.S. commemorative stamp issue. All details of arranging for your First Day Covers to be sent to you will be handled by the Society.

Commemorative stamps normally are issued by the United States at the average rate of about one every three weeks. You will receive a beautiful First Day Cover for every United States commemorative stamp issue during the term of your membership at a total cost of just $2.15 each.

As a member, you will also receive the Society's exclusive display page for each new issue. Each beautiful, specially designed page is die-cut to hold the First Day Cover, and contains a full description of all important historical information about the subject of the commemorative issue. These pages are available only to Society members.

At the surprisingly low cost of $2.15 per issue you will be building a truly worthwhile First Day Cover collection to be enjoyed now and preserved for future generations of your family.

Becoming a member now brings you an important collector's bonus at no additional cost. The Postal Commemorative Society makes available to each new member a handsome collector's album with the member's name hand-embossed on the cover. This album, specially designed to hold the Society's display pages, makes it possible for members to keep each new First Day Cover in perfect condition. It is yours free, if you join now!

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As a new member I will receive a personalized collector's album at no additional charge. I may cancel my membership at any time upon 30 days' notice.

Mr., Mrs., Miss _____

Address _____

City/State _____ Zip _____

Personalize my album as follows: _____
PRINT NAME TO BE SHOWN ON ALBUM.

☐ The above membership is a gift to the person shown—please bill me. (Indicate your name and address on a separate sheet of paper and provide information on any additional gift memberships you wish to give.)

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"Editorial writers who oppose school prayer say they do not have anything against prayer."

prayers offered by Edward L.R. Elson, chaplain of the Senate in the Ninety-second Congress.

3. Chaplains of all the armed services are regularly appointed, both in peacetime and wartime. These chaplains, whether Jewish, Roman Catholic or Protestant, are both representatives of churches and officers of the United States government, directed to the task of nurturing the spiritual life of all of the men and women who serve the various units of defense.

4. Chaplains to prisons are selected from persons of all denominations. In many situations these men provide the only spiritual nurture that prisoners receive. Prison chaplains often function in place of bureaucrats as intermediaries between prisoners and outside institutions—an assurance that those who are incarcerated in our jails are not forgotten.

5. The national Thanksgiving, which has been proclaimed and observed every year since its inauguration by President Abraham Lincoln in 1863, is the most obvious recognition we have of the religious roots of the nation. It is at once a national observance, set up each year by the highest elected officer of the government, and also a time of grateful devotion. The federal Thanksgiving was really one of the chief achievements of President Lincoln. Along with it, Lincoln made several calls to national penitence.

6. Income tax advantages to pastors of all denominations constitute an important assistance to church finances. All money spent providing homes for servants of the churches is tax deductible, as far as federal income tax is concerned. This demonstrates a significant difference between the treatment accorded churches and that given to businesses. Furthermore, the tax deduction permitted for church contributions by all givers constitutes what is virtually a subsidy.

7. The familiar motto "In God We Trust," which appears on both paper money and coins, represents a significant feature of our total culture. The same words appear on the walls of the United States Capitol. This is a vivid reminder to all who are perceptive that the nation recognizes that civil power, however great it may be, is not absolute. Here we have a potent expression of the concept of limited sovereignty.

8. The phrase "Under God," which is an official part of our salute to the flag, is appreciated partly because it arose out of the agony of the Civil War. The phrase was interpolated by President Lincoln in the most famous of all American addresses, that given at the Gettysburg battlefield, November 19, 1863. The unintended use of the phrase "Under God," which arose from the very depths of Lincoln's soul, represents his understanding of the relationship between the human and the divine order.

Now, in spite of the manifest success of the middle way, we have what is virtually a crusade on the part of those whose purpose is to rid our society of the religious connections that have been so valuable in our history. Besides the avowedly atheistic societies involved in this crusade, the strongest voices are those of the American Civil Liberties Union. Those engaged in the effort to change the character of our culture desire the adoption of a system similar to that of the U.S.S.R. The Soviets proudly assert that religious freedom exists; but the important question is the meaning of freedom. What it really means is segregation. Religious commitment is permitted, but only if it is restricted to the vicinity of the church building. There is freedom in the hour of worship, but there is no freedom to penetrate the fabric of society.

In a similar way, the persons in our nation who object vociferously to any expression of civil religion deny that they are irreligious. They do not, say the antiprayer editorial writers, have anything against prayer. All that they want, they say, is that prayer be kept in its place.

The persons who are trying so hard to eliminate all connections between our government and its spiritual roots are in direct opposition to the thinking of President Lincoln. It was he who instituted the use of "In God We Trust," just as it was he who gave us the phrase "Under God." If the upholders of total secularism are to win the battle for men's minds, it will be necessary for them to answer the powerful arguments Lincoln presented.

The zealots of separation have been most successful in persuading the Supreme Court to ban prayer in our schools. This is a very important success, since it affects millions of growing minds. In what is a very doubtful interpretation of the Constitution, the pupils of our schools are deprived unlike any other segment of our population. The fanaticism of those who would eliminate the experience of reverence from the schools is so extreme that even the posting of the Ten Commandments on school walls has been prohibited. This is the more preposterous when we realize that the Ten Commandments, more than any other document, belongs to nearly all segments of our society. Appearing in both the Jewish and Christian Scriptures, the Decalogue comes as near to universalism as does any single element of our culture. People who fight to keep the Commandments off school walls are actually advocating a strange new fanaticism. In any case, it is novel, since such a prohibition would not have been conceivable during most of our history. It would be paradoxical, furthermore, for Congress to deny children what it values for itself.

We certainly prize what the Founding Fathers did. We do not want any one denominational group to monopolize the spiritual order of our lives. But we must, at the same time, be on our guard against a dominant atheism that would, if it could, cut the spiritual roots to which we owe a tremendous debt. We desire not separation, which would always favor atheism, but the religious freedom that permits us to cherish valuable connections between the life of the spirit and the life of the state. Only by a full appreciation of the middle system that, by God's grace, has been developed in this fair land are our liberties likely to be preserved. Only if we see the dangers are we likely to have both the wisdom and the courage to prevent them. ✝

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FINALLY — YOU CAN HAVE PEACE OF MIND AND HERE'S HOW!

Are you baffled as to why there's so much trouble in the world today?

Everywhere we look, we see hatred, hostility and war. Marriages are threatened. Children are rebelling against their parents. Unemployment has reached an alarming high. Storms and natural disasters take their deadly toll.

It leaves a person wondering what devastating thing is going to happen next!

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Because you can discover the answers for yourself!

And here's how:

RIGHT FROM THE SOURCE

If you're worried or troubled about your future and your family's future, now you can go straight to the only source with the answers. The Bible.

That's right!

And, to make it easy for you, we have developed simple, concise study guides to help you find these answers. These guides won't add to or take away from the Bible.

Instead, they help to explain the truths of the Bible.

This exciting set of 34 guides — the NEW LIFE BIBLE GUIDES — will help clear up confusion and give you solid answers you can apply to all the problems in your life.

THE BOOK YOU CAN TRUST

Did you know the Bible has predicted with total accuracy:

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- **World economy in turmoil?** Unemployment at record highs, unbalanced budgets, debts, and bankruptcies.
- **Wars and threat of wars?** The Middle East. The threat of nuclear holocaust. Today there are 38 wars and smaller conflicts raging around the world.
- **Earthquakes in many places?** Earthquakes have been increasing worldwide over the last 10 years.

Yes — whether you believe the Bible to be God's Word or not — you simply can't ignore the fact that its predictions — every single one of them — have come true. Predictions that read like today's headlines!

PREDICTIONS FULFILLED

In fact, the Bible contains hundreds of specific and accurate predictions that have come true throughout history. Over and over again the Bible has provided men and women with on-target predictions years before they happened.

As predicted in Ezekiel 26:3-21, King Nebuchadnezzar did destroy the old city of Tyre. And as predicted, the city was left a "bare rock" when Alexander the Great scraped the old site of Tyre clean making a causeway out to the island.

As predicted in Isaiah 44:28, 45:13, hundreds of years before he was born, a man named Cyrus did become King of Persia. Also as predicted, he did issue an actual written proclamation — stating that the Lord told him to build a "house" or "temple" in Jerusalem. Cyrus released the Jewish captives so they could return to Jerusalem to build the temple.

And what predictions has the Bible made for the future? And your future?

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The NEW LIFE BIBLE GUIDES will help you discover the Bible's answers to:

- What Happens When You Die?
- How Can You Get Answers to Your Prayers?
- Why Does God Permit Suffering?
- Is There Really a Hell?
- How Can You Live a Life Pleasing to God?
- What Is This Talk of the Antichrist?
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"Since I have been studying the NEW LIFE GUIDES, new life is just what I have. Without these Bible Guides I would not have the joy I now have."

Jesse Perez, California

"I have learned so much from these NEW LIFE BIBLE GUIDES . . . I find that my life and my marriage are so much better. There is more love, peace and joy in my life and home."

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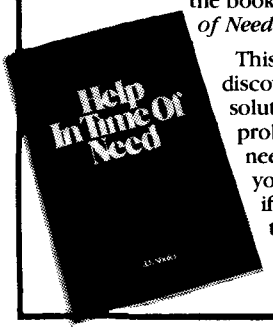

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I REMEMBER UNCLE STEVE

Uncle Steve's life bore the hallmarks of doom and defeat, yet to this well-known TV host, actor and writer he was anything but a failure.

by Steve Allen

The telegram from Aunt Rose in Chicago was simple and direct: Uncle Steve had died. On the plane from New York to attend the funeral, I kept thinking of Uncle Steve with a deep sense of sadness.

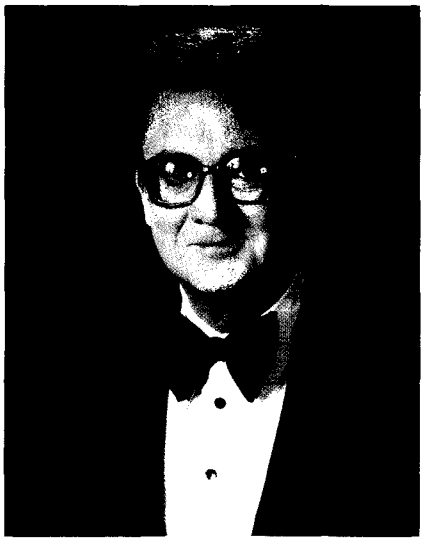
By the world's standards, he was a failure, someone to be pitied or scorned. And I found myself wondering what the real significance of his life was—if there was any at all.

One thing was certain: He had been an important part of my life when I was a young boy.

He was one of the 16 brothers and sisters who were born to Grandfather Donohue, a fierce, bearded farmer from County Cork, Ireland, and Bridget Scanlon, a meek country girl who came to America and set up housekeeping amid the cabbage patches, flower gardens and saloons in the Back-of-the-Yards section of Chicago's South Side.

The boys of the family were high-spirited, independent, argumentative, popular, wild and unruly. The girls were the same but for their longer hair.

One of them was my mother. I think all of her family were born in the wrong century. None of them had any luck driving automobiles, using telephones or even opening packages according to printed instructions. Cans of food were often as not opened upside down, and cereal boxes, imprinted with phrases like "Cut along dotted line" or "Open here," were instead opened as if by the paw of a grizzly bear—and an angry one at that. Even the ringing of a doorbell could throw the Donohues into a panic. Instead of answering the door calmly, in a civilized way, the members of the family would start up like a flock of startled quail, some running into bedrooms, others hiding behind curtains and peeking out of windows to see what enemy was invading their privacy.



"My success wasn't as important to Uncle Steve as the fact that I grew up to be 6'3" and weigh 190 pounds."

Mother's own adventures began as an aerial acrobat with the old Barnum and Bailey troupe. Within a few years she was a chorus girl and eventually a comedienne, working for many years with a succession of vaudeville acts and partners. One of them, Billy Allen, married her and fathered me.

But he died when I was a baby, and from that time I was surrounded almost exclusively by women. I say almost, because there was one man in the house: Uncle Steve. Uncle Steve Donohue.

Steve was what you would call a confirmed bachelor. Big and manly, he looked like a stevedore or a truck driver. He always wore secondhand dark blue suits and a rough-looking gray cap. He hardly ever wore a tie, and his shirts were the sort worn by railroad men. He drank hard and got into fistfights at the drop of a hat. When he was young I presume he fought because he was almost certain to win, but as he got older he used to come home obviously the loser of these saloon altercations, his shirts sometimes encrusted with blood and his face and lips cut and swollen. He didn't have enough sense to stop picking fights with other, younger men.

Steve was virile, fearless, seemingly completely masculine, but ill at ease with women. He was unsophisticated, old-fashioned, out of context with his time.

Perhaps these traits were a result of his social environment, because the South Side of Chicago in the early years of the twentieth century was a rough, brawling place to grow up in, with plenty of saloons and pool halls, but no playgrounds, libraries or young people's dances. But then, millions of others grew up in that same environment, and they didn't all turn out to be hard-drinking saloon fighters.

Like a lot of the Irish who grew up in the Back-of-the-Yards, Uncle Steve had never had an opportunity to be trained in any particular trade.

He used to talk a lot about railroads; he worked at odd times for different lines. When he traveled, it was always on freight trains. I think he fancied himself a railroad man, although probably he had not worked long at any particular railroad job. But he used to dress like a railroad man and roll his own cigarettes with Bull Durham tobacco (I used to save the little cloth bags to keep marbles in). In his back pocket he always carried a large, dark blue handkerchief with white dots on it.

Aunt Mag said he looked like Gary Cooper when he was younger. I never thought that, but he had the same tall, lean open-airness about him. He used to talk not only of railroads but of the Far West and of farms and mountains and army life and the oil fields.

Sometimes he would go away, usually to a soldiers' home. Sometimes, too, he would just go away—period—and neither my mother nor any of her sisters would have the slightest idea where he was.

"I'm worried sick," mother would say. "We haven't heard from Stevie in eight weeks." They called him Stevie although he was a strapping six-footer.

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"Oh, don't worry, Bella," her sister Mag would say. "He'll turn up. If anything had happened to him you'd have heard about it."

Aunt Maggie was every bit as worried as mother, but they'd take turns cheering each other up. Both of them were confirmed pessimists, but never at the same time. Whichever one picked up the pessimism first evidently had a claim on it. The other would automatically assume the role of optimist, although always with a certain lack of real conviction.

Sure enough, Uncle Steve would turn up eventually, or else they'd get a brief letter from him. It was always just one page long, and went something like this:

Dear Sister,

Just thought I would drop you a line to tell you that I have been here at the soldiers' home for the past couple of months. I have gained 12 pounds and am eating like an army mule. The weather here is good and I am off the drink and feeling fine. I hope you are all well. Take care of yourselves.

Your loving brother

I never did know why Uncle Steve kept going away and coming back, although his departures usually followed a siege of heavy drinking and a big fight. He would be on the straight-and-narrow for several weeks, and then all of a sudden he wouldn't show up at all for maybe two or three days.

When he was sober and in good spirits, Uncle Steve would take me to the Lincoln Park Zoo or to the circus or just for long walks in the park. He was a solid, masculine influence in the sometimes cloyingly feminine world in which I lived.

At every street we crossed he would lecture me about looking both ways for traffic. As we walked along in the cool morning air, he'd tell me to take deep breaths and to keep my back straight like a soldier's. I had been sickly as a young child. Having spent a lot of time in bed being pampered and fussed over, I suppose I had become a little delicate in personality as well as in body. I think this worried Steve, because he was always telling me about people like Teddy Roosevelt and Jack Dempsey and forever advising me to throw back my shoulders, breathe deeply, drink lots of milk and get plenty of exercise. In later years I had the idea that my television success did not seem nearly as important to him as the fact that I eventually grew to be six feet three inches tall and to weigh 190 pounds.

But no matter how drunk he got, no matter how angry his hidden resentments made him at the rest of the world, he would always be gentle with me. And he had reason, sometimes, to be angry with me, too. I remember when I was about seven and we lived on Cottage Grove Avenue. Our apartment had a long, narrow, dark hallway that ran from the living room, past a bedroom and bath and back to the dining room. I used to be afraid of the dark and never liked to walk through this endless hallway. One day when I was hurrying along its dismal length, Uncle Steve made a sudden movement behind a drapery and said, "Boo!" Although he was just playing, I didn't understand that at the time. Overcome by instant fear, shock and sudden rage, I kicked him as hard as I could.

The point of my shoe caught his leg squarely on the shinbone, and he gasped in pain. But he didn't get angry. He just held me at arm's length for a moment till I calmed

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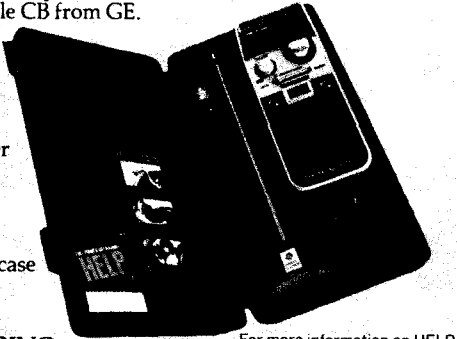

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down, and then he laughed a little and apologized. He carried the scar on his shin for many years.

That must have been one of the times when he would go off and sit by himself somewhere in the house and read and whistle. When his mind was on something else he either whistled or quietly sang an old song called "Sunbonnet Sue."

"Sunbonnet Sue . . . Sunbonnet Sue," he would whisper softly, "sunshine and roses run second to you. I kissed you twice . . . it was so nice . . . under your bonnet of blue."

Now that whistle was forever stilled.

The stewardess' voice over the loudspeaker brought me back to reality, and I put on my seatbelt in preparation for landing.

The next morning was windy and gray as I walked along Halsted Street toward the funeral parlor in the neighborhood where I had lived and played as a young boy. Wearing dark glasses, with my hat pulled down, I was not recognized as I recalled almost-forgotten buildings, sidewalks and stores.

At the corner of 54th Street, a gruff, husky, middle-aged policeman rudely commanded traffic, apparently unmindful that some of the people strolling past him were on their way to look at a dead man. The funeral parlor was small and hushed, and I spent the next few minutes shaking hands with various people who wore the peculiar shy, faint, wet-eyed smile I had seen at so many wakes and funerals as a child.

Aunt Rose and her husband Charlie met me at the door of the chapel in which Steve lay. Rose had been crying and Charlie's eyes, too, were moist. Steve had lived with them on and off for many years. I suppose he had been an intolerable intrusion on their privacy.

But he had continued to be extremely important in their lives, perhaps the most important thing of all, because he was a *problem*, something to worry about, something to lie awake at night and wonder about. For the Flynns were childless.

Now at last this burden, this constant worry, had been lifted from their lives. They felt a sense of loss, but no relief. For he had given their lives purpose, something they very probably did not have anymore, now that he was gone. Now they couldn't take care of him, send him clothing or bring him hot soup. He had been a thorn in their hearts for more than 25 years, but now that he was gone they felt no numbing pain, only a puzzled emptiness that was written on their blank, distraught faces.

I stepped forward to look at Steve's body.

Alive, he had always looked as if he might have recently eased himself off a freight train. But now, in the satin-lined coffin, with the embalmer's make-up on his face and the soft candlelight bathing him in its glow, he looked at least 20 years younger than he had when I had seen him a couple of years earlier. He was wearing a brand-new light gray flannel suit, a white shirt, and a good-looking dark blue tie. The effect was fantastically strange, almost as if he had been dressed in a space suit or in priest's garments or in a football uniform. He looked not at all like the rough, lost lumber-camp male

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that he had been, but rather like a well-to-do executive. Never was it brought more clearly to my mind that clothes do make the man. Here at last was the man that Uncle Steve might have been, and it had taken death to bring him to this state. Somehow the effect was doubly saddening, more so than if they had buried him in a plain blue workingman's shirt and a second-hand dark blue suit. He was a better-looking man than I, but there was a strong resemblance between us that I had never been aware of before. I knelt before the coffin and said a brief prayer, asking God to welcome him home and to help him.

Then I stood and spoke to the others gathered around. A few of the people were flustered at talking to a television entertainer and quite forgot to mention Steve at all, but I understood their nervousness. For the most part, though, those present seemed to be actively, personally saddened by Steve's death. To one side of the room stood a middle-aged man in the uniform of the Chicago fire department. He was weeping openly. It was good to know that Steve had had friends who cared enough about him to cry at his funeral.

A small, jaunty-seedy Irishman introduced himself to me, saying that he played the piano at a nearby saloon. "There were three songs poor Steve used to ask for all the time," he said, " 'Alice Blue Gown,' 'The Sweetheart of Sigma Chi,' and 'Sunbonnet Sue.' "

After a while I was surprised to see the gruff policeman I had noticed earlier on the street. He was standing now, hat in hand, before the casket, quietly, sadly, sweetly, his gentle demeanor contrasting strangely with his earlier attitude. When he shook hands with us, he said, "Steve was a fine man. We'll all miss him."

On the way to the church Charlie reminisced, speaking softly, his chin trembling. "He was doing fine there for a while," he said. "He had that job as a night watchman, and we used to bring him hot coffee in a thermos at the school where he worked."

"It was so cold there," Rose said.

"That's right, it was," Charlie said. "And he loved that sheepskin vest you sent him, Steve. He wore it all the time."

"He had it on in the room when I went in and found him," Aunt Rose said. "He was so sick. He looked like he was dead already."

At the funeral parlor a neighbor had said he thought Steve died of TB, but I never did know exactly what it was that took him. In all probability it was a general physical breakdown brought about by the years of abuse he had given his body through drinking, fighting, sleeping on cold floors and eating unwisely.

The priest who said the Mass for the dead looked slightly like James Cagney and preached what I presume was a standard requiem sermon, the theme of which was: *What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and suffer the loss of his own soul?* Inasmuch as Steve had gained very little of the world indeed, I wasn't quite sure as to how this thought applied to his case. But since the priest had not known Steve intimately, there was naturally not a

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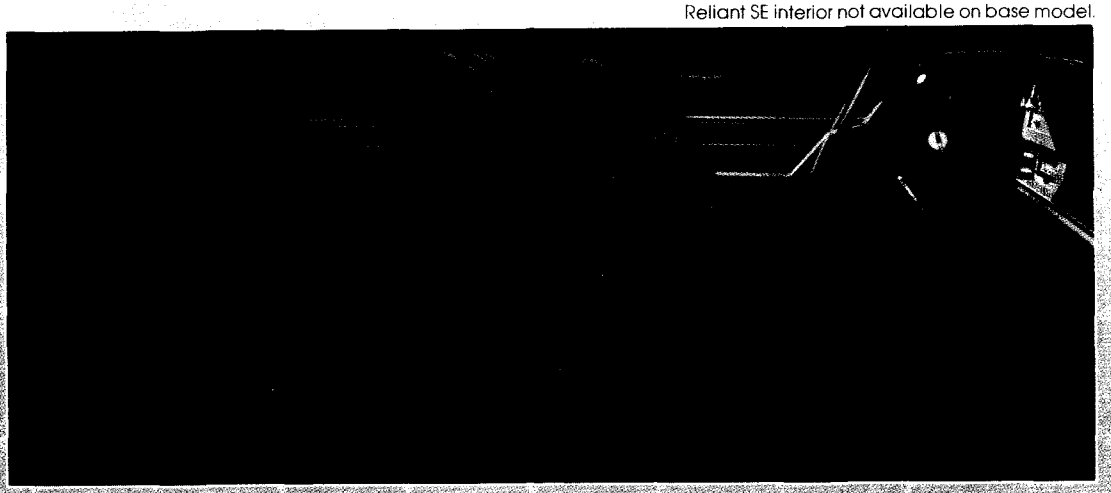

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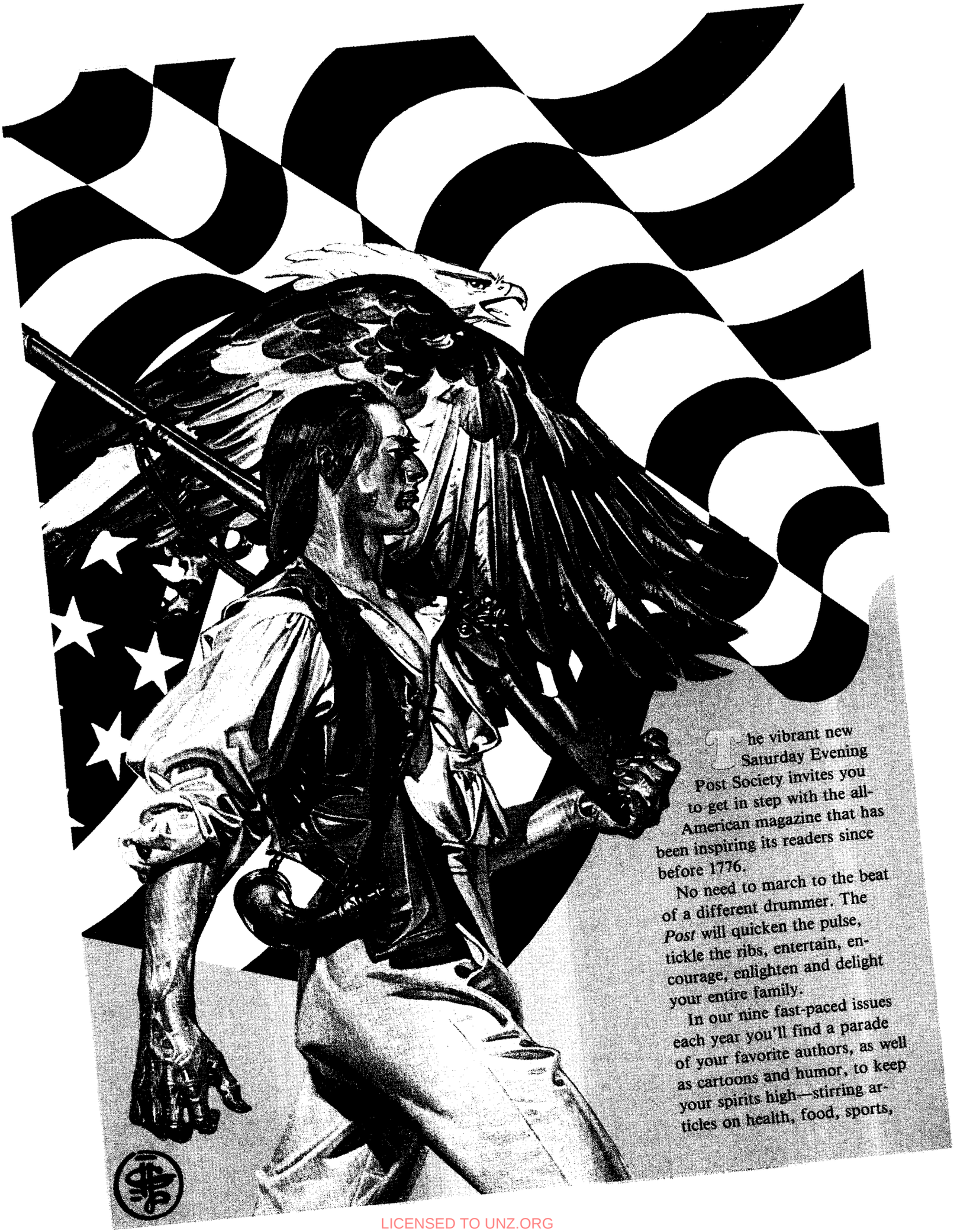

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PREVENT COLON CANCER AND DIVERTICULOSIS

Solid proof that high-fiber foods can prevent cancer and diverticulosis of the colon makes it imperative that we change our diets to include more fiber.

by Cory SerVaas, M.D.

Columnist Margaret Cokeley asks a valid question. Why does it take so many years for some medical truths to be accepted? She happened to catch our LIFECARE DIGEST on the "700 Club" recently and was stirred to do a column about it.

Describing our segment on diverticulosis, she wrote: "The doctor emphatically said that cancer and other diseases of the colon are diet related. Near the end of her talk, the doctor plunked down a box of All-Bran on the table in front of her and set beside it a box of Oat Bran, then said, 'If people would eat these cereals every day, they'd prevent both cancer and diverticulosis of the colon.' "

To Ms. Cokeley, who lives in West Virginia, these words had a familiar ring, reminding her of her father's advice. As her column continues:

"My dad was told about bran over 50 years ago by old Doc Rymer. What happened to that information? Why haven't doctors used it in the years since then?

"I remember the day my dad came home from town, when I was still in grade school, and said to mama that a man named Butcher had been informed by doctors that he had cancer. 'He broke down and cried when he told me,' said daddy. I thought cancer surely must be scary if it could make a grown man cry.

"My dad then consulted Dr. Rymer and asked how colon cancer could be prevented. Doc Rymer told dad, 'Eat All-Bran.' He explained that it would keep the intestines cleaned out. From that day until my dad was past 86, he ate All-Bran on top of his oatmeal every morning for breakfast. As long as we kids lived under his roof, he insisted that we do the same.

"If that diet-related preventive of intestinal cancer was known way back then, it should not have been pushed aside."

Ms. Cokeley is right—fiber should never have been put aside after Dr. Rymer and others like him tried more than 50 years ago to teach its merits.

One of the early advocates of a high-fiber diet was physician and health-food pioneer Dr. John Harvey Kellogg. In the late 1800s, his development of dry breakfast cereals was responsible for the birth of the flaked-cereal industry. A Seventh Day Adventist and vegetarian, he founded Battle Creek College and became superintendent of what is now the Battle Creek Health Center.

At the sanitarium, Dr. Kellogg developed numerous nut and vegetable products to vary the diet of the patients, including a flaked-wheat cereal called Granose and Cornflakes. Kellogg's products in turn inspired his brother, W.K. Kellogg, to form his own cereal company. And one of the sanitarium patients, C. W. Post, recovered sufficiently to found his own now-famous cereal company.

Dr. Kellogg's efforts will no doubt sound like an earlier version of Nathan Pritikin's Longevity Center, where a high-fiber/low-fat diet and exercise are the basis of his successful therapy.

The one doctor who has certainly done more than any other living person to keep the high-fiber diet from being pushed aside is Dr. Denis Burkitt of London, England. From the day *Post* editors first met Dr. Burkitt in the early '70s, we knew he was a winner in his teaching of Christianity as well as in his medical missionary work as a surgeon in Africa. Since that time, he has made countless speaking engagements in the United States and all over the world. We help him whenever we can as he spreads the word about fiber and the importance of adding it to the food we eat. We need to put it back because we've processed it out of our flour.

Diverticulosis, for example, was virtually unheard-of in high-fiber consumers of Africa, where Dr. Burkitt practiced. It remains extremely rare in any population which continues to eat the native high-fiber foods. In his book entitled *Refined Carbohydrate Foods and Disease*, he and Dr. Neil Painter write: "The colon that copes with a large volume of feces is of a wider diameter and does not develop di-

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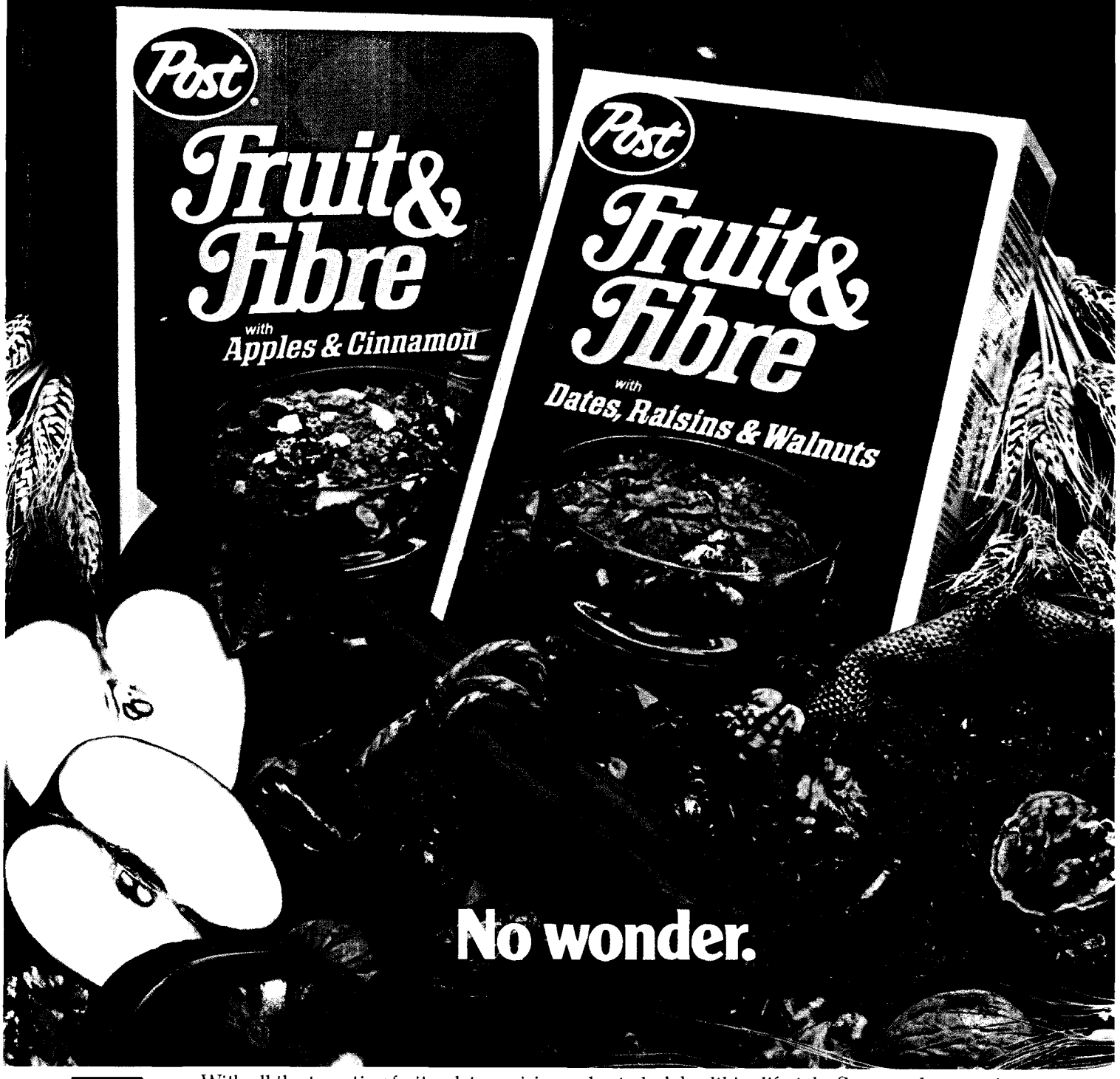

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verticula (outpouchings of the gut). This is true in man and in experimental animals. A colon having a wide bore becomes segmented less than does a narrow colon and is consequently less prone to diverticulosis."

Dr. Burkitt, prior to the recent excitement over fiber, was perhaps best known for his discovery of a form of cancer, called Burkitt's lymphoma, which is caused by a virus. He has made other important observations on the relationship of fiber-deficient diets to human diseases. Burkitt argues convincingly that an adequate fiber intake not only significantly decreases the chances that one will develop diverticulosis, but also that it decreases the risk of gallstones, hemorrhoids, cancer of the colon and other diseases.

"Insurance companies should be more interested in the size of a man's daily stool than even in whether or not he has high blood pressure," says Burkitt. "I believe the size of a man's stool is probably a better indicator of how long he will live." (Fiber creates large bulky stools.)

"Countries with large stools are the ones with small hospitals," he says jokingly. "And countries with small stools have large hospitals. When compared to world standards, America and England are, you might say, constipated nations."

We wrote extensively about Dr. Burkitt in the early '70s, and it is apparent that we should reacquaint our readers with his work now that his colleagues in many countries have done studies that bear out the validity of his early observations.

One fiber advocate who endorses Dr. Burkitt's work is Dr. Thomas P. Almy, professor of medicine at Dartmouth Medical School. Dr. Almy says the evidence supporting Dr. Burkitt's theories is now in. The evidence of which he speaks comes from two randomized, well-controlled clinical trials, something that the academic medical community insists on before accepting any theory. The studies, conducted in Oxford, England, and in Denmark, have shown, in patients who are symptomatic from diverticular disease, that fiber added to the diet resulted in significant and progressive patient improvement. Those patients in the control group, who received a placebo, did not experience the same effects. Dr. Almy explains that, in addition to this information, the Danish study also showed that the change in diet brought about a decrease in pressure. "It is the increase in pressure which is felt to be absolutely essential to the formation of diverticula. So the reduction in pressure interferes with the actual formation of diverticula at the earliest possible point," Dr. Almy said.

While fiber is a treatment for patients who have symptoms of diverticula, it is not a treatment for diverticulitis in its acute stages. However, once patients have recovered from the acute episode, fiber, it is believed, plays an important role in thwarting subsequent episodes. Still, it is the benefit of fiber in preventing the problem altogether that has attracted the most attention. "That was Burkitt's initial point, and it appears, based on recent evidence, to be valid," Dr. Almy added.

"Burkitt's theory was based on the observations he and a few colleagues made in Africa. It made good sense and was therefore adopted by many of us while we waited for well-controlled scientific trials to support it. That required a comparison of two populations that differed essentially in no other respect except that one of them took more fiber than the other. All other habits, as well as environment, needed to be the same for the groups. The only variable would be the intake of fiber. This was finally accomplished in a study in Oxford, England," Dr. Almy explained. One group was

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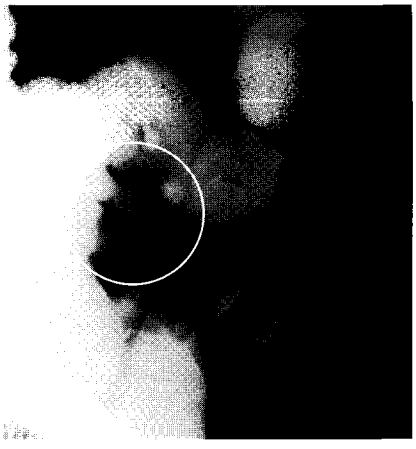
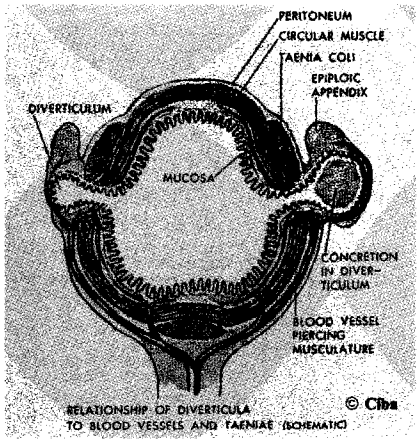
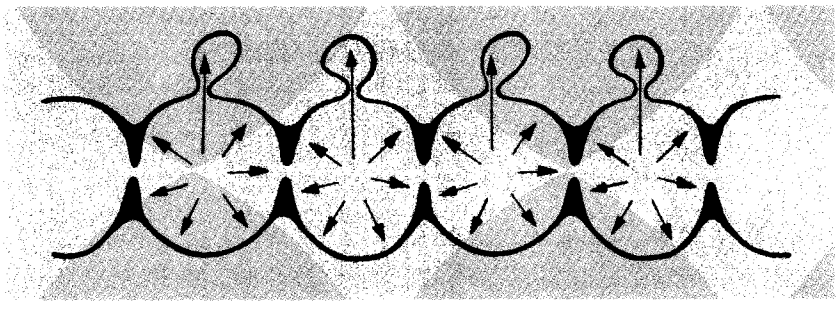




(Left) **The diagnosis of mild diverticulosis was made by X-ray exam after a barium enema. This acquired condition results from herniation of the colon lining through defects in the muscle coats.** ***(Right)*** **Diagram of the two diverticula, one with hardened feces in it. The mucosa (wall) of the diverticulum may become ulcerated by the hard feces, and organisms may enter the tissues, causing infection, which leads to the more serious condition of diverticulitis.**



The colon that copes with a larger volume of feces is of a wider diameter and does not develop diverticula. To understand why a bulky residue in the colon prevents diverticula, Dr. Burkitt suggests thinking of the contents as mud extruding between the fingers of a clinched fist. The diagram above shows how excessive segmentation can convert the lumen of the colon into "little bladders" in which pressure can build up and force diverticula out between fibers in the colon wall.

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NO SMOKING: NO IFS, ANDS OR BUTTS

Nonsmokers are lighting up over the good news that entire buildings, planes, restaurants and lodgings are now off limits to smokers.

by Nick Thimmesch

The antismoking movement, that dedicated gang of activists determined to clean up the indoor air and also to persuade people to quit smoking, is having a profound and even fascinating effect on the nation's business.

Personnel directors, learning that an employee who smokes can cost a firm up to $4,500 a year, are having second thoughts about hiring smokers or allowing smoking on the job. Managers reflect on this question when an employee wins a cash settlement, successfully litigating a claim of damaged health stemming from working in a smoke-ridden environment. High-level executives ponder the news that 34 million people have quit smoking, and that only one-third of the adults in the United States now smoke.

The business community's reaction shows up in the help-wanted ads specifying that "only nonsmokers need apply." Radar-Electric Inc. of Seattle hands applicants a form with "Do You Smoke?" written in red ink at the top. If the answer is "Yes," applicants are told to forget about filling in the rest of the form.

Increasing numbers of companies have greatly restricted smoking on their premises. Big corporations such as Mobil Oil, Sears, Johns-Manville, Xerox, the Bank of California, and Travelers Insurance took the lead in this category, ruffling some employees' feelings in the process.

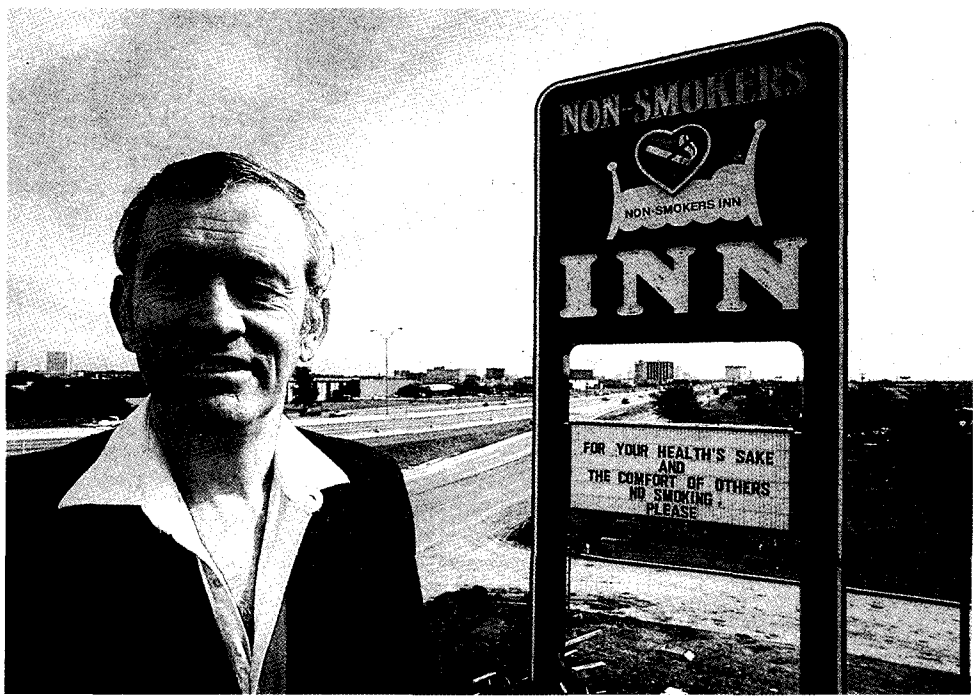
Similarly, federal workers must now abide by smoking-zone regulations. A number of states have passed comprehensive bills affirming nonsmokers' rights, and some states greatly restrict smoking in public buildings. Minnesota's "Clean Indoor Air Act" requires no-smoking areas in all buildings open to the general public. Bars and tobacco stores are excepted.

The national trend is clearly for greater expanses of no-smoking areas in our public life. The residue of smoking costs big bucks in cleaning, maintenance, repair and replacement. The financial penalty in lowered productivity, absenteeism and health, disability and death benefits makes any corporate or government bottom-line specialist become a potential convert to the no-smoking cause.

Interestingly enough, some businessmen are seeing the marketing value of providing a smoke-free environment to their customers. When Lamar Muse started his perky Muse Airlines in 1981, he frankly needed a gimmick to set Muse off from all the other airlines competing for Texas travelers. Aware that the smoking section on any plane has shrunk in recent years, Muse, a 30-year veteran of the business, announced that his new airline would be strictly "no smoking."

Results? Muse got considerable publicity, has a seatload factor quite good for a newcomer and is making money.

Thrifty-Rent-A-Car, the nation's fifth largest in this field, designated 12 percent of its fleet as no smoking in late 1982 and reports "extremely good results." Thrifty received many letters from grateful nonsmokers and inquiries from two other big car-rental companies who are considering putting a part of



One night in a Kansas City motel, the pillow on which Lyndon Sanders was sleeping reeked so badly of smoke that he decided to start a nonsmoking inn. Among the benefits has been a 30 percent reduction in room repair costs.

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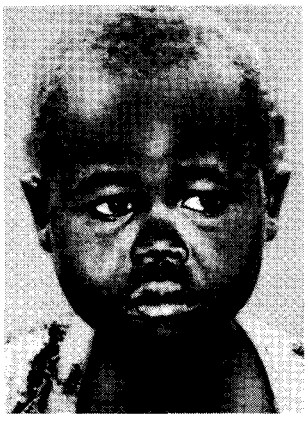
"It takes so little to give so much."



"This is a young East African child who is incredibly poor. His parents are refugees because they lost nearly everything in the violence of a border war. The boy and his family had to run for their lives.

"But this child isn't just a statistic or a photograph to me. He's Damiano, one of the children I sponsor through Christian Children's Fund.

"For Just $18 A Month, My Sponsorship Means Damiano Has Real Hope For A Better, Healthier Life."

"Christian Children's Fund sent me all the information I just told you about Damiano, and they also let me know how I could write and receive letters from him. The language difference isn't a problem, because CCF's English-speaking staff in East Africa translates for us.

"But what impresses me most is how much my $18 a month—that's only 60¢ a day—does for Damiano. My sponsorship will help pay for his education, nourishing meals and medical attention. It will help take care of whatever Damiano needs most.

"Please Give Just A Little. And Get A World Of Love In Return."

"You don't need to send any money now. Just mail in the coupon. Christian Children's Fund will send you a child's photo, family background and details on how the child will be helped.

"If you can't sponsor a child right now but would like to make a contribution, Christian Children's Fund will put your money to work where there's an urgent need.

"Please send in the coupon now. Your concern and love really can help give a world of hope to a needy child."

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☐ Brazil	☐ Indonesia	☐ Niger	☐ Uganda
☐ Guatemala	☐ Kenya	☐ Philippines	

☐ Any child who needs my help. (If you would like to sponsor more than one child in any of the above countries, please specify the number in box [es] of your choice.)

PLEASE SEND MY INFORMATION PACKAGE TODAY.

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their fleets into the no-smoking category.

Hotel operators, who are traditionally willing to cater to the whims and variety of lifestyles of their guests, are now setting aside entire floors for clients who want a smoke-free environment. Many hostelries, including the luxurious sort in the Hyatt Regency, Radisson and Four Seasons chains, provide rooms reserved strictly for nonsmokers. At this writing, there is one motel operator bold enough to designate his entire establishment as no smoking: The "Non-Smokers Inn" in Dallas.

The entrepreneuers who felt the first pressure of the no-smoking movement are restaurant and cafeteria owners. For many diners there is nothing more obnoxious than smoke drifting into the nostrils and mouth while enjoying a meal.

Many restaurant operators have responded to the complaints by nonsmokers, and have tried to set aside nonsmoking sections and in some instances have even made sure that their establishments are entirely unpolluted by any pernicious smoke fumes. There is no official count available on the number of such dining places, but they're increasing at a rapid rate.

As the nonsmoking movement spread throughout this country during the '70s, so did "networking," the practice of exchanging information and advice among any group of people who have a common interest. The pioneer organization ASH (Action on Smoking on Health) became the focal point for the litigation, lobbying and the public-information activity of the budding movement.

Now, in the economic area, it is Muse Airlines, founded and run by Lamar Muse and his son, Michael, which has assumed the chore of coordinating the efforts to provide complete travel arrangements specifically designed for nonsmoking customers.

Muse operates out of Dallas, Houston, Midland/Odessa, Tulsa and Los Angeles. So the Muses, father and son, came up with the idea of offering nonsmoking travelers in these markets not only the smoke-free ride in one of their DC Super-80s, but smoke-free Thrifty-Rent-A-Cars and lodgings in nine hotels and motels providing a smokeless environment. So now travel agents have one more "package" to sell—this one for nonsmokers.

Lamar Muse, 62, is known as a willful, flamboyant and successful airline executive. Years ago, he was the principal figure in launching Southwest Airlines in Texas. Yet his vigorous manner of giving orders got him into trouble with Southwest's board, and Muse was surprised when they accepted his resignation as president in 1978.

"Have you seen the cat?"

He was 58 then and had 30 years in the airline business, but felt too young to quit. He waited until 1980, when his contract with Southwest expired, freeing him to start another airline. He named it after himself. Muse Airlines was up, up and away on July 15, 1981. Its target of competitive opportunity? Naturally, Southwest. But Muse Airlines needed an emblem to make it stand out.

"We were competing with an airline that Lamar had made famous," explains Edward W. Lang, Muse vice president, "so we needed something to set us apart, something they couldn't match, something to get us a lot of press and publicity."

Lamar Muse, who had just quit smoking after 40 years, made the bold announcement that his would be the first nonsmoking airline. He also began issuing statements as to why he quit smoking.

"I started feeling as though there was an elephant on my chest," he said of his addiction to cigarettes. He added the reflective observation that his first wife, Jaunice, "smoked those darn Camel cigarettes until the day she went into a coma."

Muse knew how to get to people's consciences, as well. "We know that there are a few confirmed smokers, who, even though they spend an hour in church every Sunday without smoking, will ride the competition's plane on the 50-minute flight between Dallas and Houston because we prohibit their smoking," he proclaimed the day when his airline was launched.

There are cynics in Dallas who claim that Lamar Muse, who once flipped cigarette butts onto his lawn or anywhere else every five minutes, had trained himself to stop smoking just so he could have a gimmick for his new airline.

Muse swears this isn't true, but admits that his no-smoking edict for his airline was "purely a marketing decision.

"This country has changed," he says. "Our surveys indicated that 9 out of 10 airline passengers prefer nonsmoking."

Still, son Michael, 33, a lifelong nonsmoker, wasn't sure that the smoking ban would work and worried that smokers would shun the new airline, leaving it to only ideological nonsmokers. "I had to prevail," recalled Lamar, who made himself chief executive officer to Michael's mere presidency. "I just said, 'that's the way we're going to do it.' "

Muse the elder reasoned that since their airline's principal trips were 50 minutes, only 30 to 40 of which could be used as smoking time, smokers wouldn't mind the relatively brief abstinence period.

To keep smokers happy, Muse gave them "Smoker's Survival

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Kits," little packets containing a puzzle, chewing gum, candy, and a form offering "heavy smokers" a free return trip if they sign their names after this statement: "Sorry, I thought I could make it without smoking, but I couldn't."

Very few passengers have sent in the form. According to Edward Lang, the overwhelming majority of responses to the smoking ban have been enthusiastic approval.

"My wife is a chain smoker," a California man wrote. "She felt the excellent service and friendly personnel made up for the loss of being able to smoke. However, she might start chewing tobacco as an alternative."

Another passenger made it short: "I'll fly Muse when I can because you don't allow smoking." One passenger, "a confirmed smoker," expressed "great fears that I may not be able to sustain myself," but said the congenial crew and clean airplane made him decide to fly Muse again. Yet another letter was signed by 20 people expressing appreciation for the no-smoking policy and saying "We love you."

Lang says proof of loyalty to Muse is the fact that, at certain times during the day, Southwest has Dallas-Houston flights every 15 minutes, while there is one every hour by Muse, and yet Muse passengers will wait.

"If people miss our 8:00 a.m. flight," Lang says, "the next one is 9:00 a.m. They could catch two or even three Southwest flights before 9:00, but they stick with us."

Lang says Muse's load factor is 58 percent, just four points behind Southwest's.

When Lamar decided to introduce a Dallas-Los Angeles run, the old doubts surfaced again. Asking smokers to hold off for 30 to 40 minutes is one thing, but could they sit still for the three-hour flight to the West Coast?

"I called on 13 travel agencies to convince myself," says Lang. "All but one told me not to have Muse go back to smoking. They said we had built a loyal base of customers."

Muse can rightly claim that its planes are the best smelling; airfilters have to be cleaned once every six months instead of every six weeks; and crew members' absenteeism and sick leave costs are less than airlines that permit smoking.

Although Lang claims "Muse is not part of the antismoking movement," the airline has joined promotions by the American Cancer Society ("The Great American Smokeout") and the American Heart Association (making donations to AHA for each round-trip ticket purchase).

The no-smoking rule on Muse presents occasional problems. Some smokers repair to the restrooms and puff away, thus violating the ban and endangering the flight, because lavatories are quite vulnerable to catching fire and airplanes on fire are deathtraps. Muse trains its flight attendants to be especially attentive to this potential, and it has installed smoke alarms in the lavatories.

And while Muse got an enormous amount of publicity for its no-smoking policy and its alliances with the American Cancer Society and the American Heart Association, there is no ban on smoking in Muse Airlines offices or for that matter in the cockpit of Muse planes. "Pilots can smoke while flying," Lang admits. "They have to keep the door closed, of course. I guess 30 to 40 percent of our pilots are smokers."

Still, Muse flight attendants go up and down the aisle, tending to passengers' comforts, even thanking them for flying with Muse.

"One passenger replied, 'I had no choice,' " says Lang. "He was a prisoner being taken to Texas. The security officer told him his sentence would start on the flight because this prisoner was a heavy smoker."

Thrifty-Rent-A-Car has designated 2,700 of its 22,000 cars as no smoking and offers them in 60 cities. "The response has been tremendous," says Douglas E. Harrison, Thrifty's vice president of operations. "These cars just smell fresh and clean, and that's why people ask for them."

"Thank You for Not Smoking" signs, as well as the international symbol showing that smoking is banned, are placed on the doors, dashboards, ashtrays and trunk decks of these cars.

"We researched the marketability of no-smoking cars," says Harrison, "and concluded this alternative made good business sense. The majority of people today are nonsmokers.

"We save on cleaning costs from not having to repair burns on the

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carpets and the seats. Smoke film doesn't build up on the windows. And when we go to sell the car, we do better than we do with other cars because the no-smoking cars don't have that used smell.

"It's a matter of relying on people's integrity when you ask them not to smoke in these cars. If they reach down for the ashtray, they'll discover it's full of mints. We think the smokers who rent nonsmoking cars and are tempted can be pacified by these mints."

Harrison reports an "extremely good response" from customers using the no-smoking cars, and says two other major car-rental companies have asked Thrifty how this innovation works.

When a guest registers at Lyndon Sanders' "Non-Smokers Inn" on the Carpenter Freeway in Dallas-West, he or she must sign a "Nonsmoking Agreement," all in red letters.

The agreement specifies that the guest, any person "in my party" or "any guest of mine" will *not* smoke in the room rented. If that agreement is violated, the guest must pay $100 in "cleaning and detoxification charges," and if a suit is filed for violation, the guest must agree to pay "reasonable" attorney's fees and incidental expenses that the inn incurs.

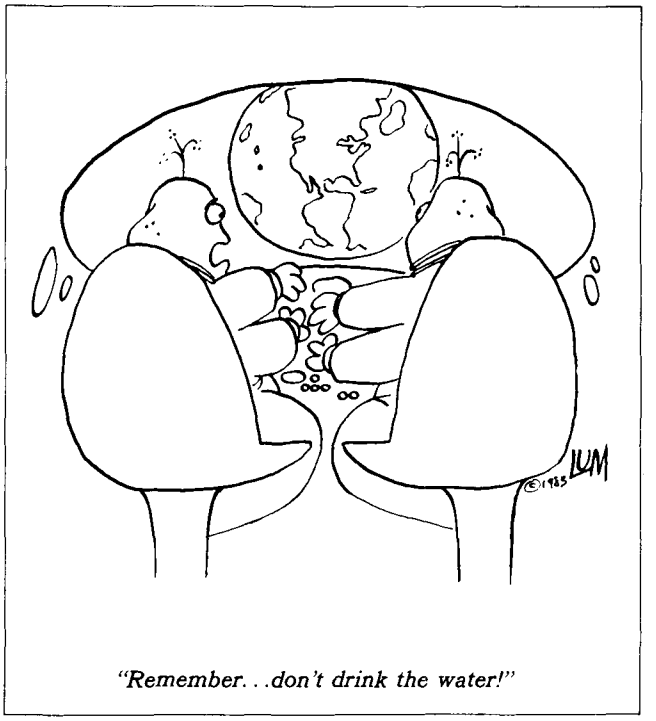
This is a rather tough prohibition, but it hasn't kept people away from the one and only hostelry in the republic which has an absolute ban on smoking anywhere on the premises. Moreover, if a guest is caught smoking and insists on continuing, he or she can expect to be evicted from the premises. That's how determined Sanders is.

Perhaps a half-dozen of the 65,000 guests who have stayed at the inn since it opened in March 1982 were involved in smoking, and each time it caused a ruckus akin to that at the Ivory Soap company the day one of the "It Floats" bars sank in the company swimming pool.

"One of them was a doper," says Sanders, 54. "He left his dope paraphernalia, which we confiscated along with his other personal effects. He never returned to claim these things.

"Two other instances involved a guest's visitor who reached in from habit and lit a cigarette. The guest flushed it down the commode immediately, and called us. We made an inspection and used a deodorant. The guest agreed we could inspect the room on checkout, and if there was any trace of smoke, the $100 would be paid for super-cleaning. We inspected, and there was no trace."

Sanders' associate is Wandra Hodges, 45, a militant antismoker, married to a smoker for 25 years before she divorced him. "I collected once from two young men who got right in the room and let their guests come in and smoke," she said. "We couldn't rent that room for two weeks. We fumigated and super-cleaned it, and still, a guest came in one month after that and said she could smell the smoke. She was super-sensitive, so we moved her to another room."



"Remember. . .don't drink the water!"

When Sanders was a youth he smoked, but soon came to hate it with a passion. After a career as a teacher in the '50s, he finally settled into the motel business. Recalling nights in rooms smelling of smoke residue, including one bad night in Kansas City where "my pillow reeked of smoke," Sanders determined to put his antismoking conviction into practice.

On March 15, 1974, a date as sacred as the fall of the Alamo to this Texan, Sanders opened a 15-room section of his Dollar Inn in Albuquerque, New Mexico. The section soon recorded the highest occupancy rate in the motel and was expanded to cover half the rooms in the 218-unit inn.

"We had guards patrolling the inn in Albuquerque," says Wandra Hodges, "and they had German shepherds with them. If a guest smoked in a no-smoking room and made trouble, the dogs would be a help. If the smoker still didn't cooperate, we would call the police."

Actually, troublesome situations at either of Sanders' inns are rare. He makes the plausible claim that nonsmokers are better behaved as guests. "They are more thoughtful than smokers," he says. "We have never had to call the police for drunkenness, theft or other type problems at Non-Smokers Inn."

Sanders claims that operating costs at his Dallas inn are 30 percent less than they are in a conventional motel because of savings in cleaning, replacement of drapes, carpets, bedding and even furniture, which can be marred by burns. This saving, he says, makes it possible for the Non-Smokers Inn to offer rates ranging from $32 to $56 a night (Governor's Unit), somewhat lower than those of motels with comparable facilities.

The inn's rooms are quite nice and verge on being luxurious. They have two touchtone phones (one in the bath), color TV (on cable), an FM radio, comfortable, large beds, a free health spa and swimming pool and complimentary coffee or tea in the morning.

The security is quite good. A magnetic card opens the room door. There are guards inside and out, according to Wandra Hodges. And of course, the danger of fire is minimal since a major cause of fire—smoking—is monitored by special smoke detectors in each room.

If nonsmokers are better behaved and more productive, as no-smoking advocates believe, then the Non-

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Smokers Inn personnel should be a cut above the run of motel employees. Why? Because Wandra Hodges will not hire smokers.

Moreover, she makes all new employees sign an agreement stating: "I do not smoke and I will not smoke. Further, in the event I have been around those who do smoke for any reason, and it is noticeable, I will change my clothes, bathe and shampoo my hair, if necessary. I further agree, should I smoke, I will tender my resignation immediately."

"Even to get an interview for a job, the applicant must tell me that he or she hasn't smoked in six months," Wandra says. "We had a husband-and-wife team here once as managers, and they were not crusaders. It didn't work out. She had smoked just before they came here." Wandra paused and said, in lament, "It just didn't work out."

The inn was a bit of a curiosity when it was being built and during the first year of operation. Sanders had announced that his motivation in opening it was that he mourned the loss of several people "near and dear to me," killed, he said, by smoking. "It kills 1,000 Americans every day," he said of tobacco smoke.

Still, he got nuisance phone calls from people telling him he was "dumb" to open a nonsmoker's inn. Then there was the subcontractor at the construction site who, on learning what the motel was all about, said, "Oh yeah? Well, I'll light one up right now." He did, and blew the smoke in Sanders' face.

Building time took longer than expected, according to Wandra Hodges, because of Sanders' insistence that, once the doors and windows were in place, no worker could smoke on the job. "We told them they had to leave their cigarettes in the car or at home," she explained.

"Several times when deliverymen showed up they had cigarettes in their mouths. We had to stop that. Then one guy shows up with three *long* cigarettes in his mouth. But they weren't lit.

"At certain times of the month, people drive up here and empty their ashtrays onto our driveway and then hurry away. Once a lady came in here smoking, and I stopped her at the door, looked her in the eye and said, 'You can't bring that cigarette in here!' She went out to the gutter and stomped it out."

But Sanders and Wandra have their outgoing sides, too, and it is expressed in their practice of giving free donuts to people who work for the airlines and rental agencies in hopes they will refer nonsmokers to the inn. The monthly donut bill is $1,400, and Sanders regards it as a good investment.

The Non-Smokers Inn managed to turn a profit in its first year. The average occupancy rate of Dallas hotels, Wandra says, runs between 60 and 68 percent. According to Wandra, the Non-Smokers Inn is running 74 percent, and the number is rising.

She and Sanders will not rent rooms to smokers. They love to mouth and print these antitobacco aphorisms:

1. Smoking is colorful—black lungs, yellow teeth.

2. Kissing someone who smokes is like licking out of a dirty old ashtray.

3. Cancer cures smoking.

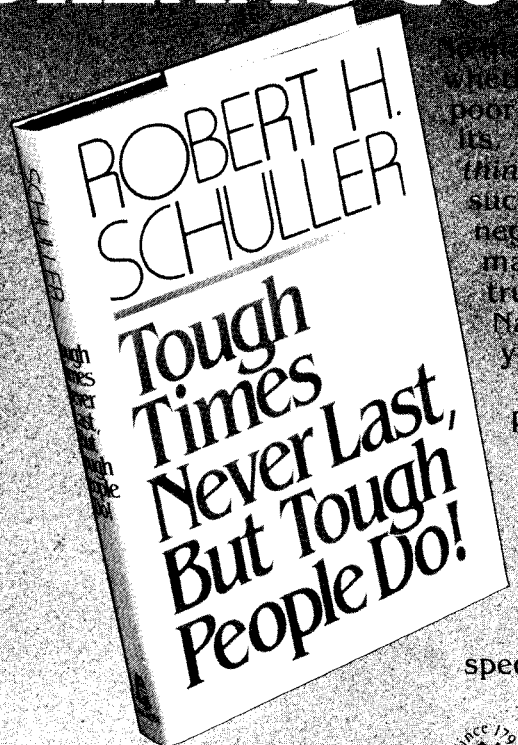
Wandra admits there are moments at the inn, however, when it's tough to make a decision. "Two men came here chewing cigars," she said. "We let them in as guests, and I am sure they didn't smoke. But they sure chewed a lot."

continued next issue

Next issue: How to get a bonus from your boss for not smoking. Your rights when coworkers exhale smoke in your work area. How workers in one industry have been able to reduce their cancer risk by 92 times. And how to breathe easily even while your favorite team is losing.

Corporations have traditionally been more worried about running their businesses smoothly than they have been about getting involved in controversial social issues. But more and more companies have seen the light when it comes to lighting up. In the next issue, Nick Thimmesch takes a look at the economics of smoking: What's being done in the workplace to clean up the mess that smoking causes, and who's behind the push.

HOW TO MAKE YOUR DREAMS COME TRUE



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"I'm afraid you need a bypass—bypass dinner and go jogging instead!"

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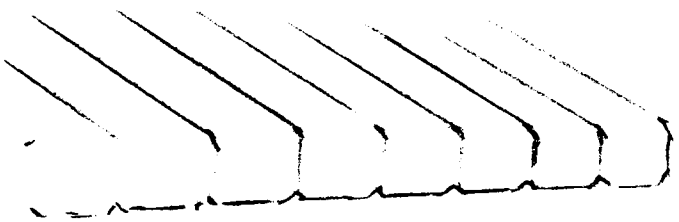

"He went on a strict diet. The first month he lost 70 pounds. The next month he lost 60 pounds. Then he lost 50, 40, 20—and that's the last I saw of him."

"You will not go far because you are too stupid to remove your overcoat."

"I live off the fat of the land too—I'm a diet counselor."

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Ballerina
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Those Lazy, Hazy, Crazy Days Of Summer
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Ramblin' Rose
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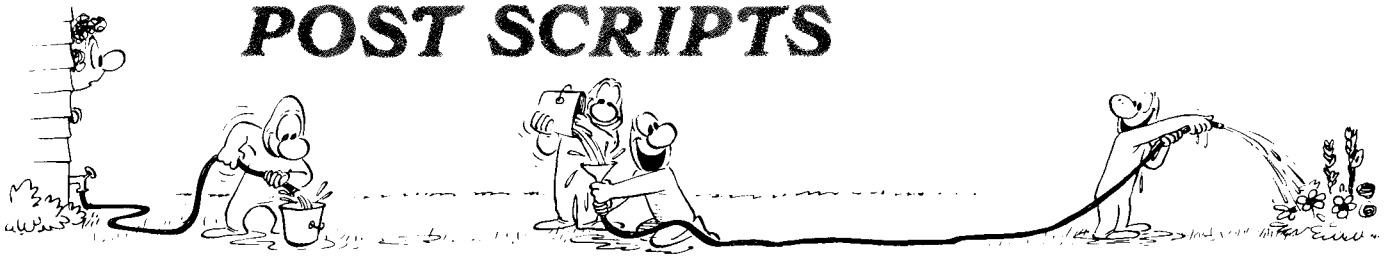

Slow Dawning

The wife of a much-disliked market manager was divorcing him, and she was telling a couple of clerks who worked for him: "You know, I've been married to that man for 20 years, and I want to tell you something—he's a horrible man."

One of the clerks turned to the other and said, "The wife is always the last to know."

—Morris Bender

Spaced Out

"Rosie, what do you think of John Glenn?"

"Who?"

"John Glenn. He was the first American to go around the world three times."

"Well, if you can afford it—why not?"

—Fred Ebel

Un-Helping Hand

A farmer, in great need of extra hands at haying time, finally asked Si, a town character, if he could help him out.

"What'll you pay?" asked Si.

"I'll pay what you're worth," replied the farmer.

Si scratched his head a minute, then said, "I won't work for that."

—Helene Levin

Rendezvous Roulette

The couple were seated at a table for two when suddenly the man slid under the table.

Panicked, the waiter rushed over and said, "Madam, your husband is under the table."

"No, he's not," said the woman. "My husband just walked in the front door."

—Mrs. Hazel Dziedzic

"No, his name is Spot, but he loves to play cowboy."

Wrong Recipe

Migratory birds in the United States are tagged by the Department of the Interior with metal strips reading "WASH BIOL SURV," standing for Washington Biological Survey. Soon after the birds were tagged, the department received this note from a farmer in Arkansas. "Dear Sirs," read the letter, "I shot one of your crows. Following your instructions on the bird, we washed, boiled and served it. And it was the worst thing we ever ate."

—Robert Rich

Photo Finish

When her legs
Stood short and sturdy,
She could safely
Watch the birdie;
Now the girl
Stands tall and tan,
And finds it pays
To watch the man!

—Myra J. Webster

Heinrich Schnibble at the Baseball Game

"Excusen meinself. Ist der game ben upstarten?"

"Not yet. They're just having a little pepper."

"Himmel! Mit sniffen und sneezen."

"Oh, no! Pepper just means warming up——Look, friend, I got no time to make jokes with a wise guy. Me, I came to watch a ball game."

"Ach, meinself also! After der sneezen, ist das home runnen ben beginnen?"

"I already told you, friend, I got no time——Say, you're not kiddin', are you?"

"Ach, nein! Ich ben haten das kidden."

"Well, shake, friend. My name's Brinnick—Hal Brinnick."

"Meinself ist namen Heinrich Schnibble."

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"Pleased to meet you, Schnibble. You know anything about baseball?"

"Ja, ja. Der hittenbatter ist knocken der outenfielders und runnen der foulenballer mit breakneckeen speeden."

"Boy! I don't know what you said, but you sure sound mixed up. Now, watch the pitcher."

"Outpeepen der birdencager?"

"Outpeep——No, that's the catcher outpeepen der bird—the mask. The pitcher's the one out in the middle. They're called the battery."

"Mit outspitzensparken?"

"Mit outwhatzen, Schnibble?"

"Ein battery mit outspitzen der sparken und shocken."

"Well, no. You see, der batzer—I mean, der batter—tries to hitz——Uh—you'll see in a minute."

"Goot. Ach, du lieber, das pitchenflinger ben ein squirmer!"

"He's ben got a funny windup all right, but——Here comes der batter--the one mit two bats."

"Mit maken ein doublisch play, ja?"

"Oh, no. Ein doublisch play ben when——You just watch der game, and I'll explain as it goes along. Zowie! Look at that curve!"

"Meinself ist watchen der game."

"Meinself, too. That was a curve der pitcher ist——Another one right past him! Strike two!"

"Himmel! Das pitchenflinger be upgoofen mit missen der hittenbat."

"No, he don't ben. You see, der pitchenflinger ist—I mean, he's ben trying to missen der hitten——Holy smoke!"

"Ach! Ist der home runnen ben beginnen, ja?"

"Ach, ja, Schnibble! Der hittenbatter just ben knocken der spitzensparken outen das battery!"

—Dave Morrah

Saving Time

One day, a fast man and a slow man were forced to wait in the lobby of an office. The fast man turned to the slow one and said, "Let me show you a trick." The fast man then took off his watch and tossed it out the tenth-floor window. Then he ran down ten flights of stairs and caught his watch. When he returned, the slow man said, "I can do even better."

So he took off his watch and tossed it out the same window. Then he walked to the elevator, rode it downstairs, stopped in a nearby diner for a cup of coffee and a piece of pie and finally strolled onto the sidewalk and caught his watch.

"That's amazing," the fast man said. "How did you do that?"

"Simple," his poky friend said. "My watch is 20 minutes slow."

—Jeanie Blass

Devil of an Answer

Returning at 5 a.m. from a long night of revelry, the minister's son was coldly accosted by his dad: "Good morning, son of Satan."

"Good morning, Father," rejoined his respectful son.

—G. G. Crabtree

Rest Assured

In preparation for seasonal cyclones and floods, the town's civil defense official asked the minister how many people the church could sleep in an emergency.

"Well," replied the preacher, "we sleep 30 to 50 at Sunday morning services."

—Mrs. E. O'Brien

Get It off Your Chess

It's a well-known fact that chess players, especially those who have advanced in the game, are very egotistical. It so happened that quite a few were gathered in a hotel lobby, planning an upcoming tournament, when their braggings and ravings began to disturb the hotel's guests. The hotel manager bade them all leave and explained to the remaining guests that he was entirely fed up with chess nuts boasting in an open foyer.

—Lloyd Byers

The Hounded of the Baskervilles

When Watson reached to pet the hound,
Holmes leaped to his side in a bound.
"Don't, Watson!" Holmes was heard to say.
"He's not been trained the Woodhouse way."

—Frank Lambdin

Checkmate

"Doctor, I need your help," said the distraught patient. "My hand is so shaky, I can't even sign a check."

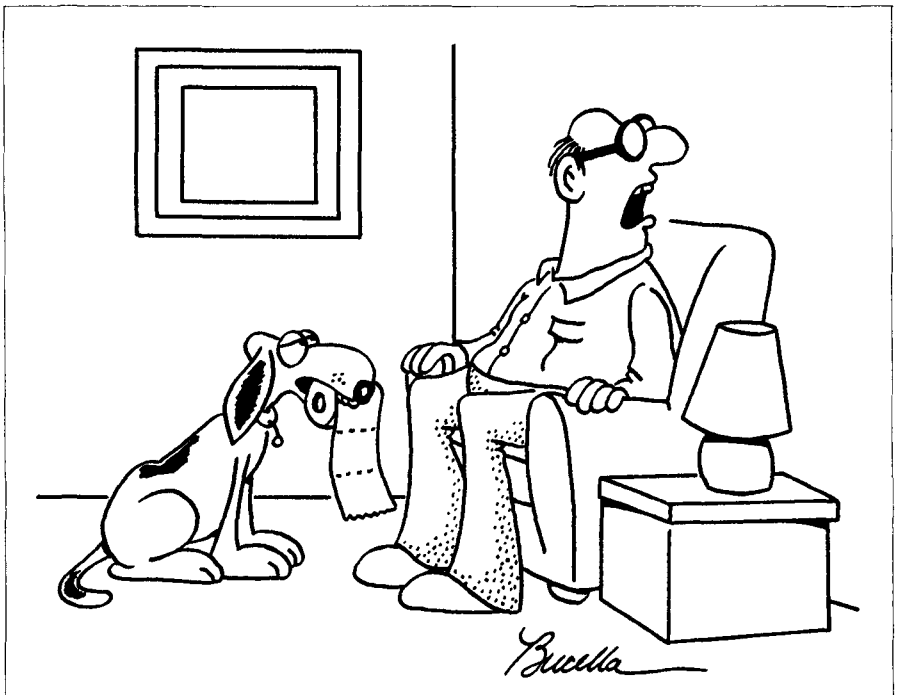
"That *is* bad," replied the physician meditatively. "Let me refer you to another doctor."

—Philip Lazarus

Cracked Commandments

When a youngster was asked what he was taught in Sunday school, he answered, "We were told about the ten commanders and why they were always broke."

—Thomas E. Oetzel



"Marge, I think the dog wants to go out."

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PLEASE DON'T CALL ME FIREBALL

To dream you are in the Monte Carlo Grand Prix might be kind of fun—but in a dilapidated '47 Plymouth? That's a nightmare!

by Tom Meehan

Illustrated by Tomi Ungerer

In this dream I keep having, I'm driving alone along a sunny, seaside road in the battered old Plymouth convertible I used to have at college, a red 1947 wreck with whitewall tires. Chugging down a steep slope, I'm amazed to discover where I am—I'm coming into Monte Carlo, on the Riviera. As I enter the city, I see that there are flags and bunting everywhere, and that the streets are lined with bleachers filled with thousands of tanned Belmondo types in wraparound sunglasses.

Puzzlingly, when I rattle past the crowd a tremendous cheer goes up, and I suddenly understand what's going on. GRAND PRIX. CHAMPIONNAT DU MONDE DES CONDUCTEURS, MONACO, says a poster, and it dawns on me that this must be the day of Monte Carlo's annual Grand Prix road race, and that the crowd has absurdly mistaken me for one of the drivers. I chortle quietly at their ridiculous error, but then, as I reach the center of town, a burly giant in coveralls leaps into the road and begins gesturing angrily. "Where the h— you been?" he shouts.

"Are you speaking to me, sir?" I ask timidly, bringing my car to a halt.

"Who the h— else?" he roars, yanking me out of the car. "Come on, there's only three minutes until the race."

"Hey, wait, what's going on here?" I ask, as a short, pudgy chap in coveralls plunks a blue crash helmet on my head.

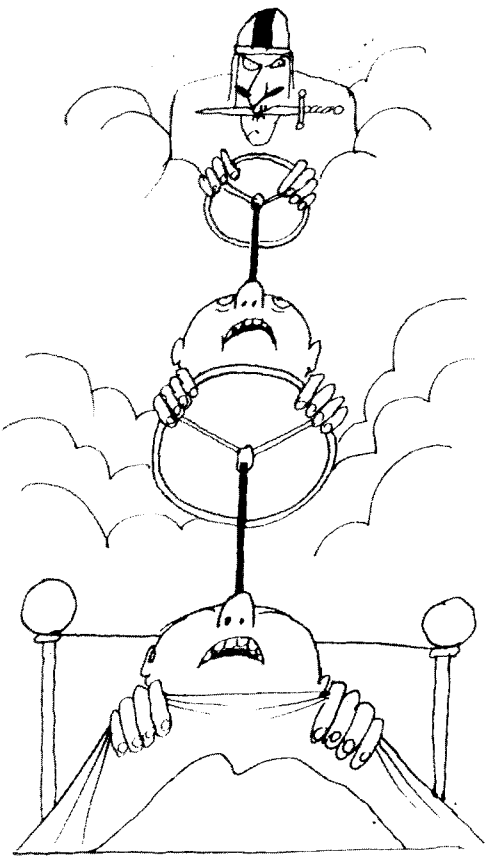
"OK, Lester, get Fireball ready to roll," says the burly man.

"Righto, Bart," answers Lester.

"Fireball—who's Fireball?" I say. "My name isn't Fireball." At that moment, though, I see that both Bart and Lester have the name Fireball Meehan stitched on their coveralls and that behind them, on an enormous billboard, is a picture of a broadly grinning simp holding up a pack of cigarettes—me. CHAMPION CONDUCTEUR FIREBALL MEEHAN FUME GAULOISES, says the billboard. "There's *got* to be some mistake," I say. "For crum sake, I don't even smoke."

"All right, let's hustle," says Bart, shoving me into the Plymouth as a dozen or so other cars, mainly Coopers, Ferraris, Lotuses and Maseratis, rev up.

"Now, wait a darn minute here," I say. "I can't drive a '47 Plymouth in a Grand Prix road race."



"Shut your big trap, Fireball," growls Bart. "Now, listen carefully, here are the code names for the eight laps when you get your instructions—the back-trap lap, the crack-track lap, the claptrap lap, the flap-jack lap, the track-back lap, the trap-clap lap, the track-crack lap, and the Jap-flak lap. You got that?"

"Got *what*?" I ask. "What are you *talking* about?"

"It's simple, stupid," snaps Bart. "On the crack-track lap, the flap-jack lap, the track-back lap and the trap-clap lap, you cut in your emergency double-overhead 1,385 intake system, or otherwise you immediately catch fire; and on the claptrap lap, the Jap-flak lap, the back-track lap, and the track-crack lap, you switch off your two-liter 1,460-compression system, or otherwise the whole car blows up."

"Could you go over that again?"

"Come on, moron, there isn't time," roars Bart, and the next thing I know, I'm lined up with the other cars. "Hi, gang!" I call to my fellow drivers. None respond except for the driver in a Maserati, a menacing-looking, scar-faced Spaniard. "I'll get you for stealing my girl, Fireball," he snarls.

"Stealing your girl?" I say, my voice cracking. "I didn't steal your girl."

"Oh, yeah," he says, making a swift slitting-of-the-throat motion. Then Lester comes trotting up. "Hey, where are your lucky Hucky-Bucky baby booties?" he asks anxiously. "You never drove before without them."

"I don't have my lucky Hucky-Bucky baby booties," I shout, starting to scramble madly out of my car, "and I don't go nowhere without my lucky Hucky-Bucky baby booties."

"Simmer down, chump," says Bart, dropping a particularly grimy pair of infant's footwear in my lap. At that moment a gun goes off, and the race is on. Not knowing what else to do, I jam down on the accelerator, and incredibly, my car rockets away. By the time I've gone five laps, I'm more than 300 yards ahead of the nearest car, the Maserati, and I notice the Spaniard is driving with a 10-inch stiletto clenched in his

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front teeth.

Still in the lead, I come by the pit on the 17th lap and see Bart at the edge of the road, shouting.

"Fraaaaaaap fraaaaaaap laaaaaaaaap!"

Whaaaaaaaaaaaaat?" I call back, zooming past at 165 miles an hour.

"Fraaaaaaaaaaaap fraaaaaaaaaaap laaaaaaaaaap!" he shouts again every 12th lap or so.

"Hold up a signnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnn!" I shout back angrily.

Maintaining a fading lead over the Spaniard through lap after lap, I'm only about 25 yards ahead of him as we turn into the quarter-mile straightaway that leads to the finish line. "I keeeeeell you!" the Spaniard shouts through his stiletto. Unnerved, I jerk the steering wheel, causing my car to go into a violent skid. Frantically trying to regain control, I slide sideways for about 200 yards before I crash into a guardrail, fly through the air and land on my back, as my car explodes in flames and the Spaniard buzzes past to win.

"You call that driving!" shrieks Bart, as I'm stumbling to my feet, and with a roundhouse punch to the nose, he sends me sprawling flat on my back.

"Golly, I did my darnedest," I say. I then see Lester carrying a parachute.

"Well, you can't win 'em all," he says cheerfully. "Better luck in the sky-diving championships, Free-Fall."

"My name isn't Free-Fall."

At once, though, the scene of my dream becomes an open-cockpit World War I biplane, with FREE-FALL MEEHAN lettered on the wings. A huge parachute is strapped to my back, and I'm cowing out on the right wing, clinging desperately to the wing struts. Bart is shouting at me, while Lester is in the cockpit behind him.

"There's *got* to be a mistake," I call, and, just then, a black-helmeted figure in a parachute floats by. It's the Spaniard again. "I keeeeell you for stealing Inez from me," he snarls as he drifts by.

"I didn't, I *didn't*!" I say.

"Shut up, Free-Fall," roars Bart. "Now, listen carefully—here are the code names for the 36 jumps—the keep-steep leap, the feet-deep leap, the steep-deep leap, the keep-deep leap. . . ."

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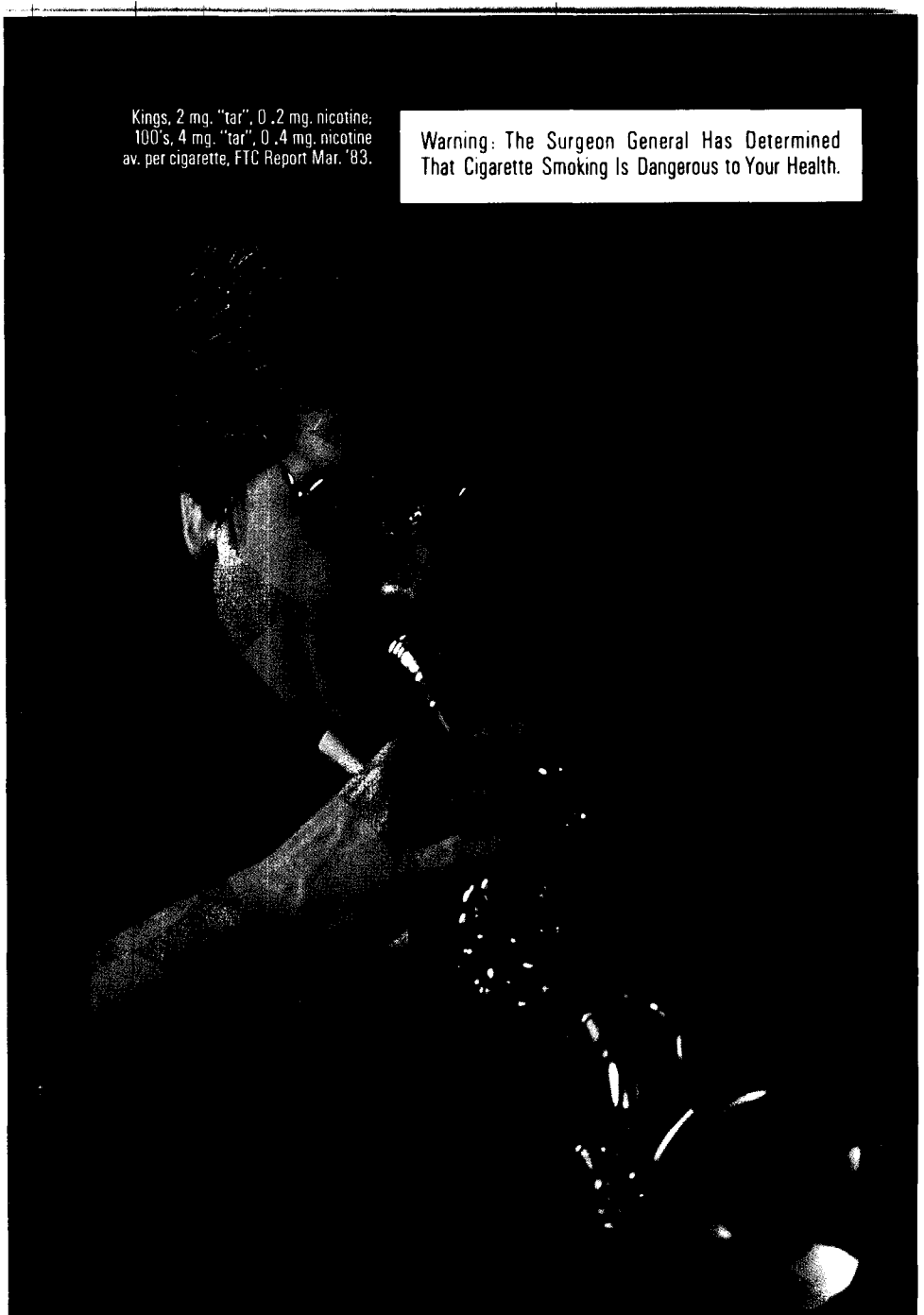

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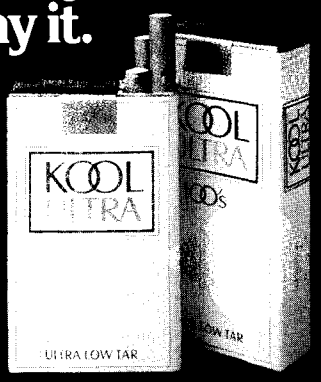

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THE SOFT SIDE OF "ROCKY"

Actor Sylvester Stallone takes off his boxing gloves to lend a helping hand to those "who never had a chance to go the distance."

by Jolee Edmondson

Sylvester Stallone has taken a lot of blows in his life, physically and emotionally, on screen and off, but none have made such an impression as the one he received five years ago at Cedars-Sinai Hospital in Los Angeles, California. It was enough to turn a man of steel into a marshmallow.

The strapping creator of Rocky Balboa, America's premier celluloid hero, had undergone precarious surgery on his pectoralis-minor muscle following an injury he had sustained while training for the fight scenes in *Rocky II*. One hundred sixty-two stitches were taken; it was only the seventh successful operation of its kind. As a get-well gift, one of Stallone's admirers sent him a huge cake with a plastic car on top. It was hardly a creation an adult would enjoy, so the actor stopped by the children's leukemia ward, cake in hand, and what he saw shook his seemingly unshakable prizefighter's frame.

"I walked in," he recalls in a low, faintly tremulous voice, "and sort of casually said, 'Hey, how's everything?' And then I looked around, and I was stunned. A mother was sitting by her son's bed. He didn't have any hair, he was shrunken—he looked like a Biafran child—and you could just see impending death in his mother's eyes. The boy was so weak, but he touched the plastic car and managed to smile. And suddenly I thought, 'My God! To think that I've been complaining about a stupid little scar when here is this woman watching her child die, day by day by day.' The helplessness of her situation, the anger she must have felt. . . . It just tore me apart.

"The other children in the room rallied around the moment. They were happy to see me, but they were all like frail little birds. They could hardly shake hands with me. That experience was an education, and it was the saddest day of my life."

The impact of that confrontation dug deep into Stallone's soul, and as a result, a new dimension was born in a man who admits he had, for a while, fallen into the whirlpool of Hollywood superficiality and materialism. Thereafter, he eagerly accepted the role of chairman of the John Tracy Clinic for the Deaf and of the Glaucoma Society of Philadelphia. He donated the vast gym equipment from *Rocky* and *Rocky III* to the Boys' Club of America and the Devereaux Foundation, respectively. (The Devereaux Foundation is a national organization devoted to "special" children, ranging from the gifted to the emotionally disturbed. Stallone himself was enrolled in the Devereaux program as a Philadelphia youth considered "hard to handle.") And when the United Way approached him about assuming the title of 1983 national chairman, he embraced the idea and vigorously went about campaigning for the cause of television at fundraisers across the country.

Of course, all these institutions were drawn to the shining example of true grit projected by the Rocky character. What better way to bolster the morale of the handicapped and needy than to recruit a spokesperson who was the ultimate symbol of a survivor? Instead of balking at the relentless typecasting, Stallone answered the call, again and again.

"For a while I really resented being constantly thought of as Rocky," he concedes, sitting in the sunroom of the sprawling, richly furnished southern California home that *Rocky* built. He is munching on a shrimp-and-baby-grape sandwich on whole-grain bread and sipping iced decaffeinated coffee—ironically dainty fare that, along with his rigid exercise regimen, helps to keep the fat off the world's most famous

Sylvester Stallone no longer tries to shake the "Rocky" image, although he's running double-time to keep up with the awesome responsibility to fans it has created. "Rocky will be with me forever," he says.

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biceps. "I rebelled against my image. I didn't want any part of Rocky. I felt trapped by it all. Finally, I realized that my having conceived this larger-than-life hero brought me awesome responsibility to the people who so intensely believed in him and all that he stood for, and I didn't want to abuse that responsibility. I guess I grew up a little. Now, I *accept* that Rocky will be with me forever. And *acceptance* is what happiness and peace of mind are all about—to a great extent, at least. Anyway, if I can use the Rocky mystique to help others who truly need help, that's nice. I'm all for it. What I saw that day at the hospital made me want to get more involved with things that mean something to me, especially children's causes."

Sylvester Stallone's residence is fronted by a high brick wall and canvas-covered electronic gate, rendering it invisible from the street. A rather surly bodyguard, replete with gun, "greets" unfamiliar visitors. In the large kitchen, where Stallone, wife Sasha and sons Sage, seven, and Sergio, four, eat most of their meals at a round oak table, there are seven closed-circuit television screens that transmit exterior views of the house.

"There isn't anything I wouldn't do to protect and secure my home and family," asserts the master of this fortress. And, you believe him.

The sumptuous setting that surrounds Stallone and his loved ones is a far cry from the spartan existence of the star's early years, when he had to support his acting habit by ushering at a New York movie theater and cleaning the lions' cages at Central Park Zoo. As every red-blooded *Rocky* fan knows, Stallone's real life parallels his Oscar-winning reel life. All the more reason, he concludes, for charities to seek his endorsement.

"I think United Way was looking for someone who came up the hard way and who proved that it could be done," he muses in a surprisingly quiet, pensive tone for someone whose image revolves around brute force. "I think they wanted a person who could communicate through his own persona in addition to his theatrical persona. I wanted this chairmanship very badly, and I'm very honored, because United Way takes in practically all bases—it's a $1.6-billion organization that funds 22,000 charity groups. It enables me to cover a lot of territory.

"For a long time, I said to myself, 'I can't keep taking and taking and taking and not give anything back.' I feel that you've got to pay the piper eventually. As Rocky says, 'If you want to dance, you've got to pay the band.' So, I feel that United Way is giving me the perfect opportunity to put back into society what I've taken out of it."

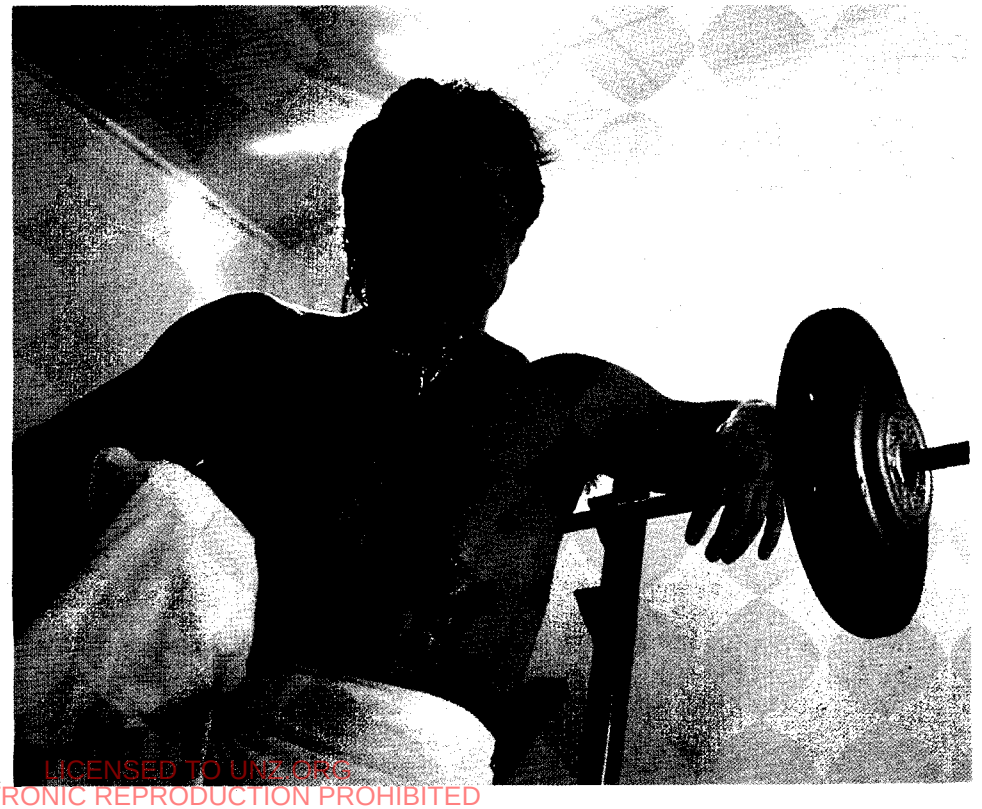
For a while there, Stallone was concerned that a skeleton might fall out of his closet, ruining his chance to represent the United Way drive. As a struggling actor, years before his colossal success, he appeared nude in a racy, semipornographic film. And United Way is partial to *well-scrubbed* heroes.

"I was actually surprised that they gave me this honor, because my background isn't exactly snow-white," he admits with a slightly embarrassed grin. "There was some talk—'Well, he did a movie with no clothes on'—but I told them that it was very tame, believe me, by today's standards. That movie wouldn't even be released today, because it was too soft."

For all his generosity and heart, Stallone draws a hard line when it comes to contributing to politicians and "professional beggars," neither of whom have anything in common, of course.

"I receive a lot of requests from political candidates who want me to publicly support them," he says, shaking his head, "but I simply don't do it. There's no way that I can know what a man's motives are if I don't know him on a personal basis. Last year, Governor Jerry Brown called and asked me to endorse him for senator, and I told him I couldn't, that I didn't know him or politics that well. He called me two days before he launched his campaign! Now, if he had given me a year so that I could have gotten to know him, I might have said yes. . . .

"Really, I think it would be a breach of faith to the people if I participated in any kind of political activity—I think they would be offended. In a similar context, that's why I turned down an offer for $3 million several years ago to box three rounds with Muhammad Ali. I considered it very seriously. After all, that's not bad money for nine minutes' work. Then I came to my senses and thought, 'Can you imagine what people would think, to exploit Rocky in that way?' I could go around in boxing gloves and do exhibitions all the time and make millions and millions of dollars, but it's not worth it."



Those famous biceps had to be kept in shape even while Stallone worked on his latest movie project, directing "Staying Alive," starring John Travolta.

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Back in his hungry New York days, Stallone learned to have little tolerance for panhandlers and the like when, to pay the rent, he served as the bouncer in the apartment building he lived in.

"It was my job to oust the bums and beggars who slept in the lobby and halls," he reflects. "Some of those guys I've seen off and on for 12 years—they're still there! For good luck, I used to drop a coin into one of their tin plates before going in for an audition. It became a habit, but it wasn't right, because every time you give beggars money, you're only reinforcing their problem. You're making it so they don't have to go to work. They think, 'Why should I work? I keep getting money. . . .' The more you give them, the less incentive they have. Now, the blind men and ones without legs—they're a different story. But I have no use for the guys my own age who'll come up to you with ketchup poured on the side of their heads and say, 'Hey, I've got to get back to Hoboken, and I just fell on my head—can you spare a couple of bucks?'

"I believe in only helping people who cannot help themselves, people who have physical deformities, children in cancer wards, the mentally retarded—those who really can't get along alone. They're the ones who have no choice. They're the ones in my heart."

Stallone's benevolence also extends to hard-working, talented aspirants to success who need a break, as he did countless publicity stills ago. It was he who discovered and encouraged an unknown rock group called the Survivors, who wrote and recorded the hit theme song from *Rocky III*, "Eye of the Tiger."

"Back in 1979," he recounts, "I was sitting in a friend's office and heard them on a tape. I said, 'Boy, they're really good.' And my friend told me that this group had been trying to get off the ground for a long time, but that they just couldn't find the right hook. Well, I sent the Survivors a tape of *Rocky III*, told them I needed a theme song, and three days later, they sent me 'Eye of the Tiger.' It was perfect. I was really knocked out. I had given established songwriters eight months to come up with something, and they couldn't deliver—they'd become complacent, they'd lost that eye of the tiger. Whereas these kids were hungry and eager. And their enthusiasm recharged me. It was great."

Stallone is helping to pull yet another raw talent from the quicksand of obscurity. His name is Lee Canalito, a 29-year-old prizefighter with the face of Marlon Brando, the brawn of Lou Ferigno, a punch as devastating as "putting a boxing glove on the front of an express train" and the potential, again according to Stallone, for being the world heavyweight champion. Canalito was having his troubles around the ring, until Stallone came to the rescue.

"I was half-watching television one night," remembers the actor, "when I heard the announcer say, 'And now in this corner, the Italian Stallion, Lee Canalito.' I did a double take. There was the largest Italian I'd ever seen. It so happened that I was having an impossible time finding someone who could play my brother in a movie I was making called *Paradise Alley*. And there he was before my eyes. It was fate!

"I called Lee the next day and flew him out here. Next, I got him out of some contract problems he was having—he was paying more in percentages than he could afford, and they just weren't giving him any fights, which was mind boggling, considering his great ability. If he maintains his desire, he's going on to the top."

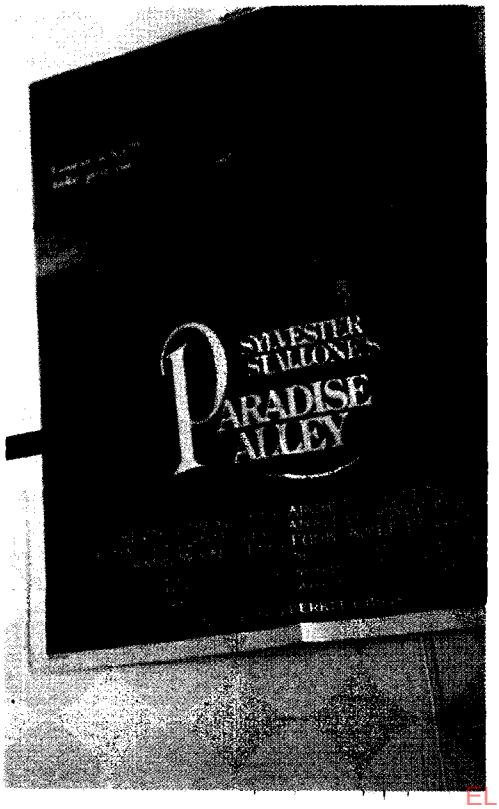
Indeed, Stallone is a firm advocate of lending a helping hand to worthy newcomers who require only a pinch of luck to hurdle that final barrier into the spotlight. There are the children in hospital wards who tug at his emotions, and there are the winners who, despite a good fight, become losers. They, too, stir his deeper sensitivities.

"You know who the real underdogs are?" asks Stallone. "They're the people who really try, give it their very best shot, but for some reason or other, can't get ahead. This world has become so highly competitive and overpopulated that there are a lot of people who have the motivation and method but don't have the opportunity. The real underdogs are the great musicians or actors or painters who don't have an arena or an audience for their creativity and dreams. I pity the potential world champions who never get the chance to put on the gloves. No one cared enough to give them some incentive. Everyone needs a boost along the way."

Stallone is starting to put the pieces together for Rocky Balboa's fourth bout on film. The plot is still sketchy, but he divulges the basic elements. It will in many ways mirror his own growth as a human, a humanitarian.

"The character of Rocky would be most sympathetic toward child-abuse cases and people living under the lion's paw—for example, boxers who've gotten a bad deal in life, who've been used and thrown out and now they're just human wreckage. *Rocky IV* will probably start out with Rocky going back to where he was raised—an orphanage—and he sees the graffiti and the broken windows, and the kids are covered with sores, and he goes a little crazy with anger. He walks out onto the street, and he sees junkies and stumblebums, and he decides to use his wealth in order to resuscitate the neighborhood. Before he knows it, he's involved in street-corner politics, and it mushrooms into something bigger than what he had anticipated. At the same time, he's still a boxer. But he is bent on helping those who never got the chance to go the distance."

It's a good guess that Sylvester Stallone, who went the distance in 1976, when *Rocky* broke box-office records, will always reach out for those coming up from behind.



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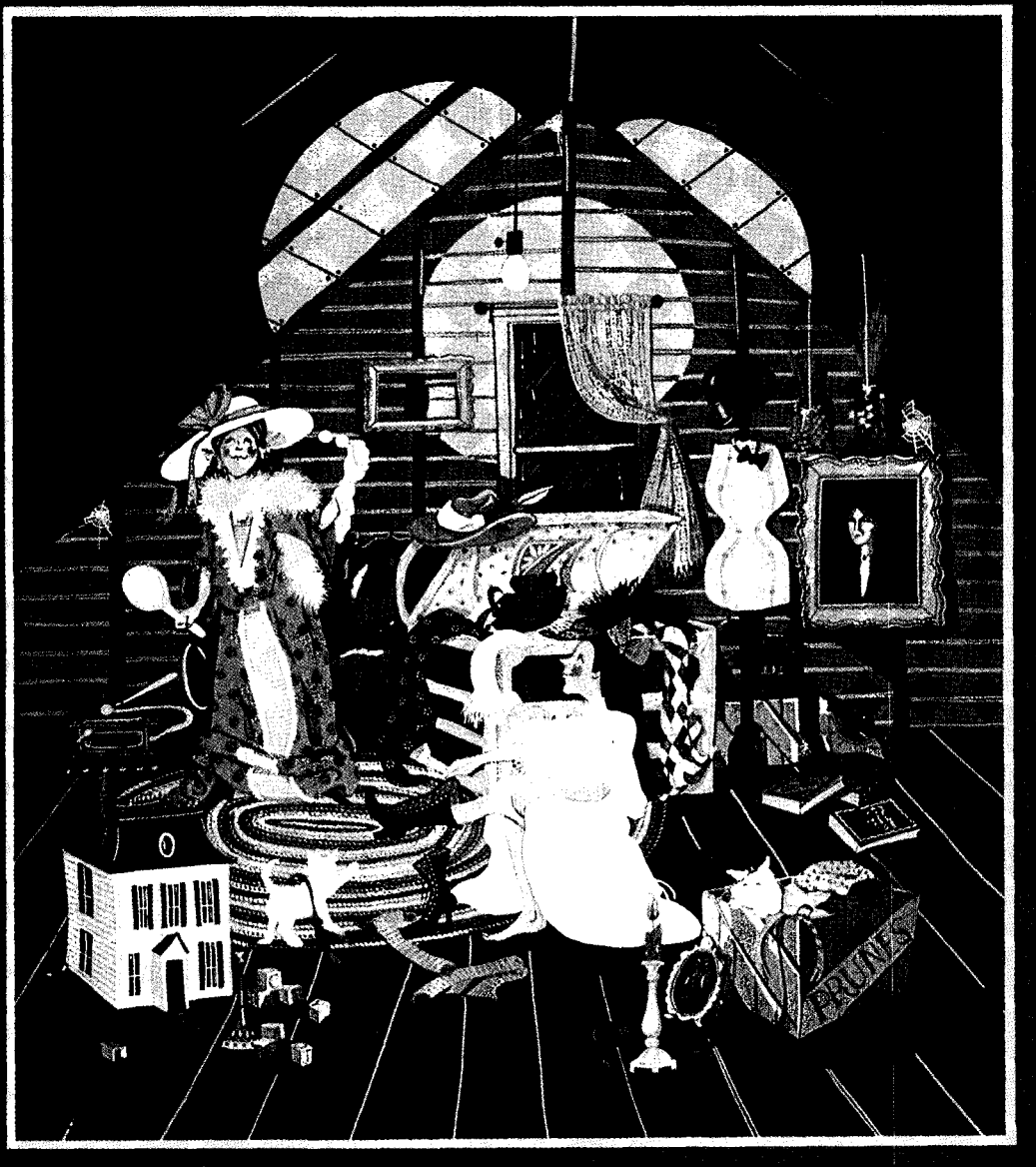
POST COVER CONTEST: THE PAINTING OF A WINNER

Ann Thompson's painting "Star-Spangled Day" was by far the most charming entry we received in our contest, and we immediately tabbed it a winner. Reluctantly, we had to deem it unsuitable for cover use because of its "too-vertical" proportions and an inadequate amount of what the art department describes as "negative space": blank spaces, to accommodate our usual assortment of cover line blurbs.

Blurbs may not sound important, but they are vital to a magazine's newsstand sales, and newsstand operators insist that the blurbs be set as high as possible on the cover, making them visible above the rack moldings.

The too-rectangular-shaped entry left everyone in a quandry. We lamented our own oversight in not having spelled out such crucial information in our contest rules and were despondent in self-recriminations when, suddenly, our new production manager, Mike Leininger, had a flash of genius. "Why not,"



Rainy Afternoon

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he said, "distort this rickety old house a little more and widen it out, so that we can reduce its size on the cover, allowing room for the blurbs?" He did it. Fortunately, Mrs. Thompson kindly consented, and with the aid of our color separator's distortion scanner we gained the width we needed—and both of us became winners (see cover).

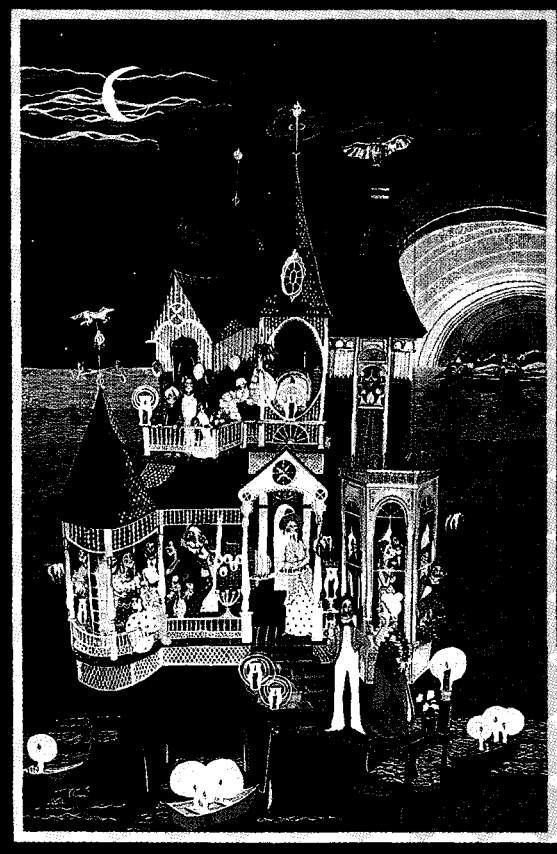
The creator of this emotive painting is a housewife-turned-illustrator from Kirkwood, Missouri. Ann Thompson, née Lee, began art studies at Depauw University, but she opted for a "Mrs." rather than a B.A. and went on to have three children, two now in college and one in high school.

Fortunately for us, she has found time to bring out the paints again, and the spread below is our idea of a good old-fashioned Fourth of July for *The Saturday Evening Post*.

Ann's technique, called gouache (pronounced gwash), uses opaque watercolors prepared with gum. She applies this fast-drying substance layer upon layer to illustration board, with the obvious happy results. It's clear that Ann puts the things she loves into her paintings. "I'm fascinated by old houses with gingerbread trimming. I just used bits and pieces from those I have seen," she says of her "Star-Spangled Day." Her other works also evoke a nostalgic sense of well-being, a soothing feeling that all's right with the world after all.

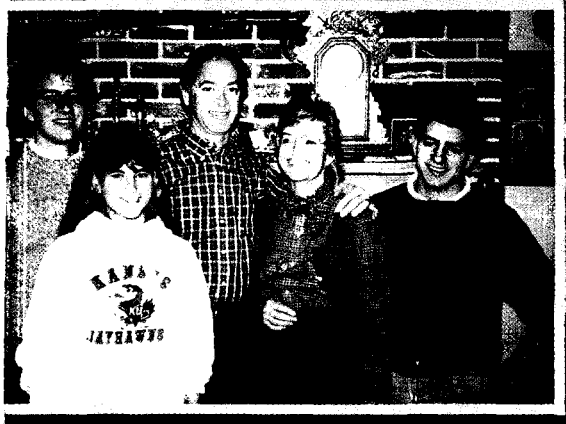
All's right with Ann Thompson, too, for beyond the recognition our cover will afford her, she'll also be adding to the traffic in Kirkwood with a shiny new car, our cover prize. Congratulations, Ann!

(For runner-up see page 96.)



By the Light of the Silvery Moon

Suffragettes



A reflective Ann Thompson and her proud family, Andy, Jill, husband Ron, and Jeff, with still more evidence of her cover-winning talent.

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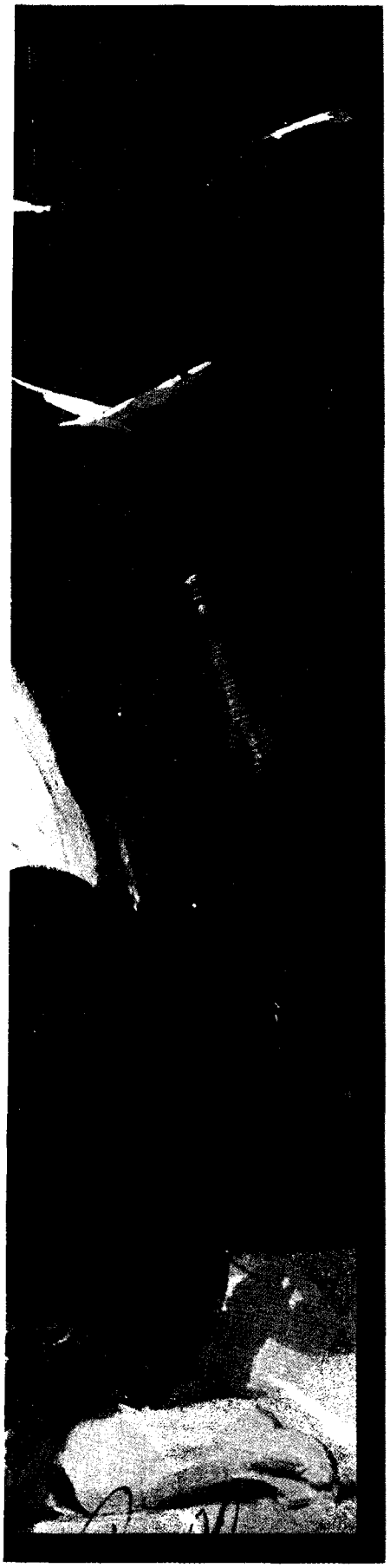

FOREVER VOYAGE

He had always been too old, except for that one brief hour with Kate. . .but now Kate and life were gone, and he was very old indeed.

by Ray Bradbury

"Good morning, captain."

"Good morning, Hanks."

"Coffee's ready, sir; sit down."

"Thank you, Hanks." The old man sat by the galley table, his hands in his lap. He looked at them, and they were like speckled trout idling beneath frosty waters, the exhalation of his faint breath on the air. He had seen such trout as these surfacing in the mountain streams when he was ten. He became fascinated with their trembling motion there below, for as he watched they seemed to grow paler.

"Captain," said Hanks, "you all right?"

The captain jerked his head up and flashed his old burning glance. "Of course! What do you mean, am I all right?"

The cook put down the coffee from which rose warm vapors of women so far gone in his past that they were only dark musk and rubbed incense to his nose. Quite suddenly he sneezed, and Hanks was there with a cloth.

"Thank you, Hanks." He blew his nose and then tremblingly drank the brew. "Hanks?"

"Yes, sir, captain?"

"The barometer is falling."

Hanks turned to stare at the wall. "No, sir, it's fair and mild; that's what it says, fair and mild!"

"The storm is rising, and it will be a long time and a hard pull before another calm."

"I won't have that kind of talk!" said Hanks, circling him.

"I must say what I feel. The calm had to end one day. The storm had to come. I've been ready now a long time."

A long time, yes. How many years? The sand fell through the glass beyond counting. The snows fell through the glass, too, applying and reapplying whiteness to whiteness, burying deeper and yet deeper winters beyond recall.

He got up, swaying, moved to the galley door, opened it and stepped forth onto the porch of a house built like the prow of a ship, onto a porch whose deck was tarred ship's timbers. He looked down, not upon water, but the summer-baked dirt of his front yard. Moving to the rail, he gazed upon gently rolling hills that spread forever in any direction you wheeled to strike your eye.

What am I doing here? he thought with sudden wildness, on a strange ship-house stranded without canvas in the midst of lonesome prairies where the only sound is bird shadow one way in autumn, another way come spring. *What, indeed!*

He quieted, raising the binoculars that hung from the rail to survey the emptiness of land as well as life.

Kate, Katherine, Katie, where are you? He was always forgetting by night, drowned deep in his bed, remembering by day when he came forth from memory. He was alone and had been alone for twenty years now, save for Hanks, the first face at dawn, the last at sundown.

And Kate? A thousand storms and a thousand calms ago there had been a calm and a storm that had stayed on the rest of his life.

"There she is, Kate!" He heard his early-morning voice, running along the dock. "There's the ship that will take us wherever we want to go!"

And again they moved, incredible pair. Kate miraculously what?—twenty-five at most; and himself leaning far into his forties, but no more than a child holding her hand, drawing her up the gangplank.

Then, hesitant, Kate turned to face the Alexandrian hills of San

continued on page 90

Illustrated by Al Buell

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CORRIE TEN BOOM: ALL THE WAY HOME

She could have gone home to peace and quiet after her Nazi-prison-camp ordeal; instead, this indomitable Dutch lady traveled thousands of miles with her message of inspiration.

by Carol Holt

It has been 10 years since I met Corrie ten Boom for the first and only time, yet I remember every detail.

I was teaching English in a New England private school when we were told that none other than the author of *The Hiding Place* (a book my high school students had overwhelmingly approved for study) would come and talk to us.

Although my students were not always excited about lecturers, I remember the moment Corrie looked into their eyes. They knew that this was a person to be reckoned with. I sat in one of the children's desks at the back of the room.

Without any preliminaries, she asked the most important question that a Christian has to answer: "Do you know Jesus? Well, do you? No? Yes? All right, let me introduce you to my Friend."

I have never seen angels, but I know that that day they took up residence in my classroom. Gently, warmly, Corrie introduced each one to her Teacher, the Savior of her life and her "Hiding Place." If forgiveness can be felt or seen, we experienced it as she gently told us of the love that God gave her for her Nazi captors, even the one who had tortured her sister. I had never before seen my young men in tears, or known my young women to sit in silent wonder.

The power of Corrie came not from a desire to be an evangelist or from her love of people. Year by year, this plain child-woman's face had been sculptured into an expression of love beyond all understanding, shaped by responses to experiences that have destroyed all vestiges of hope in the most hopeful. She forgave the unforgivable by letting God do the work in her.

She was born in Holland in the latter part of the nineteenth century. The ten Booms, a middle-class family of five, enjoyed the peace and security of their idyllic culture—tulips and bicycles, tea and prayers. All were shared with loving neighbors who frequented her father's clock shop and home in Haarlem, under the spire of their beloved seventeenth-century cathedral, St. Bavo's. World War I came and went without disturbing Holland and its serenity.

As it was for all families rooted in the heritage of Christian love and family tradition, the invasion of the

Until her death on her 91st birthday, Corrie ten Boom, whose life was spared by a clerical error at the infamous Ravensbruck concentration camp, devoted her 38 bonus years of life spreading her Christian message.

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Nazis in 1940 was an incredible upheaval to the ten Booms. In 15 days, the defenseless land surrendered to a power so alien that Queen Wilhelmina's message to her people conveyed not only sorrow but deep shock:

"Fellow Hollanders, the lights have gone out all over free Holland. Where only two weeks ago there was a free nation of men and women with a cherished tradition of Christian civilization, there is now the stillness of death."

The rat-a-tat of machine guns, screams of slaughtered innocents and the clattering of boxcar after boxcar taking the Jew and the dissenter to prisons and gas chambers completely shattered the peace of the small kingdom.

The ten Booms joined the underground immediately. Their little shop, "The Beje," became a focal point for hundreds fleeing to Allied territories and a permanent hiding place for a core of Jewish men and women—alone and hunted. Corrie, with her brother Willem, her sister Betsie and their valiant father (her mother died of a stroke when she was a young woman) devised a hidden room and through constant scheming clothed, fed and sheltered the refugees.

They continued their harrowing game of hide-and-seek until the night of February 28, 1944, when the Gestapo knocked on their door and seized the old clockmaker and his two daughters. Miraculously, the soldiers did not find the refugees hidden in the secret room. The ten Booms knew that for them God would be their sole refuge.

Within a month Papa, at 84, died in prison, separated from his daughters imprisoned in Scheveningen; Corrie was put in solitary. The two sisters, Corrie and Betsie, were subsequently sent to Ravensbruck, where Betsie died from malnutrition and exposure. The two women had spent the agonizing winter in forced labor, sleeping body over body, infested with fleas.

In the midst of their agony, each sought to comfort cold and desperately hungry fellow prisoners, often speaking a last word affirming the presence of Christ to those destined for the gas chambers.

After Betsie's death, Corrie continued, bolstered by the memory of the unfailing faith of her sister and a vision that, when released, she would offer refuge to Jew and German alike—all the living wounded.

Corrie concealed more than 700 Jews above her father's clock shop in Haarlem, Holland, before her betrayal and arrest by the Nazis.

Miraculously, by a clerical error, she was released Christmas Day, 1944, and found her way home to Haarlem. In May, Holland was liberated and Corrie knew what she must do with the rest of her life: Teach God's love and forgiveness as shown in the gift of His Son.

From the end of the war until her stroke at 87, Corrie tramped the world, determined to reach as many as would listen to her. A plain Dutch woman, she refused a home—always moving on to new people and places. She had a special concern for prisoners and became a friend to all through the 18 books she authored, each of which radiates the power of forgiveness. With the royalties from her best seller she founded Christians Inc., which supports the work of ten missionaries chosen by Miss ten Boom from ten different racial backgrounds.

Corrie ten Boom lived the last few years of her long life in her home in California, and was amazed with God's goodness to her in supplying a lovely house and garden.

She died this spring at 91, having touched as many lives as any evangelist has; but her service, like Mother Teresa's, had been a hands-on work. She told of Jesus simply, and lived the message until she became the message.

I am sure that all the angels in heaven rejoiced at her homecoming, and she has, at last, seen her Lord face-to-face. We here know a little more of heaven because a Dutch lady with flat shoes, loving eyes and a well-worn Bible visited us, the fortunate thousands whom she touched. ✖

After traveling to some 62 countries to tell her story of triumph over the horrors of the concentration camps, Corrie ten Boom retired from public speaking, at age 85, to concentrate on writing and film making.

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LEADING A BALANCED LIFE

If the "good life" scale is to stay in balance, career should not outweigh family, religion, recreation and, especially, health.

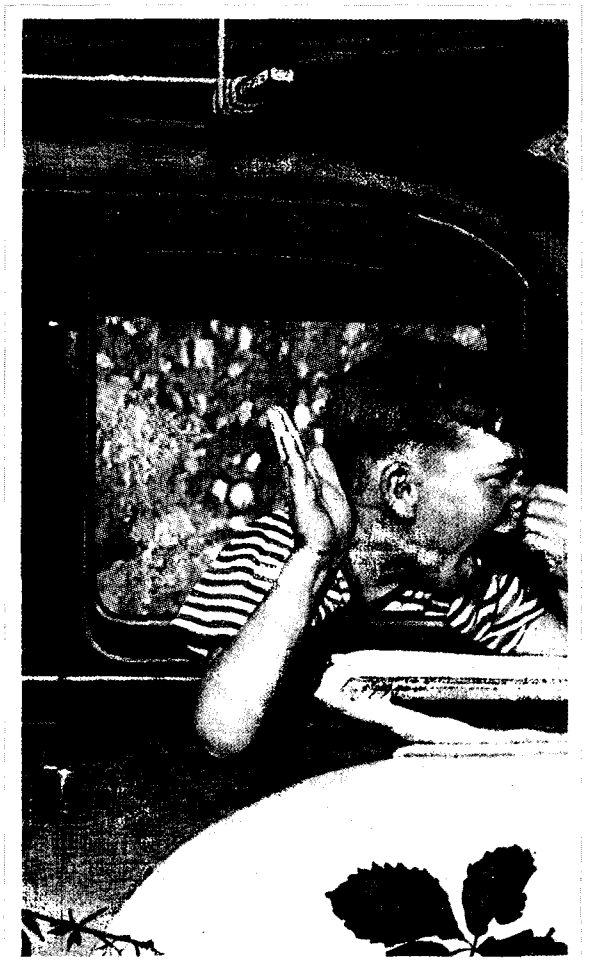
by Art Williams

As I travel across the country, I'm often asked to speak to groups about success. I try to motivate the listeners to excel in their careers, to reach for something above the ordinary. Within my own organization, the encouragement to "do something special with your life" has become a kind of slogan.

The people I speak to are generally sales people—excited, motivated, goal-oriented people working at what has to be one of the toughest careers in the world of business. They're high achievers and tend to enjoy the challenge and the pace, so the atmosphere within the organization is stimulating.

But it is also demanding, and it's necessary to develop a certain kind of single-mindedness about work. Yet it disturbs me that, wherever I go, I notice people making a classic mistake—sacrificing all the other areas of their lives for the pursuit of career success.

The danger of the total-career approach is that one day you'll wake up, maybe years down the road, to find that you've achieved career goals but sacrificed other elements that contribute to a good life.



I can remember today rolling all the car windows down when I rode with my mother so the smoke wouldn't get in my eyes—and trying to persuade her to quit.

It's a question of balance. "The good life" is made up of a variety of elements—home, family, religion, career, recreation. These elements involve all three parts of a person—the physical, the emotional and the spiritual. To make the quality of life all it can be, energy must be divided among these three areas.

Anyone who's ever coached an athletic team, as I did for seven years, doesn't have to be told about the integration of the physical, emotional and spiritual. The right balance between these elements is the difference between a winning team and a mediocre team. Any coach knows all too well the feeling he gets when his team is in top shape physically but plays like little leaguers because the players are not prepared mentally, or when a team that he knows is not prepared physically turns into a champion through sheer determination and emotional commitment.

A business is a team of people working together much like an athletic team. A *winning* business team is one that is made up of happy, healthy, well-balanced people.

Of all the aspects of our lives, the one that is probably the most often ignored in our plans for living is personal health. This is just one area, but it's a critical area and one that I learned to appreciate the hard way.

It may take many years for the effects of careless health to surface. Unfortunately, the reminders that health has been neglected often come too late. We all know of an incident in which an individual or a couple devoted everything to a business or career, slaved to make it a financial success—only to be met with failing health just when it was time to slow down and start enjoying life. It's one of life's saddest situations—all the more so because it could have been prevented.

When illness strikes, people often discover that the things that meant so much originally—power, money, prestige—have lost their luster. It's only then that they see health as a "crown," but all too often it's too late.

My own intense interest in good health came about, in particular, because of events in my own family. For me, like so many others, it took tragedy in my own family to trigger an interest in and appreciation for the joy of good health. When I was in college, my father died suddenly and unexpectedly of a heart attack. My mother was left with herself and two boys to support and a limited means of income. Her struggles to make the best of a situation that only months before she couldn't have imagined made a deep impression on all of

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her sons. The difficult times she experienced affected me deeply and accounted, in fact, for much of my decision to pursue my present work.

Throughout the years of struggle, my mother kept the family together and put all her efforts into making sure we had everything we needed.

I don't know how she did it, but she rallied to the job that was before her. She kept us going when a lot of people would have surrendered in despair.

As the sons got older, we helped out however we could and tried to return to her some of the support she had tirelessly given us. Eventually, things began to look up.

My one source of aggravation with her was her smoking, and I couldn't help from gently nagging about it whenever I saw her. She smoked heavily for years, and I hated it. We all were concerned about her health and used our strongest powers of persuasion to convince her that she should stop. I can still remember rolling all the car windows down when I rode with her so the smoke wouldn't go in my eyes.

Finally, nearly seventeen years after my father's death, my mother met an old friend in Atlanta, and awhile later they were married. When I received a letter from her telling me that she was happier than she had been in years, I was thrilled.

For the first time since my father's death, my mother was personally happy and financially secure. Her children were all grown and on their own, and she was finally in a position to enjoy *her* life.

Less than two years later, she got a pain in her side that wouldn't go away. When she finally went to the doctor, the problem was diagnosed as cancer of the bladder. It was pretty far along, and a large growth. Her doctors tried all the treatments available, but it just wasn't enough. She died at age 58.

Her doctor in Atlanta, a highly regarded oncologist named Charles Henderson, said cigarette smoking may have been a contributing factor in her death. The shock to our family was intense, as it always is in those situations. But to me it was so much harder because her death, at such an early age, was unnecessary. Smoking doesn't affect just the lungs—it is directly linked to at least seven different kinds of cancer. Dr. Henderson echoes the frustration I feel about my mother's death when he calls cancer "the *single most preventable* disease in the United States." A number of authorities are now looking closely at the smoking-bladder cancer link.

Of course there are other environmental and health factors that may also contribute to the likelihood of cancer, and a lot depends upon the individual case. But the relationship between smoking and cancer has been clearly and significantly documented; in my mother's case, Dr. Henderson is convinced that her smoking was a major factor.

The statistics for women smokers are discouraging. It's a sad fact that the movement for increased equality and recognition by women has been accompanied by a frightening increase in smoking-related cancers in women. It's now OK for women to smoke, but it's also a good bet that many families will lose wives and mothers because of the results of "the most preventable disease."

When illness strikes, people discover that power, money and prestige have lost their luster.

Since my mother's death, I have become something of a crusader against smoking. I know that the impact I make is limited, but I do what I can within my area of influence. No smoking is allowed at any of our company meetings and seminars. Ashtrays are not available at my home.

Some people may think I'm extreme. But extreme or not, I'll do whatever I can to prevent someone else from experiencing the pain my mother did with her illness and to try to convince others of the potential pain and loss they're risking on the part of their families whenever they light a cigarette. Avoiding diseases that could be prevented is a major part of health care.

Smoking is a particular point of mine in the crusade for good health practices. But the total health issue is, in my opinion, one of the critical areas in the effort to achieve a balanced life.

My increased awareness of the importance of good health prompted me to take action in my own life. I don't drink or smoke. Since I am an ex-football coach, athletics have always been a source of joy to me, and I make every effort to exercise. I jog and recently trimmed my weight, which had been increasing over the years, back to where it should be. It's work, and it's always easy to plead "not enough time," but if you're determined and recognize the long-term results it can be done.

The issue of health is, in my opinion, one of the most critical areas of "balance." My mother passed away just when it was finally time for her to have fun, enjoy her life. What a tragedy. If I can contribute one thought in this discussion, it's this:

Take the time to set priorities in your life, and make sure that one of those priorities is concern for your health and the health of your family.

Get back to basics and ask yourself, "What's really important in my life?" "What are the things I couldn't stand to lose?" If you really consider this, I think you'll place health high on the list of things that you'd be most unhappy without. Avoid the health-destroyers, like cigarette smoking, that can't do any good and are almost sure to do harm.

Situations like my mother's are repeated thousands of times a year all across the country. Neglect in any of the critical areas of life invariably comes back to haunt us. It seems to me that our primary goal in life should be to spend our time in a fashion that allows us to enjoy the parts of our lives that will lead, not just to fame or success, but to happiness.

A wise man named Tom Drier once said, "The majority of men center their whole attention upon the goal out there in the distance rather than upon the condition they will be in when they reach their goal."

It's important to remember that we're in the process of building our lives right now. Make sure that when you reach your career goals and ambitions, you're neither "pained in body nor troubled in mind," but instead have built the kind of quality of life for you and your family that will prove enduring and meaningful.

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MARRIAGE AND LONG LIVERS

Statistics say that married people live longer. (It doesn't just seem longer.) The only trick is staying wed long enough to find out.

by Maynard Good Stoddard

Illustrated by Don Trawin

The one best hope for longevity is the choosing of one's ancestors. In cases where this opportunity comes too late, the next best hope is a happy marriage. Married people, surprisingly, live longer than single people. Single people, of course, contend that it only seems longer. But we'll get to that in a minute if you'll just keep your shirt on.

In the meantime, even the unmarrieds, by adhering to a few basic laws of self-preservation, stand an excellent chance of prolonging their earthly sojourn.

To be specific, short-livers are those who say things like "It's not loaded. . .see?" Or, "I'll bet I can!" Or, "I'm getting under that tree until the thunderstorm is over!" Long-livers get much of their exercise acting as pallbearers at short-livers' funerals.

Confronted by a mugger, short-livers are the ones who battle for their bucks and get nothing but a speech impediment for their pains. (It's *so* hard to talk with a slashed throat.) Long-livers hand over their cash without a struggle, wish the mugger a pleasant evening and enter the loss on their 1040 form (with perhaps a little extra for the inconvenience).

When a Kool has slipped through the yellowed fingers of a smoker and a hot blaze is spreading through the hotel, short-livers tarry long enough to locate a cigarette and their gold-plated lighters before rushing from their rooms and jumping into an elevator to be incinerated by flames shooting up the shaft. Long-livers take time to feel their door. If it isn't hot, they walk down the stairs to safety. If it is hot, they stuff wet towels along the bottom to keep out the smoke, go into the bathroom, close the door, draw a tub of water and soak until the firemen arrive. In case of double occupancy, so much the better.

Short-livers spend their short lives corroding their lungs with cigarette fallout and getting even more kicks seeing their smoke do double-duty by directing it toward the chaste breathing apparatus of the non-smoker. Long-livers not only don't smoke, they decorate their homes with "Please Don't Smoke" signs and their car bumpers with like-worded stickers and try to limit association with smokers to windy days out-of-doors, upwind.

Short-livers exercise by manually turning on the TV, repeatedly opening the refrigerator door, vigorously shaking up batches of martinis and leaping into the car to drive across the street for a package of pretzels. Long-livers work up a sweat three or more times a week: some by jogging to the store, some by playing tennis, others by chopping wood and still others by dodging the contrails of smoke spewing from the nostrils of their short-lived friends.

Okay. So one has but to adhere to these long-liver rules, and reaching has allotted fourscore and seven—excuse me, I'm getting the Gettysburg Address confused with the Bible—threescore and ten will be a breeze, right? Wrong. There still remains this not-too-small matter of the old-fashioned male-female relationship going under the heading of "Marriage."

How does wedded bliss add years to the blissee? It's not so hard to figure. Speaking for my gender, a single man ruins his internal organs by living on fast foods or, often worse, doing his own cooking. Without a spouse's culinary counsel, he oversalts everything but dill pickles and sauerkraut and thinks that fiber is only for insulation, cholesterol is the stuff they put in swimming pools and proteins are kids up to 13. He spends his nights—heaven knows where or how—dragging in at two in the morning, dragging off to work bleary-eyed at seven.

A happily married couple, on the other hand, doesn't go out to eat (or so the wife says), and either her cooking improves or he gets used to the stuff. Nor do they go out at night (again, according to her). As the jokester puts it, instead of the single man's deleterious routine of champagne, nightclubs and chorus girls, it's "beer, TV and the old lady." But of such is wedded bliss made.

One reason marriage and divorce rates currently are running neck and neck in this country is that participants do not understand the full text of the ceremony. After all, it's not easy to hear under water, or strapped to the wing of an airplane, or operating Pac-Man machines in a jiving arcade. Especially hard to get, evidently, is the phrase "or for worse." Because when the worse occurs, it's "Good night, John, I've brought your saddle home." Whatever that means.

The marrieds of my vintage, however, united their plights in the solemnity of the church or in the home of the bride's parents. Barring a wail from the bride's mother or a loud sigh of relief from her father, we caught every word. Thus, whenever waves run high on the sea of matrimony, we are prepared to

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ride out the storm.

For starters, I happen to be one of those husbands who get a standing ovation for successfully installing a new roll in the toilet-tissue holder. Replacing batteries in a flashlight is to me what the theory of relativity was to Mr. Einstein. A crowbar, as far as I am concerned, is a place where crows gather to do their

Our marriage has survived. It also weathered my basement paint project—or debacle, if you prefer.

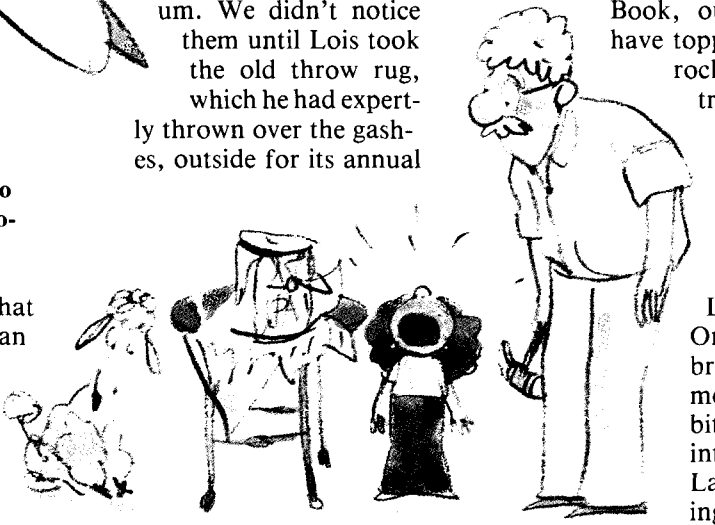
drinking; a bucksaw is a saw that costs a dollar; and a trowel is an animal living under a bridge that scares the daylights out of little billy goats who go trip-traipsing across. My outstanding triumph was bolting a pencil sharpener to the kitchen windowsill. So what if we do have to raise the window every time to insert a pencil into the little hole. The point is, our marriage has survived.

It also weathered my basement paint project. Or debacle, if you prefer. There are those who do. Having finished the job, I brought the gallon paint bucket upstairs and set it carefully on a newspaper Lois had spread on the kitchen table, where I had left the lid. Positioning the lid upon the pail, without thinking twice (even once would have helped) about the small lagoon of paint that had collected around the rim, I gave the innocuous-looking lid a smart rap with the hammer.

Shari, surely old enough at four to have known better than to be in the room, retained the largest of her Nile-green freckles for a full two weeks. For longer than that, we were required to pass off our poodle as a Dalmatian mutant. As for the stove, refrigerator and lower half of the wall cupboards, they all harmonized beautifully, although those with little artistic appreciation failed to appreciate it.

That would be enough right there to send today's young wife racing into divorce court, screaming "Incompatibility!" under the assumption that the judge wouldn't be greatly influenced if she screamed "Paint!" If this didn't do it, how many modern wedlocks would have remained locked after what our family refers to, all too often, as "Father's Linoleum Caper"?

To run water lines into our bathroom, the $20-an-hour specialist found it necessary to cut two parallel slits in our kitchen linoleum. We didn't notice them until Lois took the old throw rug, which he had expertly thrown over the gashes, outside for its annual springtime shaking.



"No sweat," I consoled her. "I'll get some of that tile stickum and stick the edges down so snug they'll never show."

Considerate as always, she said, "*Please* don't bother." But I am certainly not the kind of husband who'll sit around and see his wife trip over those slits some night while carrying a dish of hot soup and maybe scald the dog.

And really, it wasn't that much trouble. I just slapped a quart of that gook along the edges, laid a four-foot 2x6 over the site and set two concrete blocks on the board to hold it down until the stuff hardened. Nor was it any trouble removing the board. It wouldn't remove. No way. At least no way we could think of, short of removing a strip of linoleum four feet long by six inches wide—which would certainly solve the slit problem, as I suggested. But there are those who have a faculty for removing their eardrums at the most convenient times.

Thus opening the lower cupboard doors remains restricted to a space of something like four inches. Anything wider than that stays inside. We haven't had popcorn or a roast since it happened. (Come to think of it, neither have we had one of her casseroles. No loss without a little gain, as they say.) I did manage to wedge the waffle iron through the opening, but only at the cost of the heat indicator on top. The other night, Lois tripped over the board while carrying a dish of hot soup and scalded the dog.

The thing is, she didn't leave with the dog. Built upon the sands of infatuation, to paraphrase the Good Book, our marriage would likely have toppled. But erected upon the rock of true grit (make that true love) and the awareness that we each have our little failings, not this storm—no, not even the tornado warning of last April—could prevail against it.

The tornado warning? Let me tell you about that: On our way to respond to my brother-in-law's announcement that the bluegills were biting at Sages Lake, we ran into a storm just north of Lansing. With the radio blaring a warning and ominous clouds boiling up out of the southwest, I reminded my dear wife that, should we spot a funnel cloud, we would depart the car and head for the ditch. As usual—coming from me—this got her so uptight that she immediately put aside the shawl she was knitting for the parakeet, or whatever, and laid her head back to "rest her eyes."

And sure enough, no sooner had she begun snoring nicely than out of a bank of clouds, hanging so low I could have reached them from an eight-foot stepladder, I spotted a sure-enough funnel.

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SALLY STRUTHERS' "CHILDREN" ...ALL IN THE FAMILY

This energetic actress, artist and photographer puts much of her valuable time and talent where her heart is—with underprivileged children around the globe.

by Jay Christian

You may think of her as the blumbling blonde of the sitcom "Gloria." You may remember her as Gloria Bunker Stivic of "All in the Family." But though she says, "I don't do this to be noticed, it just makes me feel that I'm pulling my load," actress Sally Struthers may be remembered best as the national spokesperson for the Christian Children's Fund (CCF).

Besides speaking out to raise funds for the starving young of the Third World (three out of five African children die before they're five years old), this humane, straw-haired dynamo puts her own money where her mouth is. She sponsors eight children herself, providing $18-a-month donations for each, and she arranges her schedule so that she can travel to foreign lands to see the results firsthand.

"Most people misunderstand the goals of the Christian Children's Fund," Sally complains. "We do not teach religion; we help children, regardless of race or religion, around the world—Africa, the Philippines, Thailand, South America—wherever help is needed."

Sally's religious background is Lutheran. "I am a Christian," she says. "I try to live by the Ten Commandments and the Golden Rule." But she's not a constant churchgoer. "I attend on holidays and a few other times a year," she says. "My church is in my heart and mind. I am a pretty basic individual who believes in God.

"I never realized when I was growing up just how my loving, generous, giving family would influence me," she says. Sally refers to her father, a physician, "who cared more about people than he did about getting paid"; to her mother, "with her great concern for humanity"; and her grandmother, "who was always taking care of children overseas.

Daughter Samantha keeps things lively at the Struthers'. "I try to make living around our home fun," says Sally.

"Whenever I went over to her house to clean or wax the floors," Sally recalls, "there would be pictures of little Korean orphan children on her desk. She was always sending money or knitting sweaters to be shipped to children—children she would never hold or rock, but children who she knew needed love and care. This made an impression on me," Sally says.

The 34-year-old actress and mother of a 4-year-old named Samantha also credits the success of the hit series "All in the Family" for making her generosity possible. Suddenly, she recalls, she was making more money than she had made in a month as a secretary. And she felt obligated to share her good fortune with someone. Living alone in an

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You should care for at least one other human being outside your family, Sally believes. She and fellow CCF-supporter Dick Sargent meet some African children who are getting a better chance in life because of caring American sponsors.

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SECRET LIFE

Absence makes the heart grow fonder—especially when the "dull" wife you deserted is reported to be living it up with other men.

by Nicholas Monsarrat

Illustrated by Phil Smith

"I will never divorce you, James," declared Marjorie Howgill.

It was somehow symptomatic of their entire marriage, thought James Howgill morosely, that even this sentence of hers, which should have been full of flashing fire and determination, only sounded flat and dull. Marjorie, he believed, could have made a list of the Seven Deadly Sins sound like a gardening catalog.

They sat opposite each other in the comfortable, rather prim, wholly domestic London house. The radio played innocuous dance music, on a waltztime theme; the cat purred by the hearth; outside, a slight drizzle fell on the tidy pavements of a tidy Chelsea square. It had been like this for a full ten years, he reflected; their "ideal marriage" had turned into a Darby-and-Joan affair a quarter of a century before its time.

Now, as he had told her, he wanted to be free of it, not for any special reason—there was no other woman, in any serious sense—but simply because his excess of boredom had made that freedom essential to him.

If he were not married to Marjorie, he thought—Marjorie, who had changed from demure bride to sober matron in the course of a few months and had stayed like that ever since—if he were not married to Marjorie, he might be able to take a second chance with someone else, before it was too late. After all, he was only 35. But if he didn't make the break soon—

Her voice interrupted him. "Are you really telling me the truth, James?" she asked. "Is there another woman?"

He hitched his shoulders irritably. "No. I've told you."

"Why all this nonsense, then?"

Nonsense, he thought. What a word for his seething discontent.

"I just want to be free, that's all. It's so desperately dull like this. We don't mean anything to each other

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anymore."

"Oh, I wouldn't say that," said his wife.

"Well, I say it!" he snapped, with increased irritation. He looked across at her. Even at a moment like this, she was so damned reposed. Pretty, of course, but dull, dull, dull. They hadn't exchanged a word, beyond the ordinary civilities, for years, and as for romance——

"There's nothing left of our marriage, and you know it," he went on.

"What you really need is a good holiday," she said sensibly.

"I don't need a good holiday or any other kind of holiday!" he almost shouted. He was especially annoyed because Marjorie was not the only person who had said this to him lately; his doctor, called in to treat a recurrent asthma attack, had said it; so had one of the old fools at the office. Just like a lot of blasted parrots. "I need to be free, that's all!" he said, with absurd emphasis. "And I'm going to be!"

"I will never divorce you," she repeated. "I don't believe in it."

"We'll see about that. I'm leaving you."

"Leaving?" she echoed, in dismay. With perverse pleasure, he noted that it was her first sign of excitement for as long as he could remember. "But where will you go?"

"A hotel—anywhere!" He was standing up now, the very picture of a man driven to desperate determination. "I just can't stand this sort of life any longer! Both of us are just moldering away to nothing! I'm not going to have it like this for the rest of my life."

"But you can't simply take off into the blue."

"Just watch me!"

"James," she said solemnly, "I meant what I said. Whatever you do, I won't divorce you. As far as I'm concerned, we're married, and that's that."

"We'll see. I'm going now."

But Marjorie Howgill had the last word—the most annoying last word any wife could have devised. "Then I'll pack for you," she said.

James Howgill took his holiday; it seemed the simplest way of initiating the break. He went for three weeks to a small hotel on one of the Italian lakes, where the food was wonderful and his sense of freedom positively rapturous. He enjoyed a brief "romance" with a French girl who approached the whole thing on such a matter-of-fact, yet generous, basis that only a boor or a fool could have remained aloof. There was nothing to it, of course; they were simply ships passing in the night. But it was an augury for the future that he cherished. Life, for James Howgill, was not yet over.

When he returned to London, he settled down in a small service flat near Jermyn Street. There was no word from Marjorie, and he did not attempt to make contact; he was seeking to show her that his determination was as strong as ever, and that their marriage—divorce or no divorce—was over.

But presently, as the months went by, the situation began to irk him. Their friends had accepted the break with 20th-century tolerance, but it was still less than satisfactory. He was married, and yet he was not married. If any "chances" came his way, he was still not free to make the most of them. The wonderful sense of liberation he had experienced in Italy had degenerated into a dubious marital twilight.

By and by, grown impatient, he went to call on the firm of solicitors who had handled his affairs for 15 years. They were not exactly go-ahead, but they might have some ideas.

Mr. Johnstone, senior partner of Seymour, Johnstone, Cripps & Knatchbull, received him with the deference due to a medium-rich stockbroker and the reserve natural in a man of law whose specialty was property management. Though he knew James Howgill's domestic situation from hearsay, he had been hoping it would not be necessary for his firm to take an official hand in it.

When James Howgill had told him what he had in mind, Mr. Johnstone said, "My dear Howgill, you astonish me!" He did not look astonished, merely attentive. "You say there is no possibility of a reconciliation?"

"None whatever."

"Perhaps you have—ah—other personal plans?" inquired Mr. Johnstone delicately.

"Not at the moment," said James Howgill. "But, of course, I might have, later on. Just now, I simply want to be free."

"Ah, freedom," intoned Mr. Johnstone, looking as though he would like to make a speech about it. "And Mrs. Howgill—you say she will not take any action herself? In any circumstances?"

"So she said. And I believe her."

Fingertips together, lips pursed, Mr. Johnstone considered the matter. "Then, if you are so determined, you must initiate divorce proceedings yourself," he said finally. "Let us review the possible grounds for such an action. Mental or physical cruelty?"

James Howgill shook his head. "No. She's not like that."

"Desertion?"

Mr. Johnstone frowned at the slang phrase. "Let us agree that the desertion, if any, is on your side. There remains"—and here he gathered himself together, impelled to face crude reality—"the possibility of another man."

James Howgill shook his head again. "No. She's not like that, either."

"You are certain?"

"As certain as anyone could be."

"Women unaccustomed to living alone sometimes—" began Mr. Johnstone, and then coughed. "We must take steps to find out," he

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concluded finally.

"How do you mean?"

Mr. Johnstone leaned forward. If it were possible for so benign a man to look conspiratorial, he did so now. "We must have her watched," he declared firmly.

"Detectives?" asked James Howgill, slightly appalled.

Mr. Johnstone raised an admonitory hand. "Private-inquiry agents. Of the most discreet kind."

The "private-inquiry agents of the most discreet kind" resolved themselves, three days later, into a man with the especially discreet name of Bates. Bates was small, gray, invincibly ordinary; he did not even wear a bowler hat. One could not have picked him out in a crowd, thought James Howgill, looking at him with curiosity; in fact, one could scarcely have picked him out in an empty room.

For some reason, Howgill found this anonymity comforting; he had been feeling slightly guilty at the idea of employing detectives to watch his wife, but this man somehow excused the whole idea.

The two of them settled the details which Bates must have in order to begin his vigil: Marjorie's address; her appearance—James Howgill produced a year-old snapshot; her known habits—very few; her principal friends. Then Bates folded away the slip of paper on which he had taken his notes and stood up.

"Leave it to us, Mr. Howgill," he said. "If she's playing you up, we'll find out."

James Howgill did not care for the phrase at all. "It's very unlikely——"

"Human nature," said Bates, not hearing him. "You think you've seen it all, and then you suddenly get a thumb right in the eye . . . . What coverage do you want?"

"I beg your pardon?"

"One man can't work all the way round the clock," said Bates. Somehow, discussing terms and—presumably—money, he had taken on a certain measure of authority. "That's human nature of another sort. . . . Over the years, we've worked out the best way. It takes three men, in three watches; 8 a.m. to 4 p.m., 4 p.m. to midnight, midnight to 8 a.m."

"Like the navy," said James Howgill.

"No doubt . . . . Do you want them all?"

"I hardly think that will be necessary."

"Two out of the three, then?"

"Well—yes."

"Which do you want to leave out?"

James Howgill felt a sudden need to end the conversation. "To start with, I'd prefer to leave out the nighttime watch," he said firmly. "The other two watches will be quite enough."

Bates shrugged. "Suit yourself." He prepared to take his final leave. "You won't see me again," he said, surprisingly. "After this, only written reports. Once a day, delivered by hand. In case of emergency, one of my associates will telephone. In case of special emergency, I will telephone myself."

"Very well," said James Howgill.

"Terms," said Bates, his authority now coming to a sharp head. "Five pounds per watch per day. Payable in advance."

"Very well," said James Howgill.

"Expenses extra."

"Very well."

"Photographs by arrangement."

For the next two days, during which James Howgill endeavored to suppress his guilty feeling that what he was doing was not cricket, the reports from Bates were dull—as dull, indeed, as Howgill had expected them to be. "Made visual contact with Subject, established residence and so on," said the first; and the second: "Subject shopped Regent Street, Bond Street, Piccadilly; all female wearing apparel. Subject partook lunch unescorted at Berkeley Buttery."

Even apart from the atrocious phraseology, it was not a particularly good 20 pounds' worth, save from the moral aspect; and James Howgill, given a few more such innocuous days, might well have called the whole thing off, there and then. But only those first two reports were innocuous.

The third report was narrative in style, and longer. "Subject was called for at own residence by an Unidentified Male Escort at 6:20 p.m.," it began. "They emerged at 7 p.m. They seemed on good terms with each other. Subject was laughing frequently. Followed taxi to Savoy Hotel, where Subject and Escort partook three martinis each, plus sandwiches. They then went to Haymarket Theatre, sitting in stalls, fourth row. They emerged at 11:10 p.m. and took taxi to Cascade Club (superior supper-and-dance club on Clarges Street). Watch ceased at midnight in accordance with your instructions, by which time Subject had not reappeared."

. . .his telephone rang. This time it was Mr. Bates himself, his voice positively charged with excitement. "I think we're on to something big."

James Howgill read this through a second time, very carefully, with an odd feeling of depression. All sorts of phrases in it started promising trends of thought; and yet his prime feeling was one of disappointment. How very unlike Marjorie it was! "Male Escort"—"on good terms with each other"—"three martinis"—"supper-and-dance club in Clarges Street"—it could be construed as the road to ruin itself. And she had actually stayed out after midnight. That was something which hadn't happened for a very long time.

But apparently it was something he would have to get used to, for Report No. 4 gave him a great deal more to think about.

"Subject emerged from residence at 12:10 p.m.," it began. "Took taxi to Brown's Hotel, and lunched with Male Escort of previous night. Subsequently visited Odeon Theatre, Leicester Square. Sat back row of balcony. Could be observed holding hands. Subject returned home 5:45 p.m., reappeared at 7:30 p.m. in evening attire. Took taxi to Barchester Hotel. Met in foyer by Male Escort (not same as previous) whom she greeted as 'Darling.' They proceeded to Suite 807 on eighth floor. Dinner for two served at 9 p.m. (lobster,champagne, other courses). Discontinued watch at midnight, as arranged.

"Note: Escorts will henceforth be

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identified as No. 1, No. 2 and so on. No. 1 is medium build, conservative dress, military bearing. No. 2 identified from hotel register as Jack Carpenter, American citizen, New York."

While James Howgill was reading this, with feelings so mixed that he could not have classified any of them, his office phone rang. It was a man's voice he heard, low-pitched and authoritative.

"Mr. Howgill?"

"Yes?"

"I have a message for you from Mr. Bates."

"Who?" asked James Howgill, confused by the conspiratorial tone.

"Mr. Bates."

"Oh, yes! The——"

"Quite so," interrupted the voice swiftly. "The message is as follows. Bearing in mind the reports on the matter we have in hand, do you wish to increase coverage?"

"Well, I don't know," answered James Howgill. And in truth, he did not. The last report was astonishing; he was once again sorry that he had put the thing in hand, but his reasons were now very different. His wife? Holding hands in cinemas? Champagne suppers with Americans, lasting half the night? She must be out of her mind!

Wishing to gain time, he said: "Are you—er—one of the——" How did one say it?"——the people involved?"

"That is so," answered the voice, extremely cagily.

"Which one?"

"You mean, the time of day?"

"Yes."

"I cease operations at midnight," said the voice.

"And you really think——"

"It is Mr. Bates' view that we will not bring this matter to a satisfactory conclusion unless we cover the remainder of the 24-hour period."

"Very well," said James Howgill, after a pause, unhappily. "Let's do that."

"I may say that Mr. Bates is extremely optimistic," concluded the voice, and rang off.

If Mr. Bates was optimistic, James Howgill was not. He was, in fact, vilely depressed. It was really too bad of Marjorie to behave like this. She had never done so with him; indeed, the most defeating aspect of their marriage had been that she never wanted to go anywhere and was content to sit placidly at home from one end of the year to another. But now, without him, she seemed to have gone off the rails completely.

Twinges of jealousy, unknown for ten years, assailed him. How dare Escort No. 1, "of military bearing," hold her hand in a darkened cinema? How dare Jack Carpenter, American citizen, ply her with lobsters and champagne up till midnight and beyond? Dash it all, she was a respectable married woman!

But there was worse to come.

First it was Report No. 5. "Flowers were delivered to Subject's residence at 10 a.m.," it began forthrightly. "They appeared to be roses. Subject partook of lunch with Male Escort No. 1 at Zoological Gardens restaurant. Escort appeared in bad temper, subsequently quarreled outside Reptile House and walked away. Subject returned home, later emerged and drove to Barchester Hotel, where she dined in grill room with Male Escort No. 2 (Carpenter).

"Subject partook of wine, and was overheard to say: 'I am bored,' to which Carpenter replied: 'Lucio ———'s (name not clear) plane is due at one o'clock. Let us meet it.' Subject said: 'My goodness, do you know him?' and Carpenter replied: 'We have been buddies since Hoover was a boy.'

"At 12 midnight, they summoned taxi and told driver to go to Heathrow Airport. I reported this to my relief, who followed them thereto and will doubtless give details later. As they drove off, Subject inquired: 'Is he really as devastating as they say?' Reply was inaudible."

James Howgill was digesting this with increasing dismay, when his telephone rang. This time it was Mr. Bates himself, his voice positively charged with excitement. "Mr. Howgill," he said, "I think we're on to something big."

"What do you mean?" asked James Howgill.

"I can't communicate the details over the telephone," said Bates curtly. "But I'm sending a report by special messenger. It should be there any minute."

"Special messenger?" repeated Howgill, in agony. "What is it?"

"You saw the last report?"

"Of course."

"Then you know that the Subject met a certain party at Heathrow."

"What party?" The ridiculous word seemed to touch a raw nerve.

"I can't say over the phone," repeated Bates. "But I'll tell you this, Mr. Howgill. That extra coverage was cheap at the price!"

James Howgill tore open the envelope. The first sentence and the name that it contained hit him like a monstrous wave.

"Passenger arriving at Heathrow Airport was Lucio Ambrosini," it began. "Name will be familiar. Subject, Escort and Ambrosini drove off in limousine (hired) after animated greeting, press interviews and so on. Prior to departure, Ambrosini embraced Subject and remarked: 'I like you, baby. Let us get this show on the road.' Party drove to Barchester Hotel, where Ambrosini had engaged so-called Presidential Suite (14th floor). At 3 a.m., party emerged, drove to Cascade Club, subsequently to Milroy (Park Lane), Giotti's (Conduit Street) and the Ring of Belles (off Grosvenor Square).

"On returning to Barchester Ho-

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GETTING THE OLYMPICS BACK ON TRACK

An aroused business community is contributing up to half the $77 million needed to train and maintain America's athletes for the 1984 Olympics.

by James Delmont

Jim Hines flashed across the 100-meter finish line in world-record time. Debbie Meyer splashed to three gold medals in the women's swimming events. George Foreman pounded out a TKO over heavyweight Ionas Chepulis of Russia. And Bob Beamon long-jumped 29 feet, 2½ inches—a feat that has been called "perhaps the greatest single performance in athletic history." It was the Nineteenth Olympiad, Mexico City, 1968—the last time an American team would win more gold medals and more total medals than any other country had.

State-subsidized athletes from the U.S.S.R. and East Germany have dominated the Olympics since that Mexico City showdown. They bid to dominate the 1984 Olympics, too, possibly with some help from a large Chinese squad representing the mainland for the first time.

Great strides in the AAU's Junior Olympics have taken these corporate-sponsored games from 2 sports and 523 competitors in 1967 to 132 sports and 3,229 hopefuls in 1983. This year, at Notre Dame, July 26-31, 4,000 athletes, ages 8 to 18, will compete in 17 events for a chance to make the 1984 Olympic team.

It hasn't always been that way. Since Baron Pierre de Coubertain revived the ancient games in 1896, American amateur teams have largely had it their way in Olympic competition. In a dozen Olympics from 1896 through 1952, the Americans came in second only twice—to host Britain in London in 1908, and to the heavily subsidized German team in Hitler's Berlin Olympics in 1936.

This domination by U.S. amateurs, many of them high school and college students, came to an end in 1956 when a huge Soviet team arrived in Melbourne, Australia. The Soviets were meticulously prepared to dominate the smaller events of the Olympics: weight lifting, canoeing, pistol shooting, wrestling and gymnastics. All of these were sports in which intense, year-round indoor practice can produce spectacular results in international competition. The Americans did set nine Olympic records, running away with the gold in the glamour events of track and field, but the Soviet strategy of concentrating in a highly disciplined way on certain sports paid off with a gold medal victory. This tactic has now been copied by East Germany, which has made women's swimming, rowing and track its exclusive preserves.

Much more damaging from the American point of view is the International Olympic Committee's practice of allowing only amateurs in Olympic competition—an ideal which made more sense in 1896, before the advent of totalitarian governments. Because the Soviet Union is a socialist society, all of its athletes, even the hardened veterans of its professional hockey teams, are by definition "amateurs" because they do not toil for capitalist pay. That they receive pay, perquisites and rewards from the government, their employer, is conveniently overlooked by the IOC, which continues to bar American "commercial" professionals, while allowing the East bloc variety to compete.

What can be done? It took the IOC seventy years to change its mind about Jim Thorpe's amateur status in the 1912 Olympics. So there is little hope for rational amendment of the amateur definition any time soon, although the U.S. Olympic Committee, under the vigorous leadership of its president, William Simon, the former U.S. treasury secretary, continues to lobby for reform. Practically speaking, the Americans' best hope derives from the exciting participation of U.S. business corporations in the Olympic process.

After the American team finished third behind Russia and East Germany in the 1976 Olympics, the U.S. Olympic Committee, the Congress and the American business community realized something had to be done. The impressive results include the Amateur Sports Act of 1978, described by Simon as "the single most important federal legislation ever enacted on behalf of ama-

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teur athletes and amateur sports in the United States"; the establishment, under corporate sponsorship, of the U.S. Olympic Training Center in Colorado; annual mini-Olympics, the National Sports Festivals, held in cities that bid for them and providing the panoply and competition of real Olympics; and job-training programs by which corporations provide release time for athletes to train at the U.S. Olympic Training Center or elsewhere.

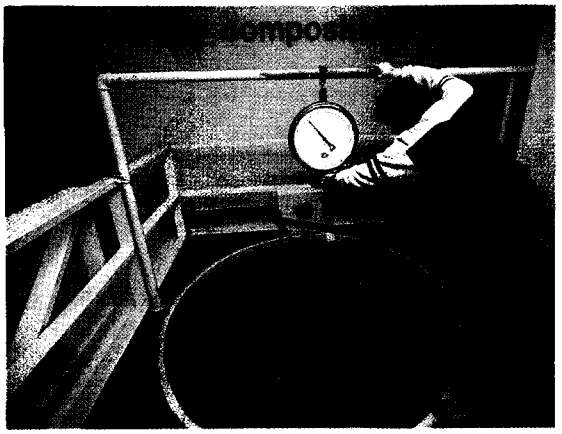
The Amateur Sports Act made possible a vastly improved program of cooperation between the U.S. Olympic Committee and various national governing bodies of the individual sports, ending decades of political squabbling that had weakened the U.S. Olympic effort. The governing bodies established Junior Olympic competition, with extraordinary results in such sports as gymnastics. In fact, the Junior Olympics is now probably the world's largest amateur-sports program. For every youth in a Communist country who is targeted from infancy to be trained for future Olympic competition, there are thousands of young Americans competing at local Junior Olympics events across the United States. Among them are some who will find their way to the winner's platform at the real Olympics. Mark Spitz, Kurt Thomas, Ken Norton and Wilma Rudolph, just to name a few, were all Junior Olympians.

Since its present corporate sponsor, Sears Roebuck and Company, undertook financing of the Junior Olympics in 1977, the program has grown larger every year. Last year's Junior Olympic Games at Knoxville featured more than 3,000 athletes in 13 sports. This year's games, scheduled to be held at Notre Dame University in July, will feature 4,000 contestants in 17 sports.

The Junior Olympics sponsor foots the bill not just for administration and for awards to contestants, but for publicity as well, which for the past several years has included radio and television broadcasts of regional and national competition.

Recently, free-enterprise contributions have led to corporate sponsorship of the Pan American Games, as well as the 1984 Olympics and the development, at the U.S. Olympic Training Center, of a sports-medicine program to rival those of the Soviet Union and East Germany.

Miller Brewing Company of Milwaukee is the sole sponsor of the Olympic training center, but Eastman Kodak, Levi Strauss, Coca-Cola, Anheuser-Busch, Arco, the Southland Corporation and others will contribute up to half the $77 million needed to train and maintain America's athletes through 1984. The key to the revitalized U.S. Olympic effort is definitely the training center at Colorado Springs. The 34-acre site, formerly headquarters of the North American Defense Command, can accommodate up to 500 athletes at a time in its dormitories and gymnasiums. More than 12,000 hopefuls train at the center each year, some dropping by for short stints of a week or two, others staying for months.



The key to the revitalized U.S. Olympic effort is the 34-acre training center at Colorado Springs, which includes a biomechanics laboratory for human-movement studies.

The director of the training center, former Olympic champion Bob Mathias, can't conceal his enthusiasm for the facilities, which include a new beige-and-gold field house with six gymnasiums and room for archery, basketball, fencing, gymnastics, judo, table tennis, team handball, roller hockey, volleyball, weight lifting, wrestling and boxing. A swimming complex, an ice-skating arena and a cycling velodrome are planned. The center also has in operation a 400-meter Chevron track with electronic testing and timing devices and a modern Super-Turf infield; a biomechanics laboratory for human-movement studies; a sports-medicine building; squash and racquetball courts; fully equipped weight and exercise rooms; dining and dormitory facilities; and office space for staff and officials. Eventually the site will be graced by an Olympic park with an amphitheater and the flags of the national governing bodies from around the world.

The land for the center and some of the buildings were donated by the U.S. Air Force and the city of Colorado Springs. Miller High Life has guaranteed a minimum donation of $3 million to the enterprise and, according to Lauren Williams, executive vice president, "Miller has made a long term commitment to Ameri-

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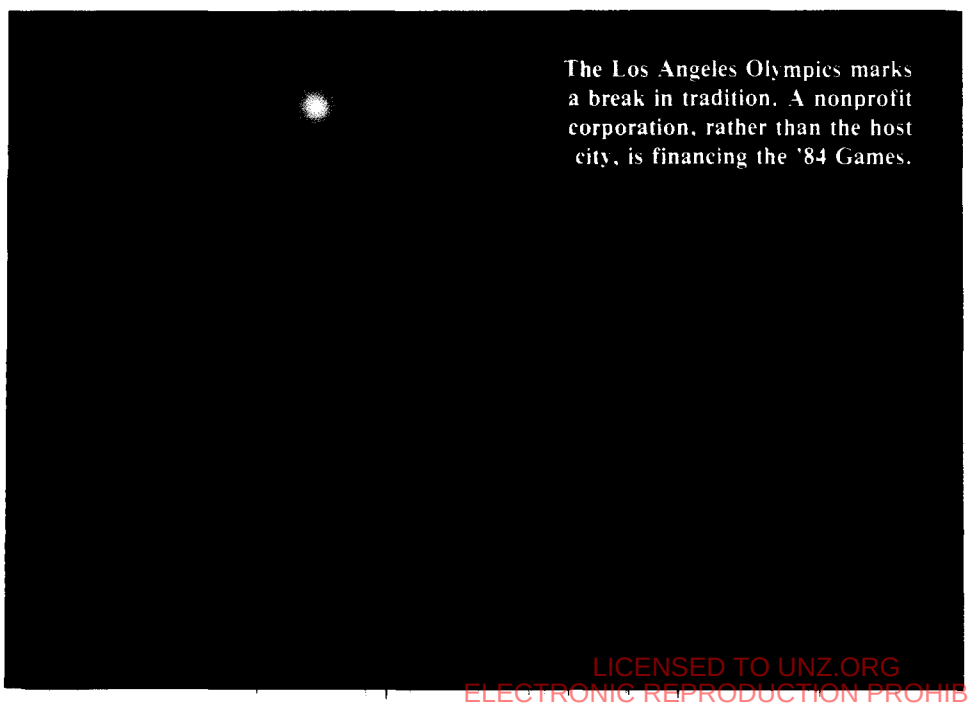

The Los Angeles Olympics marks a break in tradition. A nonprofit corporation, rather than the host city, is financing the '84 Games.

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THE CALIFORNIA GOLD RUSH OF '84

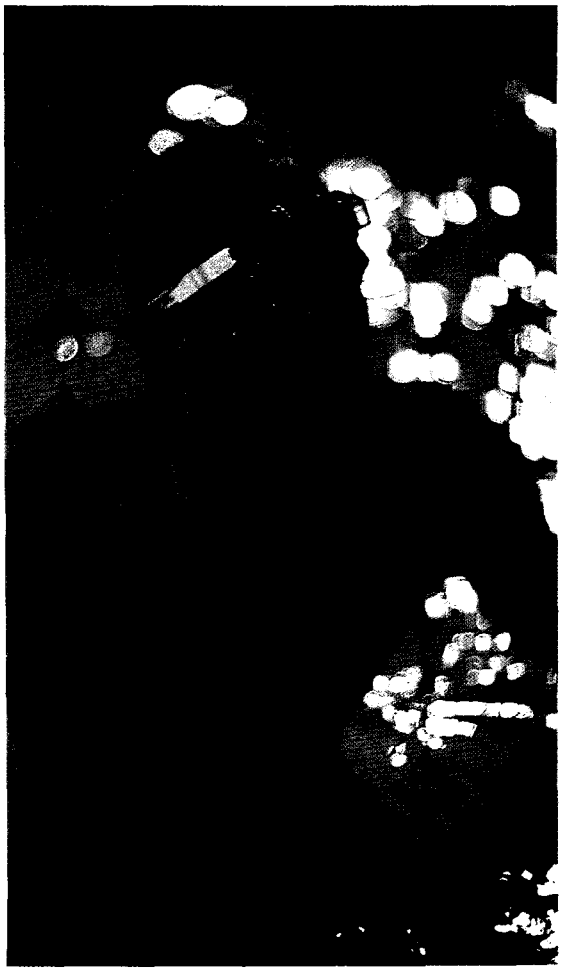
Struck with gold fever, these determined athletes have overcome deformities, sacrificed good jobs and moved miles from family and friends in pursuit of that precious Olympic medal.

by S. Lamar Wade

The gold rush of '49 was but a Sunday afternoon stroll in the park compared to the upcoming gold, silver and bronze rush of '84 for medals at the Los Angeles Olympics. The hurdles on the road to the Olympics are many. For most athletes blood, sweat and tears is just a starter, but for those who are burning with Olympic fever, no hurdle is too great to overcome. Some of the following athletes will qualify for the American team. Others may fail. Some will be back again in '88, but for others it is their final opportunity to satisfy the dream of standing in the winners' circle.

Rowdy Gaines: 1980's Loss

In line for enough medals at the 1980 Moscow Olympics to make him the most renowned swimmer since Mark Spitz, Ambrose (Rowdy) Gaines saw his hopes go down the drain with the American boycott. Along with them went his concentration and boyish enthusiasm.



Rowdy Gaines, who would have been in line for four or five gold medals had the American team participated in the 1980 Games, wonders, at age 24, if he's "all burned out."

"I couldn't believe the United States would actually stick to it," says this Auburn University graduate from Winter Haven, Florida. "I felt cheated, oppressed and unwanted. I still think the boycott was a stupid decision; it proved nothing."

Rowdy Gaines, at 24, continues to dream his Olympic dream. "Sometimes I wonder if I'm getting too old, burned out. I think about all my colleagues who didn't have a chance to swim and turned to earning a living, and I ask myself if I'm not wasting my time. But swimming is what I want to do the most."

Having used up his college eligibility, Rowdy still trains with coach Richard Quick at the University of Texas. Here, in the pool at Austin, is where he established his world records in both the 100- and 200-meter freestyle events. And if this training results in victories over the American competition of Chris Cavanaugh and Rich Saeger in the U.S. Trials, June 25-30, 1984, at Indianapolis, he will face Jorg Woithe of East Germany and Michael Gross of West Germany, top contenders in the Olympics.

"It's been tough the last three years," says Rowdy. We 'older' swimmers were supposed to have reached our peaks in 1980. Hopefully, that won't turn out to be true."

Mary T. Meagher's Postponed Dream

When Soviet military troops rumbled into Afghanistan in 1979, the reverberations jarred the life's dream of 15-year-old Mary Terstegge Meagher of Louisville, Kentucky. Mary T., as she is known by her colleagues, became one of the athletic-career casualties of President Jimmy Carter's retaliatory American boycott of the 1980 Olympic Games in Moscow.

"The Olympics had always been my dream," sighs this dedicated young swimmer who, as a high schooler, had followed her swimming coach from Louisville to Cincinnati to continue her training. "And that is what they have remained—only a dream."

Bitterly disappointed, she had no more than nicely rearranged her goal and rekindled her spirits when an Associated Press reporter phoned with the results of the Olympic swimming competition and told her she could have beaten their times—and wanted to know how she felt about that.

"I felt like hanging up the phone and crying," she confesses.

In fact, Mary T. nearly quit swimming altogether. But she decided to plunge ahead for the 1984 Olympics. And her "comeback" has already made quite a splash. She has won an NCAA championship, set world records in both the 100- and 200-meter butterfly events and has emerged as one of America's brightest hopes for ending the domination of East Germany in her sport.

"My American rivals are the ones to consider first," says Mary T., looking ahead to the Olympic trials next June 25-30 at Indianapolis. "Not having done my best times in a couple of years, I feel somewhat threatened by the new-

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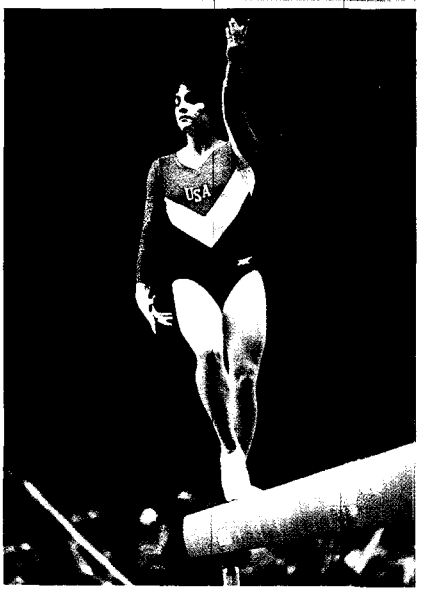

Mary Lou Retton's gymnastic talent has, at age 12, earned her the No. 1 senior-class ranking in the nation. And, as she says, she's still improving.

comers. But with dedication and plenty of hard work I think I can come back just fine."

Mary Lou Retton—All 93 Pounds

It's a long way from the coal-mining community of Fairmont, West Virginia, to Texas. But Mary Lou Retton, a ninth-grader at Houston's Northland Christian School (having left at home her parents, three brothers and sister Shari—an All-American gymnast at West Virginia University), has come much further in her training since the days she tried to emulate the Soviet crowd-pleaser Nelli Kim at the local gym.

Mary Lou's Texas training, in fact, has unearthed a load of gymnastic talent that, at age 12, has earned her the No. 1 senior-class ranking in the nation. And hopes are high that she will be one of the United States' most productive natural resources in the 1984 Olympic Games. Standing a scant 4'10" and weighing but 93 pounds, her performances combine speed and amazing acceleration with a force that has caused gymnastic experts themselves to flip. Though she believes vaulting and floor exercises to be her best events, an innovative maneuver on the uneven bars has already been named for her.

Mary Lou credits her refinement to coach Bela Karolyi, the Romanian tutor responsible for the stardom of Nadia Comenici in the 1976 Games, before he defected to America in 1981 and opened a gymnasium in Houston. Here, under the eye of this technician, Mary Lou has improved her fundamentals, and here she has benefited from working out with fellow-student Dianne Durham, ranked No. 2.

As to her earlier hopes of emulating Nadia Comenici: "I really don't want to be a carbon copy of Nadia," she muses. "That's a dream only for beginners. I would rather be a gymnast with my own style of performance."

With Mary Lou Retton, chances are good that coach Bela Karolyi will again strike Olympic gold—only this time for the United States.

Swimmer Mary T. Meagher, whose Olympic dreams of 1980 were shot down by Soviet troops moving into Afghanistan, dreams of gold by winning the 200-meter butterfly.

Wee Marie—Gymnast Giant

Gymnast Marie Roethlisberger's tiny voice is a perfect fit for her 4'9", 82-pound figure. She punctuates her speech with shy giggles, typical of an 11th-grader.

She could be the average student from New Trier High School in Northbrook, Illinois. But she isn't.

As a result of spinal meningitis when she was two years old, Marie is totally deaf in one ear and has less than 50 percent hearing in the other ear. In addition, when she was still a toddler she had to relearn to walk, an ordeal she dismisses by recalling vaguely, "Oh, yeah, my mother told me about that."

Of her deafness she says, "It doesn't bother me or affect my balance. I can hear my floor music fine, but they have to turn up the volume a bit."

Marie also has asthma, which she says is not really worth mentioning. She *does* mention that "not too long ago I had Osgood-Schlatter disease in both knees, and it used to bother me—but not anymore. I just have a

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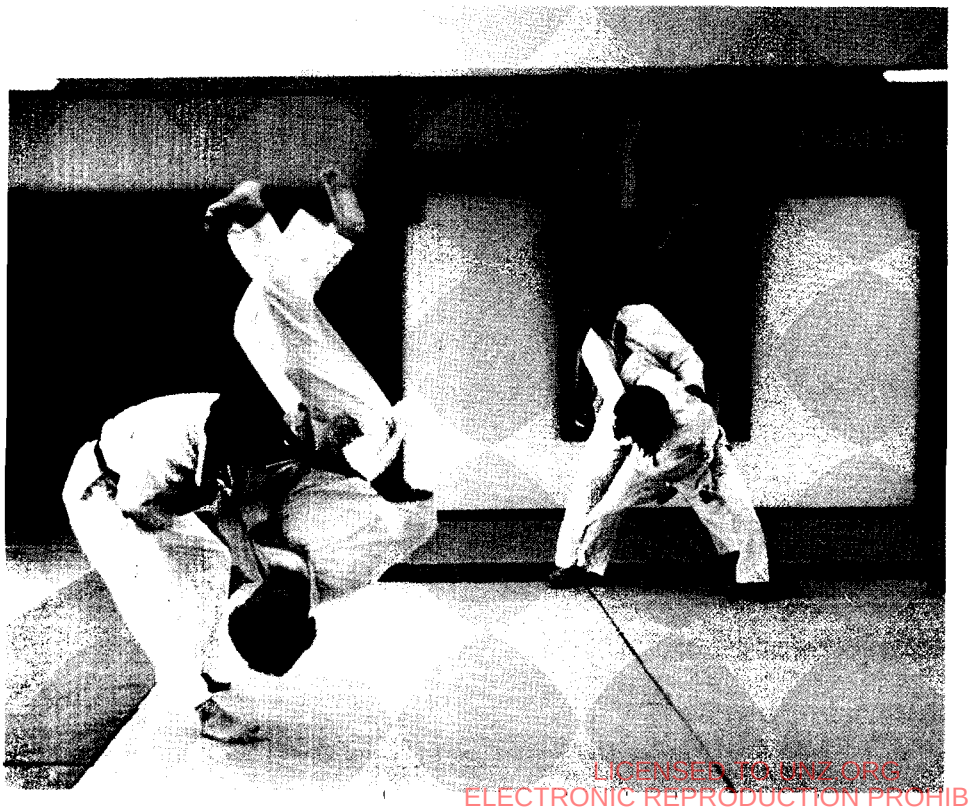

No more booze or dope for judo hopeful James Martin. Today he injects himself only with confidence that his Olympic road will lead to gold.

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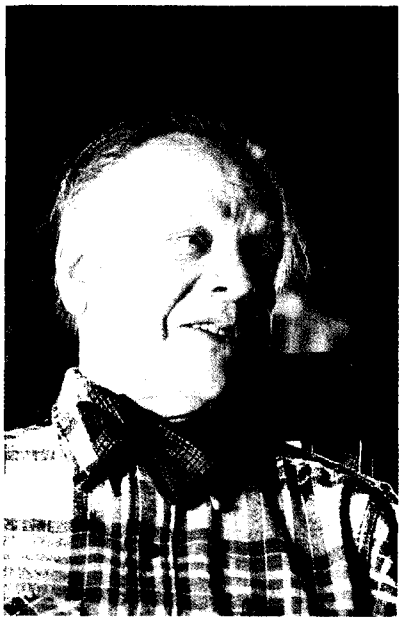


ERIC SLOANE'S BRUSH WITH LIFE

If you take Henry Thoreau, Winslow Homer, Robert Frost and Huck Finn and stir well, you may not come up with an exact Eric—but close enough.

by Frederic A. Birmingham

In love with America for three-quarters of a century, Eric Sloane has expressed his pride and passion in more than three miles of paintings.

Eric Sloane is an artist of notable gifts, who also has in him—in proportions that are in constant flux—generous streaks of poet, grizzly bear, philosopher, child, lover, farmer and guru.

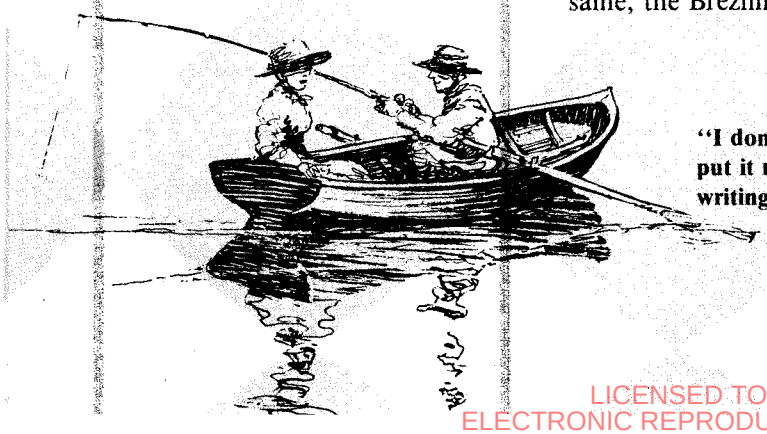
If we take Henry Thoreau, Winslow Homer, Robert Frost and Huck Finn and stir well, we may not have *exactly* Eric, because he is unique, but we'll have something of an idea.

If that seems a bit high-flown, please ponder the following:

At Eric's country home in Warren, Connecticut, his personal bathroom is papered with the originals of 18th-century newspapers and almanacs worth a pretty penny. It is also festooned with awards and memorabilia, which he prefers to display privately rather than publicly. Among these is a raffish photograph of Eric and his buddy Jimmy Cagney. They are duded up for the picture like a couple of old-time Mississippi riverboat gamblers, and they look so lethal and comfortable in their getups that one cannot help suspecting that nature's intention had been to cast them in that role all the time.

On the other hand, at Eric's elegant hacienda in Taos, New Mexico, there hangs in his private bathroom a "Dear Eric" kind of letter from that great admirer of American culture, the late Leonid Brezhnev. It thanks Eric for the triumphant visit he and his wife, Mimi, made in the fall of 1974 to Russia, bringing with them a collection of 36 large Sloane paintings for a Moscow showing entitled "I Remember America." The exhibit, at the U.S.S.R. Academy of the Arts, drew crowds of Russians and lasted three weeks. Eric recalls that the "Russians were surprised to know that the Americans had farms." (*I Remember America* is also the title of a handsome "cocktail table" book of Sloane paintings and writings that was published in 1971 and reissued again in 1975, following his Russian tour de force. Eric himself is not overly impressed by all of this. He has written and illustrated more than 30 books, and the creative effort is part of his own life rhythms.) Just the same, the Brezhnev response was unusual. Brezhnev was usually able to keep his enthusiasm for the United States under control, and Eric's theme of the America he loves is unabashedly patriotic.

These are intriguing clues to the frolic Eric Sloane has made of his busy 70-odd years. These days, there are moments when he seems to drop away into another world of thought. I suspect that Eric's years may have something to do with this. He is a rugged, handsome type ("The women go more for mama's boys these days"), and I think that he is in an interim period of his chronology, when he is old enough to be glum about his age from time to time and still not quite old enough to boast about it. But the song is far from over. New plaudits are ringing for the soaring mural, 75 feet across and 56 feet six inches in height ("seven stories high and a half a block long"), which he completed for the Bicentennial opening of the National Air and Space Museum in Washington, D.C. Taken purely as a physical achievement, it is a monument to any man's creative energies and sheer muscular power. Eric hadn't even wanted to take on the assignment at first. He's afraid of heights. He didn't like the idea of climbing around on all the ladders and scaffolding such a project would require. Almost too polite to turn down the job, as he tells it, Eric allowed the museum to send an emissary to visit him so that he might decline in a courteous and thoughtful manner. But the museum outfoxed him. When Eric took his guest for a luncheon at the famous Dutch Treat Club in New York City, it became clear in the midst of the camaraderie of that special



"I don't use a sketch, I just put it right on as if I am writing a letter."

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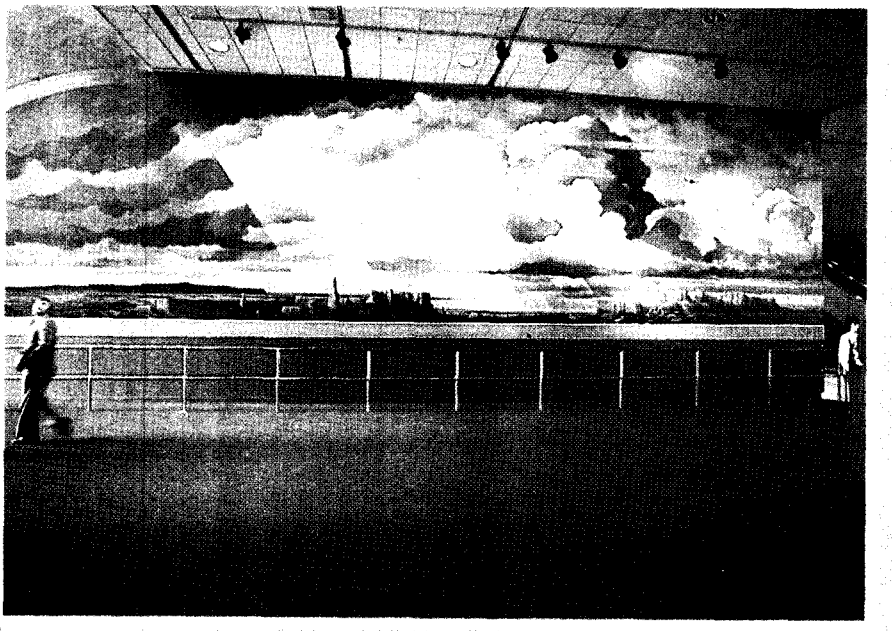
group that Eric's guest was himself someone very special indeed. He was former astronaut Michael Collins. "How do you complain about seven-story heights to a man who has been to the moon twice?" says Eric with a grin. Sportingly, he took on the mural. After 100 gallons of acrylic was expended—and innumerable Tarzanlike leaps from scaffolding to ladder and back again—the job was done. By now, millions of visitors to the museum have looked up in awe at *Earth Flight*. An aircraft, tiny in its element, cuts a swath through mountainous banks of cumulus clouds, high over a landscape reminiscent of the Grand Canyon and Monument Valley combined. Eric chose the words of Lincoln to accompany the mural: "I cannot



Sloane insists there is only one Creator—and the painter only recreates.

Fishing

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"I have done dozens of sketches of the same subject. . .Like Oscar Wilde, it is good to have the 'simplest of taste—always being satisfied with the best.' "

imagine a man looking at the sky and denying God."

You must come with me to Kent, Connecticut, however, to discover the quixotic way in which this man of the skies is of the earth also, impelled into such polarization by the thrusts of his own personality. For here we find one of the most hauntingly seductive little museums in all the world—the Sloane-Stanley Museum on the banks of the Housatonic River.

We meet Eric at his hilltop house first, before going on to the museum itself. Here, on his 30 acres of woodland, is a country man by choice, a rugged figure with a face lined by outdoor living and indoor thinking, looking down on the river valley from about 1,200 feet, maybe ten miles north of Kent and a hound-dog's bay from Cornwall Bridge, the old covered relic treasured by the kayakers and canoeists who search for white water on the Housatonic.

We step into Eric's home, built into the hillside, and momentarily we forget about the museum—because this, too, is an unforgettable museum of rural America in its own right.

"I'm the only boy on the block who has a wooden plow on his living room table as a work of pure decorative art," says Eric straight-faced. The plow is silver with the patina of the seasons, and his huge living room, set into a not-that-big kind of country house, holds the historic shape of the great wooden earthmover in its center as com-

Spring Houses

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fortably as a woodsman grasping an axe handle. The beams of this house are made of logs 200 years old, fashioned from "sources" Eric has around the country, shaped into the architect's dimensions by blows from a broadaxe. They were then fitted together into the "house" far north in New Hampshire by a woodworking genius; you can't get a knife between the joints of the logs, so masterfully are they joined. They were broken apart and shipped to Connecticut to be finally reassembled on Eric's site. The pine boards of his floor, sometimes as much as 20 inches wide, are broad, soft and beautiful. The fireplace is long enough for a tall man to lie in, almost tall enough for his wife to

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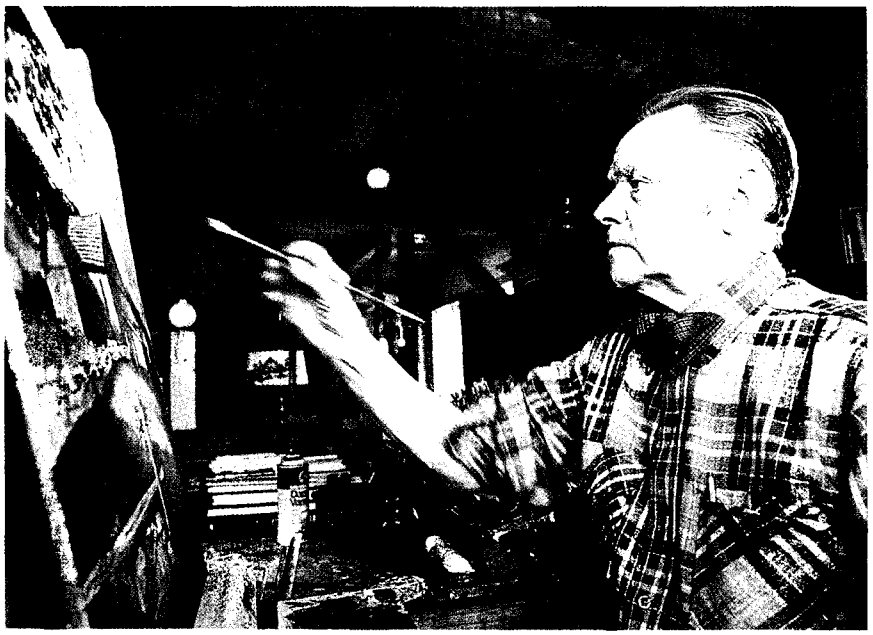

Winter Morning

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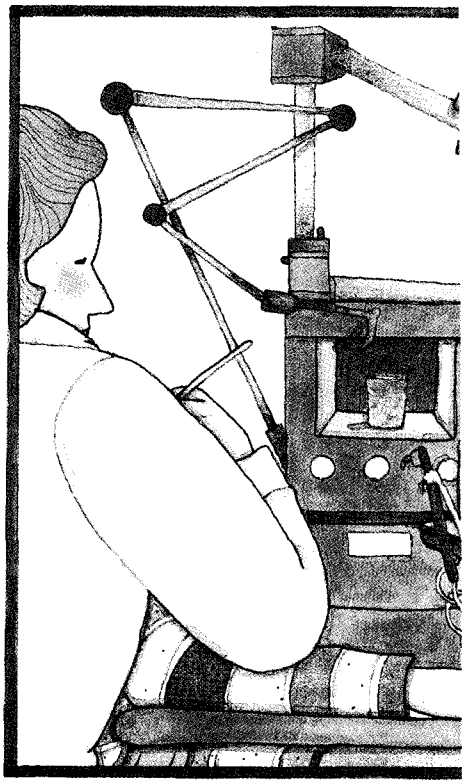
HOW TO KEEP YOUR TEETH

A well-known dentist's new method for treating periodontal disease is brushing some dentists and periodontists the wrong way.

by B. A. Vinocur

Illustrated by Andrea Eberbach



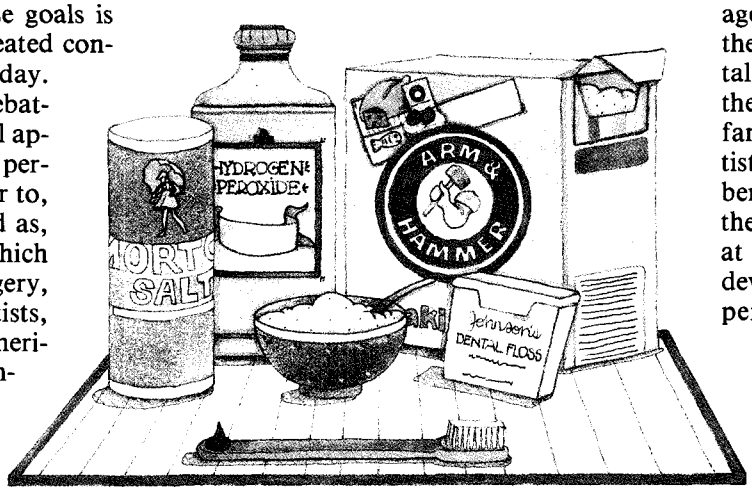
Most adults have been lulled into a sense of complacency about their teeth. They believe that once they get past the cavity-prone years up to early middle age that their teeth are safe. Nothing could be further from the truth. In fact, 70 percent of adult tooth loss results not from cavities but from an insidious problem called periodontal disease. Of the 125 million adults in the United States who still have their own teeth, 32 million are in imminent danger of losing them to an advanced stage of periodontal disease.

Like cavities, periodontal disease can be blamed on bacteria—active ones that if left unchecked will destroy the bones and ligaments that support the teeth. Clearly, periodontal disease is one malady we should all try to prevent—but is there a way to stop it, or failing that, to prevent it from reaching a stage where the only solution is dentures? The answer to both questions in most cases is yes; however, the means to accomplish these goals is the subject of the most heated controversy in dentistry today. Among the issues being debated is whether a nonsurgical approach to the problem of periodontal disease is superior to, or for that matter as good as, the standard approach, which has often relied upon surgery, advocated by most dentists, periodontists and the American Academy of Periodontology itself.

Periodontal-disease bacteria hide in the crevices between the teeth, feeding on substances in the mouth. The result of that feeding is plaque, a gummy film that covers the teeth. Plaque hardens to form tartar. Tartar and other toxic byproducts of the bacteria cause inflammation of the gums. If left unchecked this inflammation leads to a much more serious problem. The body tries to fight back in a battle that weakens teeth root structures. The result is that the teeth must be replaced with dentures.

The best defense against periodontal disease is a good oral-hygiene program. Mainstays in that program are proper brushing, the proper use of dental floss (most dentists are only too quick to tell patients that they don't have to floss all their teeth—just the ones they want to keep) and regular visits to the dentist to have plaque and tartar removed.

In advanced cases, where simple cleaning is not enough, periodontists may resort to surgery to remove bacterial pockets that form alongside the teeth. Surgery does not cure periodontal disease—what it does is make the teeth more accessible to cleaning by the patient. Patients who have periodontal surgery once may need it again if the deep pocket infections recur. Unless the patient changes to a better dental hygiene program after surgery, the gum infections often come back, requiring repeated surgeries.



Although it may take a healthy bite out of your dentist's hard-earned income, cleaning of teeth with these ubiquitous household items—baking soda, hydrogen peroxide, salt and floss—could spare you from gum surgery or having to chew your food with dentures.

The cost of surgery and its discomfort have led many patients to seek an alternative to the "traditional approach" used by many periodontists. For some the answer has been the controversial treatment program advocated by Dr. Paul Keyes (rhymes with size). A 66-year-old dentist who retired two years ago after a 27-year career with the National Institute of Dental Research (NIDR) in Bethesda, Maryland, Keyes is no fanatic on the fringes of dentistry. In fact, Keyes is a member of what many would call the dental establishment—or at least he was until the furor developed over his therapy for periodontal disease. Even Keyes' harshest critics acknowledge that he has had a very distinguished career. He has made several important contributions to dentistry. One, the demonstration that cavities resulted from the complex interaction between the

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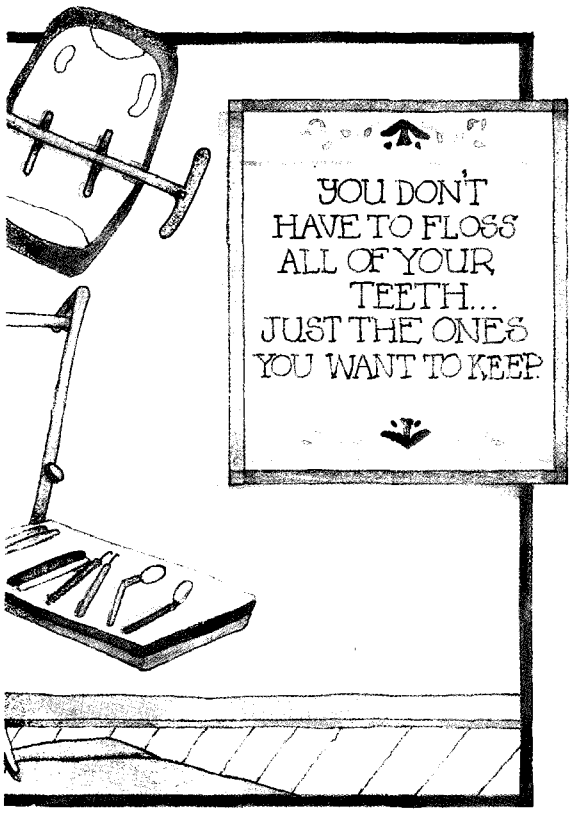

By applying the mainstays of good oral hygiene—proper brushing, flossing and use of a Water Pik or some similar device—you can prevent your teeth from being dropouts.

host, the bacteria and diets earned Keyes and a colleague the prestigious Albert Joachim International Prize in 1962.

But it is Keyes' later work, begun in 1972, that has embroiled him in controversy. His alternative method for treating periodontal disease relies on a microscope instead of a scalpel. It makes use of such ordinary household items as salt, baking soda and hydrogen peroxide in combination with a rubber-tipped applicator (or round toothpick), an electric toothbrush and a Water Pik or equivalent. Most dentists and dental hygienists can easily learn the technique, and the bulk of the program is done by the patient at home. The question is whether Keyes has in fact proved what he has been advocating—that cleansing teeth at home with baking soda and hydrogen peroxide in conjunction with dental planing and scaling of the teeth is the most effective treatment for periodontal disease. In part, Keyes is accused of bypassing the usual testing-and-publishing process—taking his findings instead directly to the public. There are other contentions, too: That there is no scientific data to support what Keyes is advocating and that what he is doing is financially motivated.

Keyes says that he has tried to publish his findings but that his papers have been rejected, not because the research was flawed, but for other reasons. He refuses to elaborate on those reasons because he says to do so would be to resort to the same tactics being employed by some of his critics. "They would prefer to obscure the discussion by making charges that I'm getting rich off of this. Last year, from lectures and consultations, I made approximately $25,000. Does that sound like I'm getting rich from this work?" he asks. Others who support Keyes are quick to respond that Keyes' work has been rejected by journals because his technique would reduce the income of many periodontists. Keyes refuses to comment.

Not all the criticism leveled at Keyes is personal. Many experts simply feel that Keyes is, at the very least, premature in his conclusions, and that, by subverting the usual means for introducing a new therapy, he is doing the public a grave disservice.

"I am not saying that Paul Keyes may not have some valid points. What I'm saying is that there is as yet no published scientific evidence in a refereed professional journal to support the claims he's making," says Max Listgarten, D.D.S., professor of periodontics and director of periodontal research at the University of Pennsylvania School of Dental Medicine in Philadelphia.

Listgarten adds that the rules concerning the dissemination of information about new therapies are not merely something used to make the lives of researchers miserable. "The rules," he says, "are there, in part, to protect the public from a therapy which might be harmful or worthless." As for the possibility that Keyes may be doing the public a disservice, Listgarten says: "First, let me say that some good has come from what Keyes has done. He has succeeded in making the public more aware of periodontal disease than the profession was able to. But Paul Keyes has taken a problem, periodontal disease, which is relatively complex, both in its causes and treatment, and has oversimplified it in the eyes of the public and the nonspecialized portion of the dental profession. By doing this, I think people and the dentists who are not particularly well-trained in periodontics may run into problems which could have been prevented had they not considered the problem in this oversimplified fashion."

The American Academy of Periodontology, which represents many of the nation's periodontists, has stated in a position paper that patients who rely on Dr. Keyes' program may be shortchanged if the method he advocates proves to be less effective than the currently practiced therapy.

Keyes acknowledges that inaccuracies about what he has said exist. "I have been misquoted time and

Dr. Keyes' Gum Treatment

1. If possible, find a dentist in your area who uses a phase-contrast microscope. The dentist can make a precise diagnosis of the extent and location of your gum disease.

2. Have your teeth thoroughly cleaned and scaled.

3. At home, wet two tablespoons or so of baking soda and enough hydrogen peroxide to form a thick paste.

4. Using a rubber tip, like those found on the end of many toothbrushes, massage the paste into the spaces between the teeth and at the gum margins on both the front and back sides of the teeth.

5. Once again, using the paste, massage the gums and gum margins front and back with an electric toothbrush or a child-sized manual toothbrush.

6. Add enough salt (or Epsom salts) to a glass of warm water so that some remains in the bottom even after stirring.

7. Minus the remaining excess salt, pour the liquid part of the mixture into a Water Pik.

8. Set the device at moderate speed. Rinse the teeth and gums front and back.

9. To prevent salt damage to the machine, run a glass of plain water through the Water Pik.

10. Repeat this process conscientiously every day.

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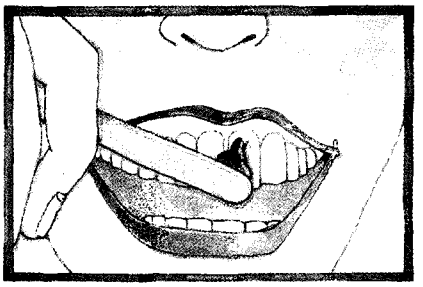

That little rubber tip at the opposite end of the toothbrush is important for cleaning bacteria from gum areas that floss can't reach.

again, but there really isn't anything I can do about that. I carefully explain what I am saying each time I am interviewed. The fact that reporters choose to take what I have said out of context is not my fault," Keyes says. As for the claim that he has taken his case directly to the public, Keyes says: "I have never sought any publicity. The attention has come because the public is outraged over what has been done to them. An awful lot of people have been visiting the dentist regularly for years. Then, when they reach somewhere in the age range between 30 and 50, they discover their teeth are being threatened by periodontal disease. They're upset, and rightly so." However, blame for the problem, according to Keyes, should not be placed on periodontists: "It's the failure of the general dentist to diagnose and provide appropriate therapy. Most dentists are trained to deal with cavities and to restore damaged teeth, not, as I said, to recognize and treat periodontal disease. They're playing a guessing game with their patients' teeth: Sometimes they get away with it and sometimes they don't."

The solution, according to Keyes, is MMPT—microbiologically monitored modulated periodontal therapy—a term he prefers to the Keyes method because it really tells what the program is based on. Parenthetically, Keyes adds that many of the things he has advocated are not new or revolutionary, but are part of well-accepted periodontal therapy—something many of his critics acknowledge. However, Keyes is saying several things that are departures from what the American Academy of Periodontology refers to as "prevailing periodontal therapy." We will consider each of the points individually.

First, Keyes advocates using a phase-contrast microscope to augment the conventional clinical exam. This microscope, which costs approximately $2,000, permits the dentist and the patient to view the bacteria in the patient's mouth. "Identifying the organisms causing an infection is a basic tenet of medicine," says Keyes. "By having patients view the organisms, they are better able to understand what is going on, and that helps motivate them." Critics charge that there is no evidence that the microscope is of benefit. They also point out that, though bacteria cause periodontal disease, no one organism, or for that matter group of organisms, has been indicted. Keyes disagrees, saying there is evidence that spirochetes and gram-negative motile rods are key participants and that his exper-

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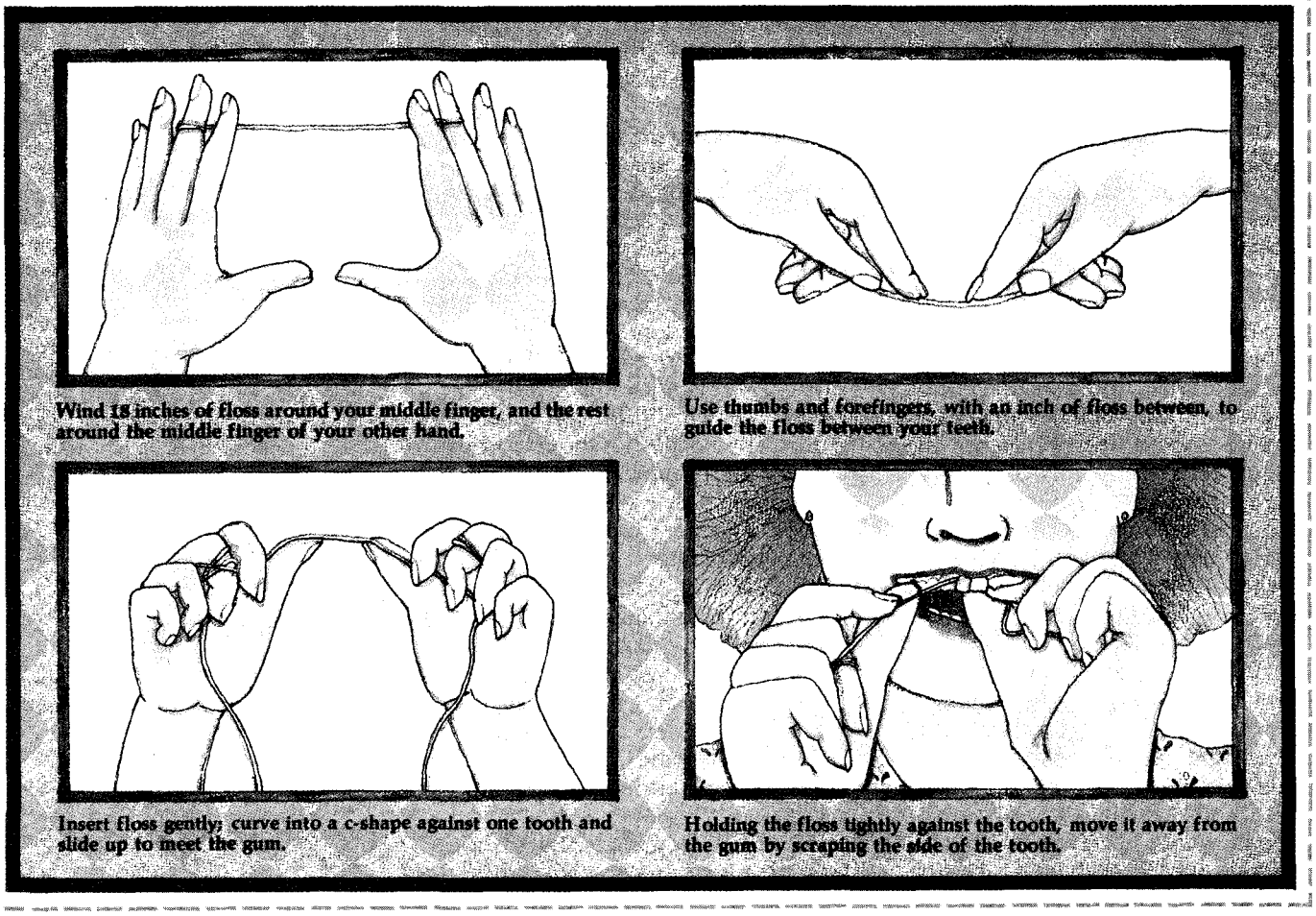
flossing technique



Wind 18 inches of floss around your middle finger, and the rest around the middle finger of your other hand.

Use thumbs and forefingers, with an inch of floss between, to guide the floss between your teeth.

Insert floss gently; curve into a c-shape against one tooth and slide up to meet the gum.

Holding the floss tightly against the tooth, move it away from the gum by scraping the side of the tooth.

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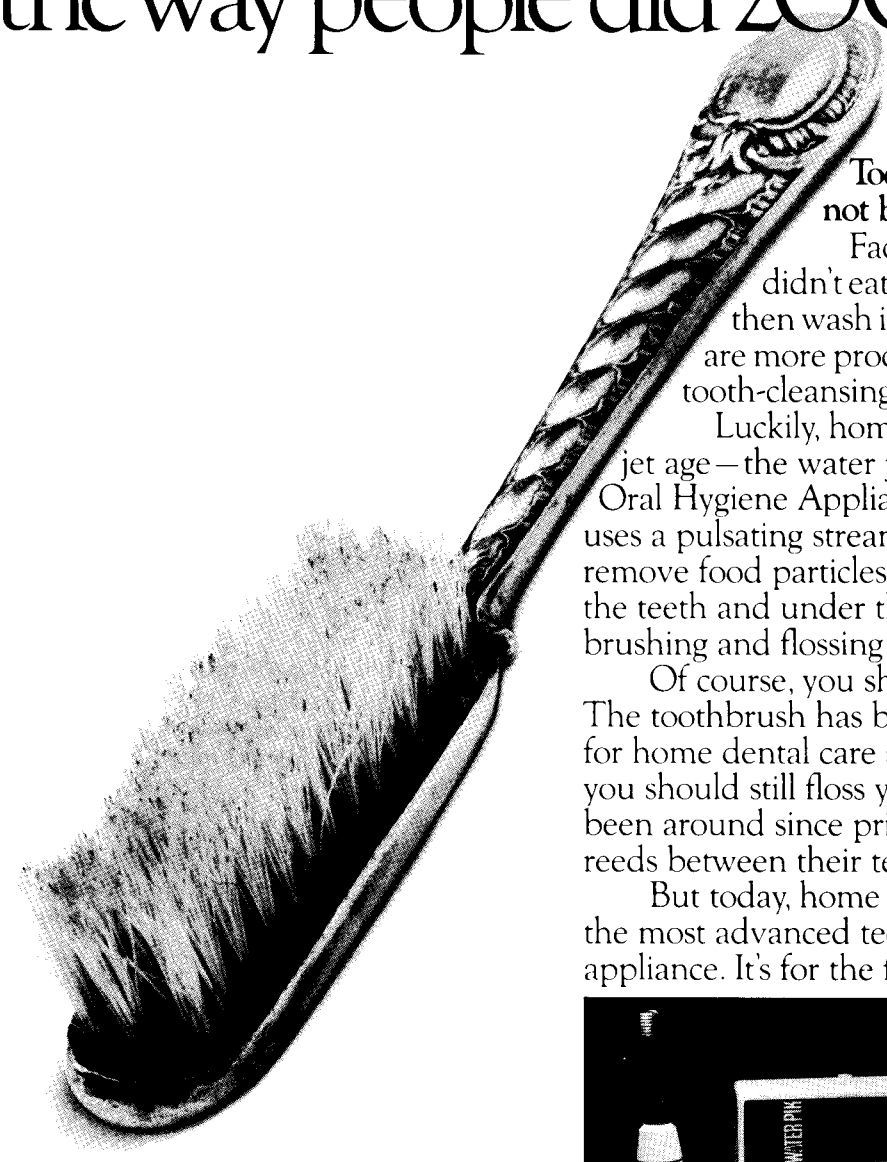
Are you taking care of your teeth the way people did 200 years ago?



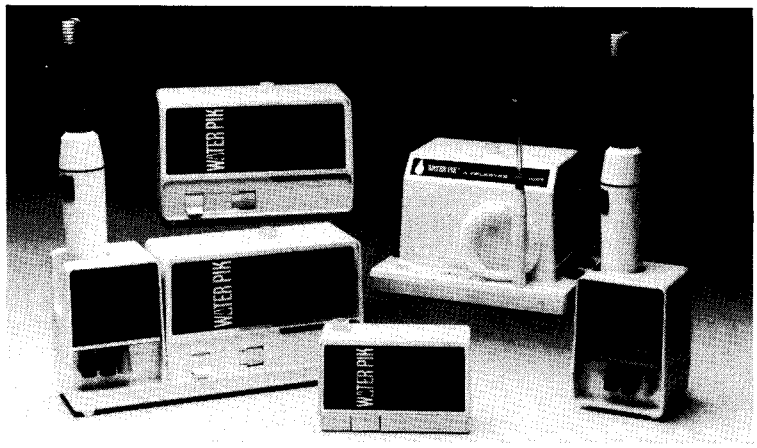
Today, brushing alone may not be enough.

Face it, 200 years ago people didn't eat peanut brittle and ice cream, then wash it down with soda pop. There are more processed sugars and less tooth-cleansing roughage in modern diets.

Luckily, home dental care has entered the jet age—the water jet age—with the Water Pik® Oral Hygiene Appliance. The Water Pik appliance uses a pulsating stream of water to loosen and remove food particles and debris from between the teeth and under the gumline, places that brushing and flossing miss.

Of course, you should still brush your teeth. The toothbrush has been the most important tool for home dental care since the 18th century. And you should still floss your teeth—an idea that's been around since primitive people first pulled reeds between their teeth.

But today, home dental care should include the most advanced technology: the Water Pik appliance. It's for the future of your teeth.



The Water Pik appliance comes in a wide variety of models, all with adjustable water pressure control. You can also get the Water Pik® Automatic Toothbrush separately or in the Oral Hygiene Center (left).

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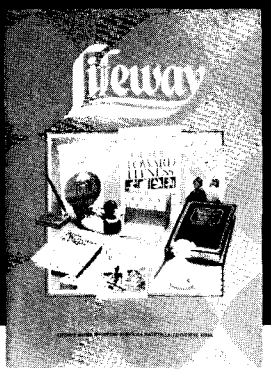

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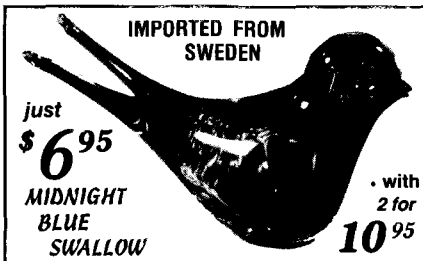

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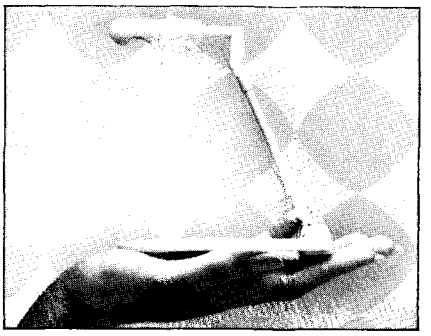

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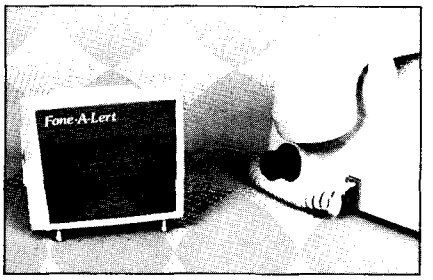
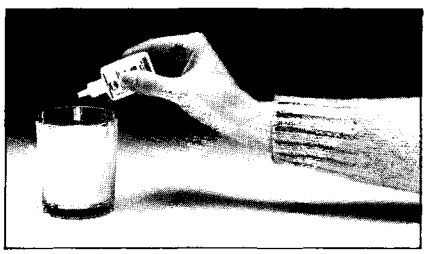


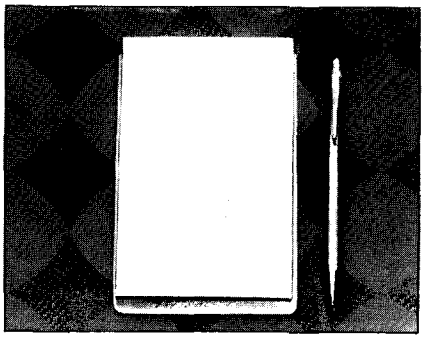
Lets you hear your phone or doorbell anywhere on your premises. Just apply suction cup to surface of phone or doorbell box. 40′ wire. Uses standard 9-volt battery (not included). 4¼″x3½″x2½″. $21.95 + $2 postage. Order from Holst, Inc., Dept SP-783, 1118 West Lake, Box 370, Tawas City, MI 48763.

Diet-Ease drops



Diet-Ease Drops (#603-4502) contain the appetite-control ingredient approved by a United States Government advisory panel. A safe and effective way to keep your appetite (and weight) under control. One 15cc bottle sells for $1.95, 2 for $3.65. RVP The Health Savings Center, Dept. M3G67, Valley Stream, NY 11582.

Personalized memo pad



Brass memo pad is perfect for keeping notes and errands at your fingertips. Comes with a generous supply of notepaper and is engraved with your name, company, address, etc. (4 lines maximum). Measures 5⅜″ x 3¼″. Compact enough to fit into a jacket pocket or purse. Satisfaction guaranteed! Send $19.95 to: Geoffrey's, Dept. 185, 11 Chestnut Lane, Wheeling, WV 26003.

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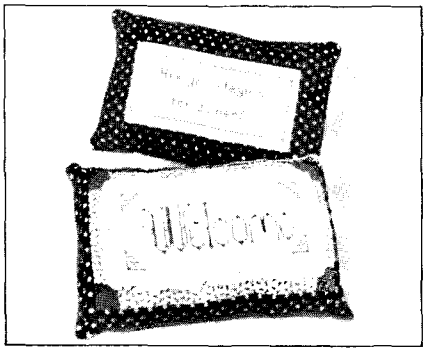
Welcome pillow kit



Reversible pillow kit. The front—"Welcome"; the back—"Are you staying for dinner?" Kit includes all fabrics, aids, easy-to-follow instructions, etc. 9″ x 15″. No. 665 Welcome Pillow Kit $15.95. Money-back guarantee. Quality Products, Box Q-13 323 Franklin Building, South, #804, Chicago, IL 60606-7092.

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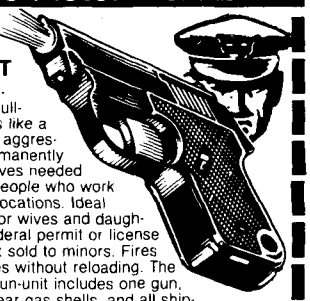

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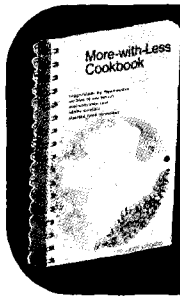

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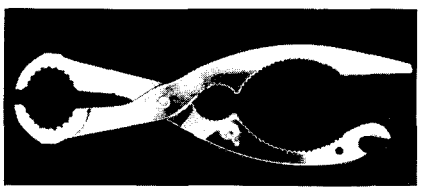

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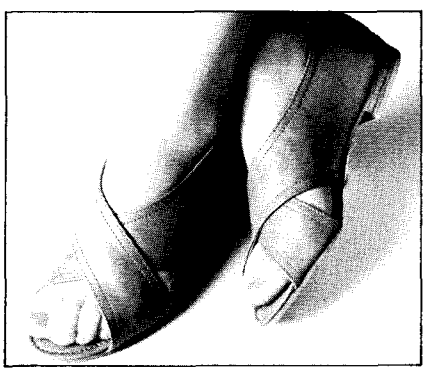
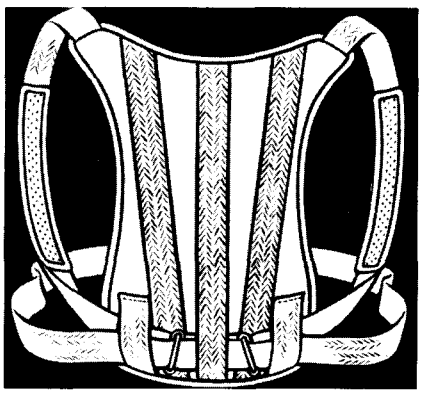


Stop stooping



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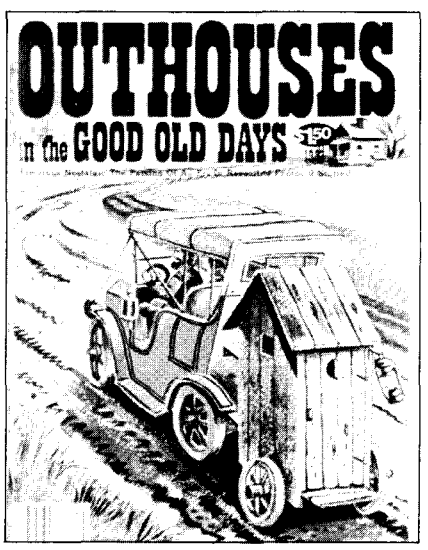

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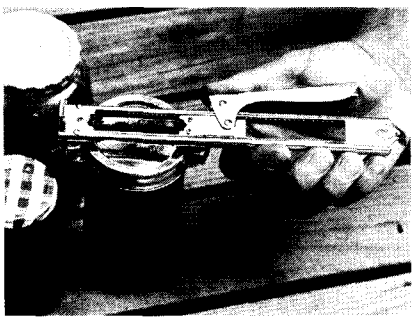

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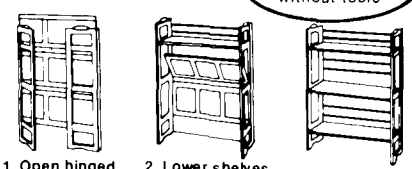

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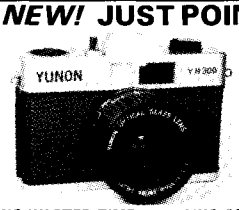

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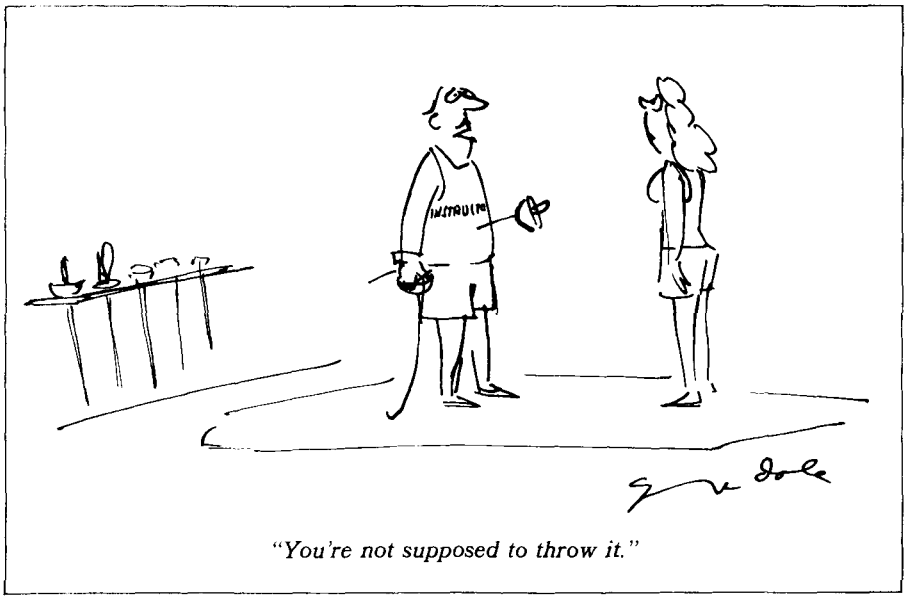

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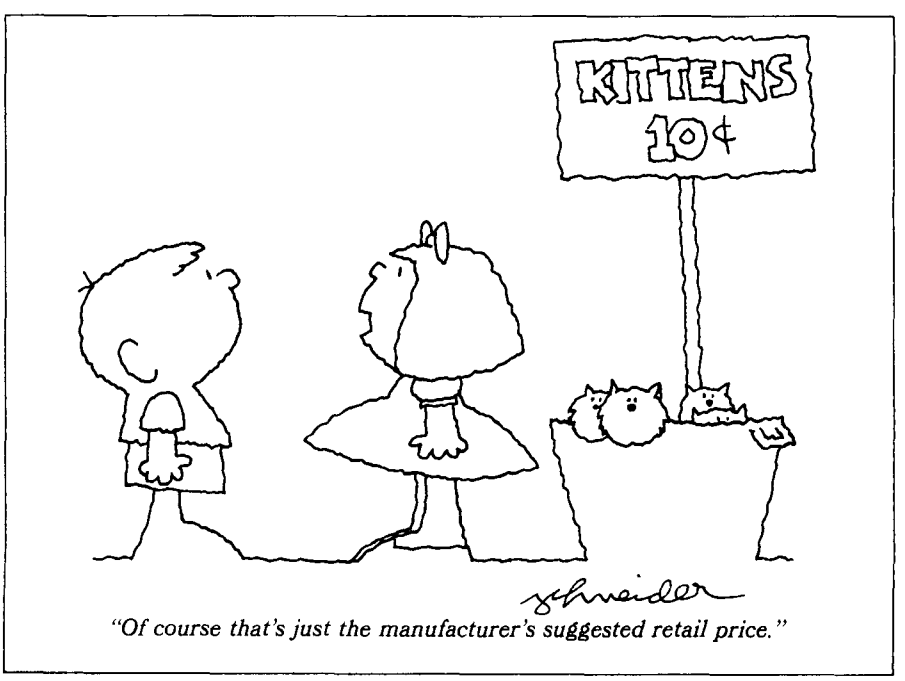

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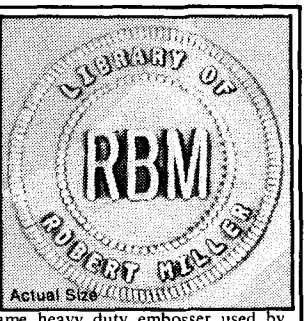

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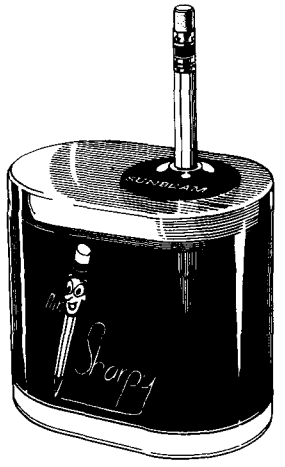

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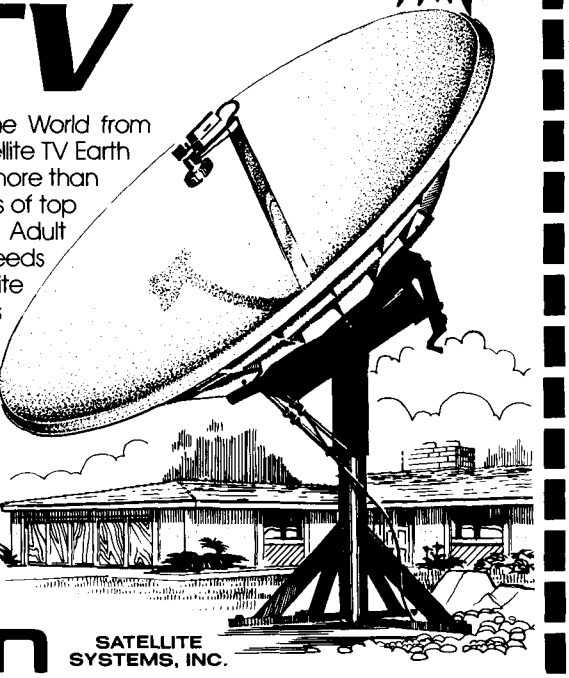

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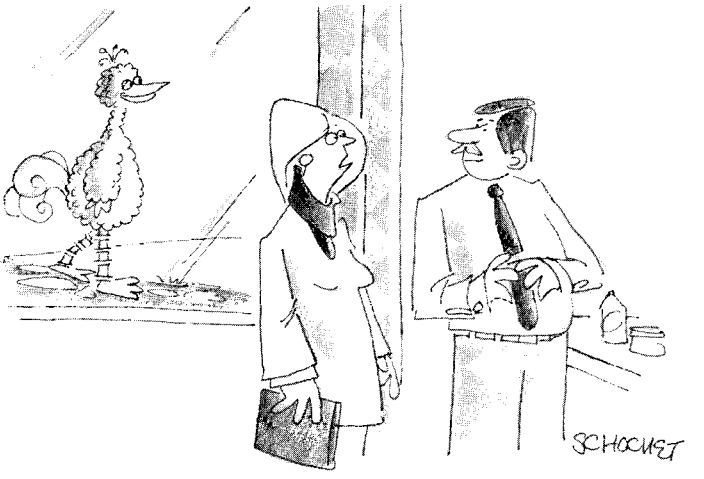

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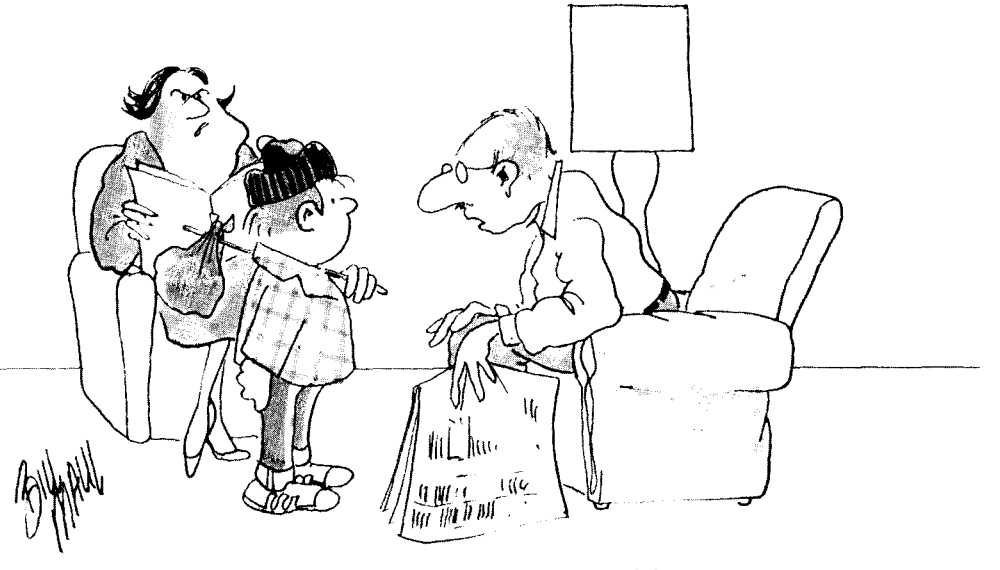

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3-year-old Michelle was abandoned by her father. Soon after, her mother was forced to leave her in order to find work. She now lives with her grandmother in a hut with dirt floors and a grass roof.

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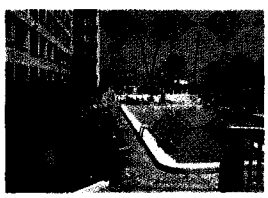
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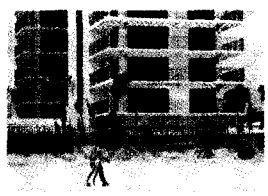
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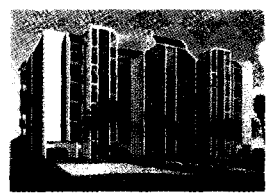
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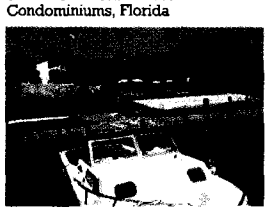
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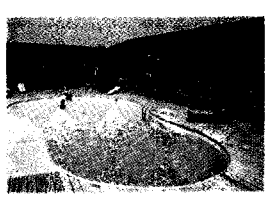
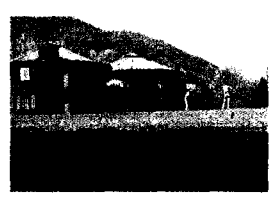

Ocean Beach Resort, N. Carolina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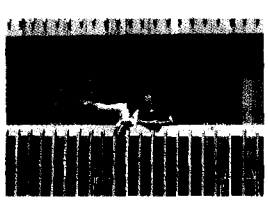
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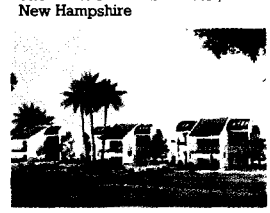
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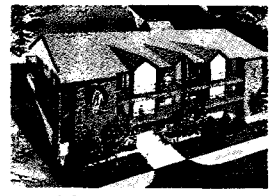
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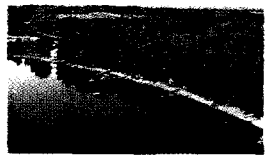
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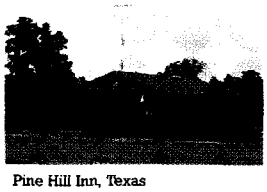
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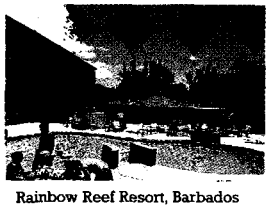
Rayburn Country, Texas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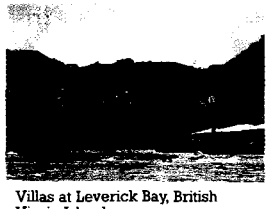
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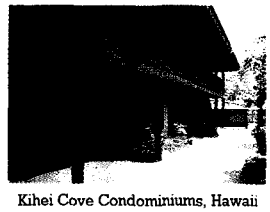
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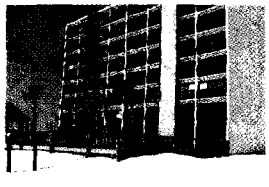
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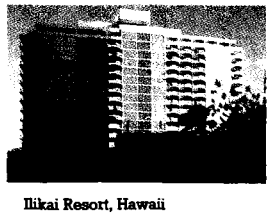
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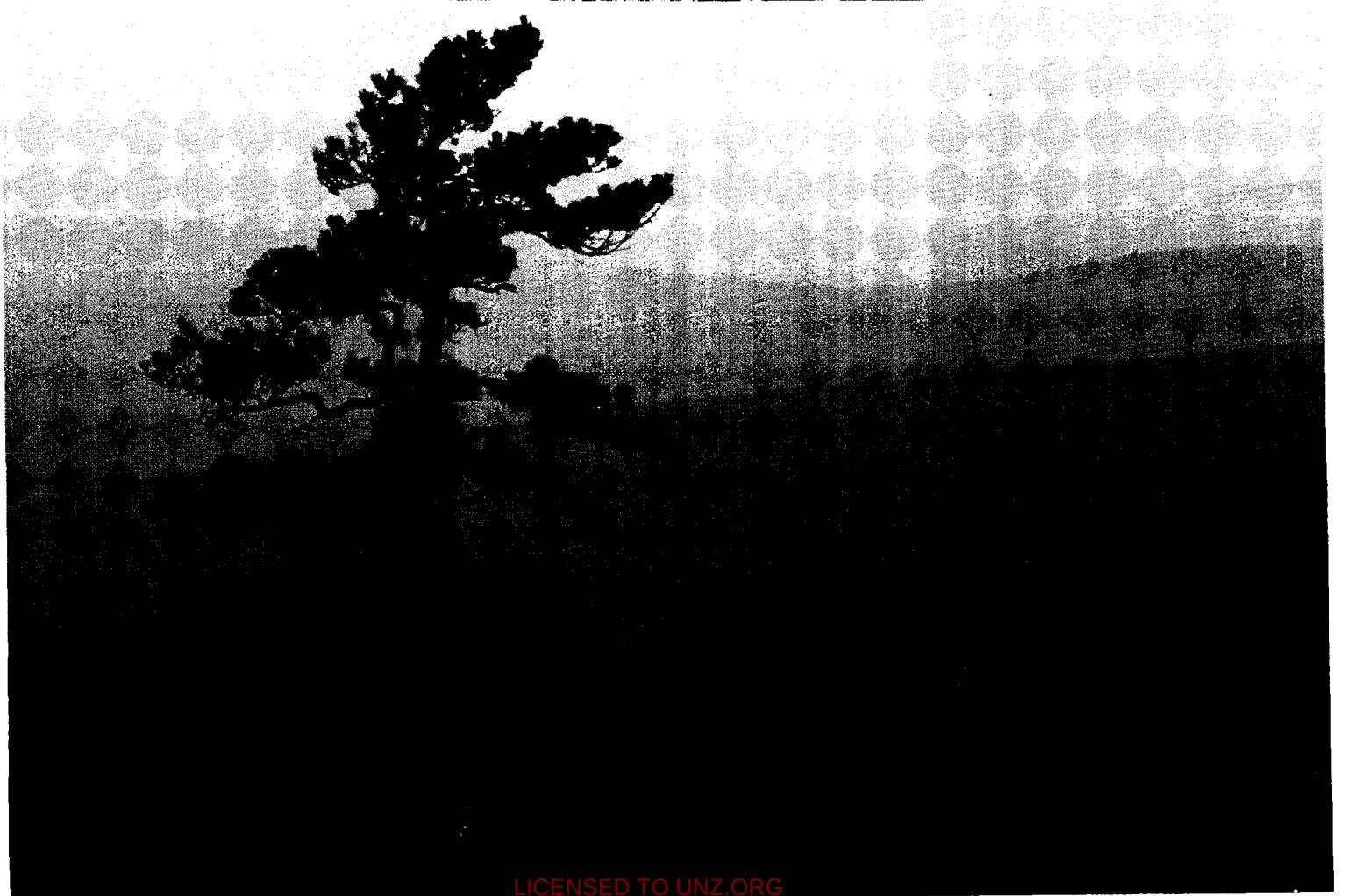
he Cherokees, those starving, bedraggled refugees from homes in Tennessee, North Carolina and Georgia, did not come west planning to build the city of Tahlequah, Oklahoma. After all, they had been the most advanced native Americans east of the Mississippi. Their great chief, Sequoyah, had given them an alphabet of their own. They welcomed Baptist and Presbyterian missionaries, practiced democratic self-government and owned vast plantations.

But the Cherokees stood in the way of the relentless westward push of the energetic American republic. Some Cherokees had voluntarily moved west in the years 1815 to 1820. Others, led by Chief

Tahlequah, the city that rose from the ashes, still remembers the trail of tears that gave it birth.

(Below) **Oklahoma's hills strongly resemble the Cherokees' original homeland.** *(Right)* **Tahlequans practice a renowned tradition.**



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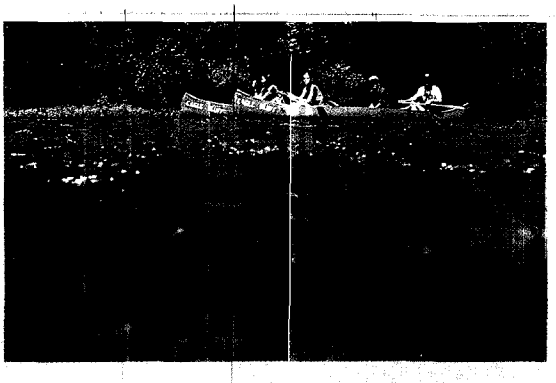
John Ross, fought a losing battle against removal.

Eventually, rumors of gold in the Cherokee lands gave that Indian fighter, President Andrew Jackson, the excuse he had wanted. His own version of a final solution of the Indian problem consisted of rounding up the entire nation, usually at the point of a bayonet, herding the members into camps and shipping them west under the U.S. Army's supervision.

When the great Smithsonian Museum ethnologist James Mooney came to Tahlequah in the 1880s to interview the Cherokees he discovered that "the lapse of half a century had not sufficed to wipe out the memories of the January 1839 march during which 30 percent of the tribe died, including Chief John Ross' wife, Quatie. The Cherokees called it "The Trail Where They Cried," called today "The Trail of Tears."



The Illinois River runs cool and full beneath summertime canoers. Tahlequah's visitors have plenty to do—attending pageants, visiting antebellum mansions or just having a good time outdoors.

Yet out of this cruel, forced march was born the modern, progressive town of Tahlequah.

Tahlequah is located in northeastern Oklahoma, about 75 miles southeast of Tulsa and 200 miles northeast of Oklahoma City.

Here is a pleasant, sheltered valley with clean, flowing springs, clear streams, good timber and the Illinois River running east of town. No wonder the exiled Cherokees chose to camp here and make a capital in the wilderness.

In Tahlequah, they built a prosperous city that draws visitors from all over the country. The city has a historic flavor, but it has not been preserved like a fly caught in amber, as have so many other historic cities.

Tahlequah is different. Here past meets present in an invigorating mixture. Here wealthy Cherokees in half-ton pickups and $200 snakeskin boots rub shoulders with their wealthy white cousins who drive dust-stained Cadillacs and wear engraved silver belt buckles.

There are few building left of the early days of Tahlequah. The major structure surviving from this period—and the only antebellum home to survive in Oklahoma—is the Murrell home. Located three miles south of town, this house was built by a Virginia planter, George Murrell, who had married the chief's niece.

He furnished his new home with imported pieces from France and Italy. Each room was heated by a large fireplace. He filled one room with flowers and canaries for his wife's amusement.

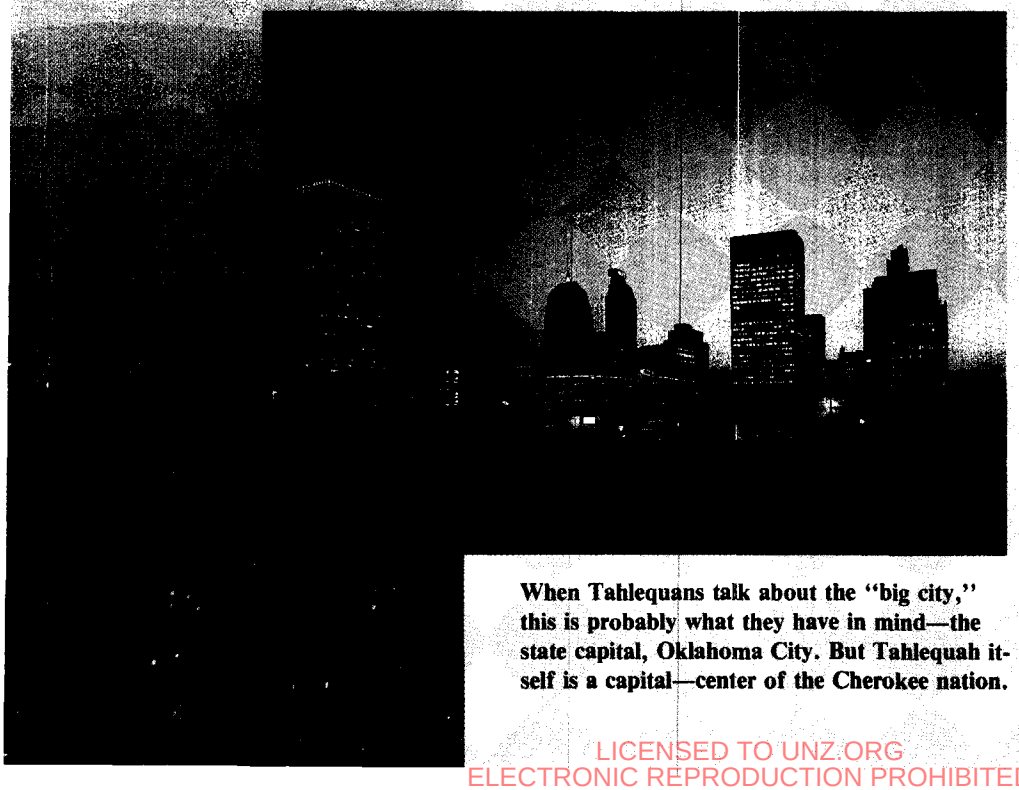
Murrell loved the hunt and called the house "Hunter's Home." He also loved to entertain and gave balls at which beautiful Cherokee belles met dashing young officers fresh from West Point, who were serving at Fort Gibson 20 miles to the west.

The early progress of the Cherokees in Oklahoma, exemplified by the Murrell home, was interrupted by the Civil War. Old factional struggles from the time of the Trail of Tears split the nation between those who wanted to side with the South and those who either wished to remain neutral or join with the North.

From 1861 to 1865 war ravaged the Cherokee nation. Only a few other parts of the South suffered as much as the Cherokees' did in this fratricidal conflict. Chief John Ross' house was burned to the ground by the Confederate general Stand Watie.

In 1866 an Indian agent reported that "The land was almost desolation itself, the fences down, houses burned and the inhabitants in fear of being killed."

Yet Tahlequah was rebuilt from the ashes. Much of the historic nature of the city dates



When Tahlequans talk about the "big city," this is probably what they have in mind—the state capital, Oklahoma City. But Tahlequah itself is a capital—center of the Cherokee nation.

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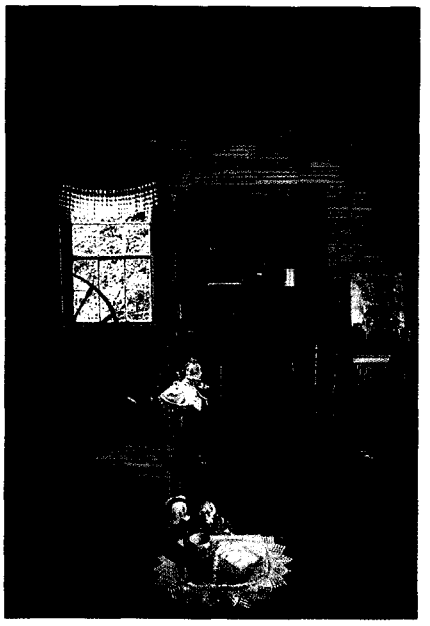
from the structures of this period. It was the golden Indian summer of the Cherokee Republic, 1866 to 1907.

The two-story red-brick Cherokee National Capitol stands in the center square of Tahlequah. Built from 1867 to 1869 for $17,000, this was the center of government for the rebuilt republic.

The square itself is full of huge shade trees. An octagonal wooden bandstand calls to mind Saturday concerts of days gone by. War memorials to Stand Watie and the Confederate dead give faint echoes of the past. Old men sit on wooden chairs and whittle twigs. They chew tobacco and talk politics while a dog lies in the sun and scratches an occasional flea. Yet it was also here in this square that the Cherokees held public hangings that drew festive crowds from miles around.



Where beautiful Cherokee belles met dashing young officers: The interior of the Murrell home, the only pre-Civil War home that survives in Oklahoma.

This was the time of the great Cherokee families, whose names can still conjure up that idyllic era—Adair, Vann, Ross, Boudinot, Bushyhead, Starr and Rogers. Beautiful new Victorian-style homes were built, many of which still survive. Under their stately elms, maples and sycamores, they are as successful calling up their era as the Murrell home is its era.

One can visualize the young ladies in their tightly corseted long dresses picnicking on the clipped lawns with young Cherokee gentlemen in white coats and boaters. If you think this was much like white society elsewhere at this time, you are right. Many Cherokee families had married into white society and were completely assimilated. Much of society in Oklahoma today claims to have Cherokee blood in its veins.

The golden days of the Cherokee Republic came to an end in 1907, when the Cherokee nation became part of the new state of Oklahoma. Then, almost like the Princess Aurora, the sleeping beauty who fell asleep in her castle for 100 years, Tahlequah fell asleep—though only for 60 years.

In 1969, the town rediscovered its heritage through the Tsa La Gi pageant. In a huge open-air amphitheater that seats 1800 people, actors, singers and dancers retell the story of The Trail of Tears. Here is the story of the forced evictions, the deaths on the way west, the bitter factional hatreds, the Civil War and the eventual absorption into Oklahoma.

Set three miles south of Tahlequah in the midst of the old town of Park Hill, this play runs from mid-June to mid-August.

In the same area, a Cherokee village of about 1700 has been reconstructed. Every year from May to September visitors may go on what seems like a time-machine trip. It is pretended that only your guide knows English and that the other volunteers speak only Cherokee. Here even the babies dress up in buckskin. Cherokee youths play lacross in the original fashion. An elderly lady sews skins the way her ancestors did in 1700. It is convincing as well as great fun.

Also in this Tsa La Gi complex, the Cherokee National Historical Museum is open to visitors. Cherokee artists are displayed along with relics of the past. Recently a model 19th-century Cherokee village has been built, demonstrating just how completely the Cherokees conquered the wilderness once they had been forced to move west.

Just east of Tahlequah, the Illinois River has become the capital of canoeing for northeast Oklahoma. On a perfect sunny summer day, with the sky overhead like fine blue porcelain, the river beneath cool and full, there is almost nothing on earth to compare with lazily paddling down the Illinois River. Great sycamores and sumacs lean over the river, walling out the world. One can easily imagine oneself an explorer in an unknown land.

Of the many things to see and do around Tahlequah, I remember the Trail of Tears pageant best. Every evening at 8:30, except Sundays, from mid-June to mid-August, the symbolic bird of death and the Cherokee phoenix dance before the visitors. The chattering of the frogs in the woods around the amphitheater adds to the emotion-filled atmosphere of the performance.

With the dance of the Cherokee phoenix, one leaves convinced that the Cherokee people and Tahlequah, their capital, are like that legendary bird that died in a nest of flames, only to be reborn from the ashes.

Oral Roberts and the Cherokee Heritage

It's not that unusual for an Oklahoman to have Cherokee blood in his veins. You've read before in the *Post* about such a person—world-famous evangelist and educator Oral Roberts (July/August '79; May/June '77); he was recently named "Indian of the Year" by the American Indian Exposition. He is also a member of the board of trustees of the Cherokee Foundation.

In the last 35 years, Roberts has built a ministry that today can claim a following of over three million families. "Oral Roberts and You" is rated the No. 1 syndicated Sunday morning religious program on television today.

Roberts is doing his part for northeastern Oklahoma, too—a part of the state that includes Tahlequah as well as Tulsa, where in 1965 he founded fast-growing Oral Roberts University.

And in 1977, Oral Roberts, began work on the City of Faith Medical and Research Center. The center is a clinic, hospital and research facility whose purpose is to unite the most advanced medical care with the healing power of faith. A 60-foot sculpted pair of hands in front of the center symbolizes this unity.

Even though Oral Roberts is himself only part Cherokee, in his work the tradition of Cherokee achievement has found itself a champion.

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Forever Voyage

continued from page 49

Francisco and said, half aloud to herself or no one, "I shall never touch land again."

"The trip's not that long!"

"Oh, yes," she said quietly. "It will be a very long journey."

And for a moment all he heard was the immense creaking of the ship, like a Fate turning in its sleep.

"Now why did I say that?" she asked. "Silly." She put her foot out and stepped aboard the ship.

They sailed that night for the southern isles, a groom with the skin of a tortoise and a bride as lithe as a salamander dancing on the fiery hearth of the afterdeck on August afternoons.

Then, midway in the voyage, a calm fell upon the ship like a great warm breath, an exhalation that collapsed the sails in a mournful yet a peaceful sigh.

Perhaps this sigh awakened him, or perhaps it was Katie, rising up to listen. Not a rat-scurry of rope, not a whisper of canvas, not a rustle of naked feet on the deck. The ship was spelled for certain. It was as if the moon, rising, had said a single silver word—"Peace."

The men, fastened to their stations by the incantation of the word, did not turn when the captain moved out onto the deck with his wife and sensed that Now had become Eternity.

And then, as if she could read the future in the mirror that held the ship so fast, she said fervently, "There's never been a finer night, nor two happier people on a better ship. Oh, I wish we could stay here a thousand years; this is perfect, our own world where we make our own laws and live by them. With all this, promise you'll never let me die."

"Never," he said. "Shall I tell you why?"

"Yes, and make me believe it."

He remembered then and told her of a story he had heard once of a woman so lovely the gods were jealous of time and put her to sea and said she might never touch shore again, where the earth might burden her with gravity and weaken her with vain encounters, senseless excursions and wild alarms that would cause her death. If she stayed on the water she would live forever and be beautiful. So she sailed many years, passing the island where her lover grew old. Time and again she called to him, demanding that he summon her ashore. But, fearful of her destruction, he refused; and one day she took it on herself to land and run to him. And they had one night together—a night of beauties and wonder—before he found her, when the sun rose, a very old woman, a withered leaf, at his side.

"Did I hear the story once?" he asked. "Or will someone tell it later, and are we part of it? Is that why I've carried you off from the land, so the noise and traffic and millions of people and things can't wear you away?"

"I never cease to be amazed at the incredible variety."

But Kate was laughing at him now. She threw her head back and let the sound out, for every man's head turned, every mouth smiled.

"Tom, Tom, remember what I said before we sailed? I'd never touch land again? I must have guessed your reason for running off with me. All right then, I'll stay on board wherever we go, around the world. Then I'll never change, and you won't either, will you?"

"I'll always be forty-eight!" And he laughed, too, glad he had got the darkness out of himself, holding her shoulders and kissing her throat, which was like bending to winter at the heart of August. And that night, in the blazing calm that would last forever, she was a fall of snow in his bed.

"Hanks! Do you remember the calm in August, 'Ninety-seven?" The old man examined his faraway hands. "How long did it last?"

"Nine, ten days, sir."

"No, Hanks. I swear it, we lived nine full years in those days of the calm."

Nine days, nine years. And in the midst of those days and years he had thought, *Oh, Kate, I'm glad I brought you, I'm glad I didn't let the others joke me out of making myself younger by touching you. Love is everywhere, they said, waiting on the docks, underneath the trees, like warm coconuts to be fondled, nuzzled, drunk. But they were wrong. Poor drunken souls, let them wrestle apes in Borneo, melons in Sumatra, what could they build with dancing monkeys and dark rooms? Sailing home, those captains slept with themselves. Themselves! Such sinful company, ten thousand miles! No, Kate, no matter what, there's us!*

And the great deep breathing calm went on at the center of the ocean world, beyond which lay nothing, the dreadnought continents, sunk by time.

But on the ninth day the men themselves let down the boats and sat in them, waiting for orders, and there was nothing for it but to row for a wind, the captain joining his men.

Toward the end of the tenth day an island came slowly up over the horizon. He called to his wife, "Kate, we'll row in for provisions. Will you come along?"

She stared at the island as if she had seen it somewhere long before she was born, and shook her head slowly, no. "Go on! I won't touch land until we're home!"

And looking up at her he knew that she was, by instinct, living the legend he had so lightly spun and told. Like the golden woman in the myth, she sensed some secret evil on a lonely swelter of sand and coral that might diminish, or more, destroy her.

"God bless you, Kate! Three hours!" And he rowed away to the island with his men.

Late in the day they rowed back with five kegs of fresh, sweet water and the boat was odorous with

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warm fruit and flowers.

And waiting for him was Kate, who would not go ashore, who would not, she said, touch ground. She was first to drink the clear cool water.

Brushing her hair, looking out at the unmoved tides that night, she said, "It's almost over. There'll be a change by morning. Oh, Tom, hold me. After its being so warm, it'll be so cold."

During the night he woke. Kate, breathing in the dark, murmured. Her hand fell upon him, white hot. She cried out in her sleep. He felt her wrist and there first heard the rising of the storm.

As he sat by her the ship lifted high on a great slow breast of water, and the spell was broken. The slack canvas shuddered against the sky. Every rope hummed as if a huge hand had passed down the ship as over a silent harp, calling forth fresh sounds of voyaging.

The calm over, one storm began. Another followed. Of these two storms, one ended abruptly—the fever that raged in Kate and burned her to white dust. A great silence moved in her body and then did not move at all.

The sail mender was summoned to dress her for the sea. The motion of his needle flickering in the underwater light of the cabin was like a tropic fish, sharp, thin, infinitely patient, nibbling the edges of the shroud, skirting the dark, sealing the silence in.

In the final hours of the vast storm above, they brought the white calm from below and let her free in a fall that tore the sea only a moment. Then, without trace, Kate and life were gone.

"Kate, Kate, oh, Kate!"

He could not leave her there, lost to the tidal flows between the Japan Sea and the Golden Gate. Weeping that night, he stormed himself out of the storm. Gripped to the wheel, he circled the ship again and again around that wound that had healed with untimely swiftness. Then he knew a calm that lasted the rest of his days. He never raised his voice or clenched his fist again to any man. And with that pale voice and unclenched fist he turned the ship away at last from the unscarred surface, circled the earth, delivered his goods, then turned his face from the sea for all time.

Leaving his ship to nudge the green-mantled dock, he walked and rode inland fifteen hundred miles. Blindly he bought land and blindly he built, with Hanks, not knowing for a long while what he had bought or built: Only knowing that he had always been too old, and had been young for a short hour with Kate, and now was very old indeed and would never chance such an hour again.

So, in midcontinent, fifteen hundred miles from the sea on the east, fifteen hundred from the hateful sea on the west, he damned the life and the water he had known—remembering not what had been given, but what had been so swiftly taken away.

On this land, then, he walked out and cast forth seed, prepared himself for his first harvest and called himself farmer.

But one night in that first summer of living as far from the sea as any man could get, he was waked by an incredible, by a familiar sound. Trembling in his bed, he whispered, "No, no, it can't be. I'm mad! But listen!"

He opened the farmhouse door to look upon the land. He stepped out on the porch, spelled by this thing he had done without knowing it. He held to the porch rail and blinked, wet eyed, out beyond his house.

There, in the moonlight, hill after slow-rising hill of wheat blew in tidal winds with the motion of waves. An immense Pacific of grain shimmered off beyond seeing, with his house, his now-recognized ship, becalmed in its midst.

He stayed outside half that night, striding here and standing there, stunned with the discovery, lost in the deeps of this inland sea. And with the following years, timber by timber, the house shaped itself to the size, feel and thrust of ships he had sailed in crueler winds and deeper waters.

"How long, Hanks, since we last saw water?"

"Twenty years, captain."

"No, yesterday morning."

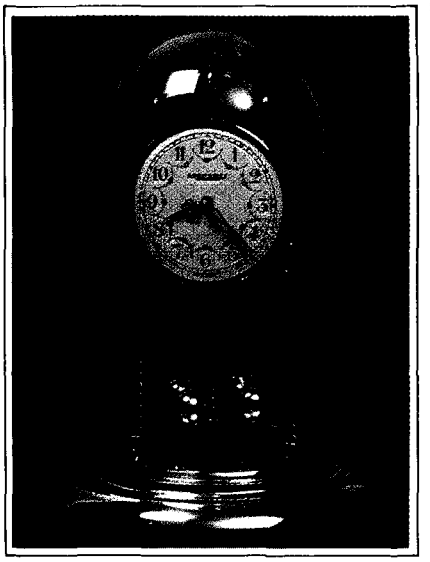
As he came back through the door, his heart pounded. The wall barometer clouded over and then flickered with a faint lightning that played along the rims of his eyelids.

"No coffee, Hanks. Just a cup of clear water. Hanks? Promise. Bury me where she is."

continued on page 96

GLASS AND BRASS

The Traditional Anniversary Clock



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FOOD

COOKING WHAT COMES NATURALLY

A Franciscan brother, who's also a prize-winning chef, dishes out the gospel of a healthier, more-natural diet.

by Howard Schneider

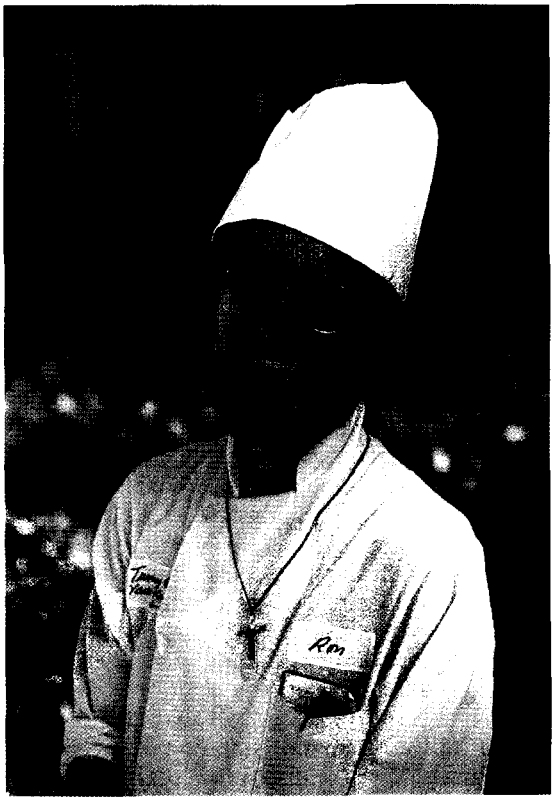
"One of the Ten Commandments says, 'Thou shalt not kill.' You're not supposed to kill yourself, either. But a lot of people are killing themselves with their diets," according to Culinary Olympics bronze medalist Ron Pickarski.

His 1980 award is unique. Ron is the only chef in the world to have entered unrefined, vegetarian foods in the Culinary Olympics, a worldwide competition for chefs. "Ron's the best-known natural-foods chef, a leader of the movement," says Ed Brown, executive director of the 10,000-member American Culinary Foundation.

Ron, who is looking forward to entering his 30-recipe meatless *nouvelle cuisine* meal in the 1984 Culinary Olympics in Frankfurt, Germany, is also a Franciscan brother who says his calling is to bring a more-healthy diet to the overfed peoples of the world.

To do so, Ron has gone into the midst of enemy territory as head pastry chef at the exclusive Turnberry Isle Yacht and Racquet Club in Miami, where rich, calorie- and sugar-laden concoctions are the customary fare. At Turnberry Isle, he perfects his craft, mentally converting his desserts into natural-foods recipes that he'll use in the future.

But for the present, he doesn't eat his pastries. His system is so accustomed to health foods that he got sick recently when he sampled one of his napoleons.



Ron Pickarski, Culinary Olympics bronze medalist, is so accustomed to eating only what comes naturally that sampling one of his napoleons makes him sick.

Although Turnberry Isle's menu is in strong contrast to Ron's natural-cooking style and nutritional beliefs, Willie Hauter, executive chef at Turnberry Isle, plans an alternative diet menu that would revolve around Pickarski's talents. "I can change any recipe into a natural-foods recipe," Ron claims. London broil made from whole-wheat flour and soybean and tofu shishkabobs are two of his specialties. He calls these delights "transition foods" (a way to easily convert to vegetarianism).

"With Ron's cooking," Hauter explains, "you pay less, keep your body healthy and feel good after meals." He looked for three months to find a pastry chef before hiring Ron in February. Brother Ron's credentials included working seven years as an executive chef at St. Paschal's Seminary in Oak Brook, Illinois, where he received his novitiate training. There, residents persuaded him to take his talents into the world, which he did at the Renaissance in Milwaukee and The Unicorn in North Miami Beach, both natural-foods restaurants. Young Ron got his first taste of the food business as a 12-year-old helping out in his parents' blue-collar restaurant in Petoskey, Michigan.

An experience like that culminates, if all goes well, in a master-chef certification, a chef's highest honor. Hauter expects Ron to earn that status within two years. (There are only about 20 master chefs in this country.) Ron looks forward to achieving that goal because a master-chef status would add credibility to his natural-foods cooking style and would encourage people to try a more-healthful way of eating.

The effect that unhealthy foods have on Americans disturbs him. "Autopsy studies show that most of us have bodies which couldn't pass slaughterhouse meat inspections for animals," Ron observes. Research shows that our bodies, with all their unnecessary fat and their chemicals,

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aren't as healthy as those of some cows. "Seventy percent of the American diet is fat and sugar," he explains. "In the other 30 percent we have to get all our nutrients. No wonder we take so many vitamins." But with a healthy approach to food, a person can begin to get his body on the right track once again.

With his easy-going manner, he never criticizes or chastises people if their eating styles conflict with his own. He doesn't force vegetarianism onto anyone, although he has in the past served vegetarian dishes unannounced and received favorable comments.

Though Ron creates calorie-laden concoctions for the overfed, his heart is in foods like the tofu in these shishkabobs that have the taste of meat.

Ron's own diet includes two days of fasting each week. Other days he eats only one meal—often a salad and a plain baked potato. Freshly squeezed juices, lemon water and herbs are also taken during the day.

But he wouldn't suggest that others necessarily follow his lead. "Don't regiment yourself," Ron says. He adds that, too often, people impose diets on themselves for external reasons—such as wanting a certain physique. Ron sees other persons intuitively eating what's good for them. "Learn to flow with your body. You probably shouldn't have the same eating habits you did ten years ago," he says.

In his own case, the 5'9" 34-year-old is a slender 125 pounds—65 pounds less than he weighed when he entered St. Paschal's 12 years ago. His mother followed his lead and lost 100 pounds in the past 7 years by following Ron's diet and herb recommendations.

While at St. Paschal's, Ron received his executive-chef training at the Washburne Trade School in Chicago. His two years of intensive work with meat even included instruction on how to slaughter cattle. But in his personal diet at that time, Ron was giving up meat, replacing it with unrefined vegetarian foods. Beyond this newly acquired nutritional knowledge was a spiritual awareness. "Cooking is a sacred art," he explains. "If you destroy the beauty of God's natural food, the body can't assimilate the energy in it."

He's also deeply aware of the importance of understanding nutrition—something that he says has fallen by the wayside with many chefs. Natural seasonings are used exclusively in his cooking. "If I can't get it naturally, I don't want it," he says.

Brother Ron, who represents himself as a "culinary artist" (one who understands the essence of food and its main purpose of sustaining human life), believes the presentation of food is of utmost importance to its being accepted. "People eat with their eyes. If it doesn't look good, they aren't going to eat it."

And he keeps that in mind with all his creations.

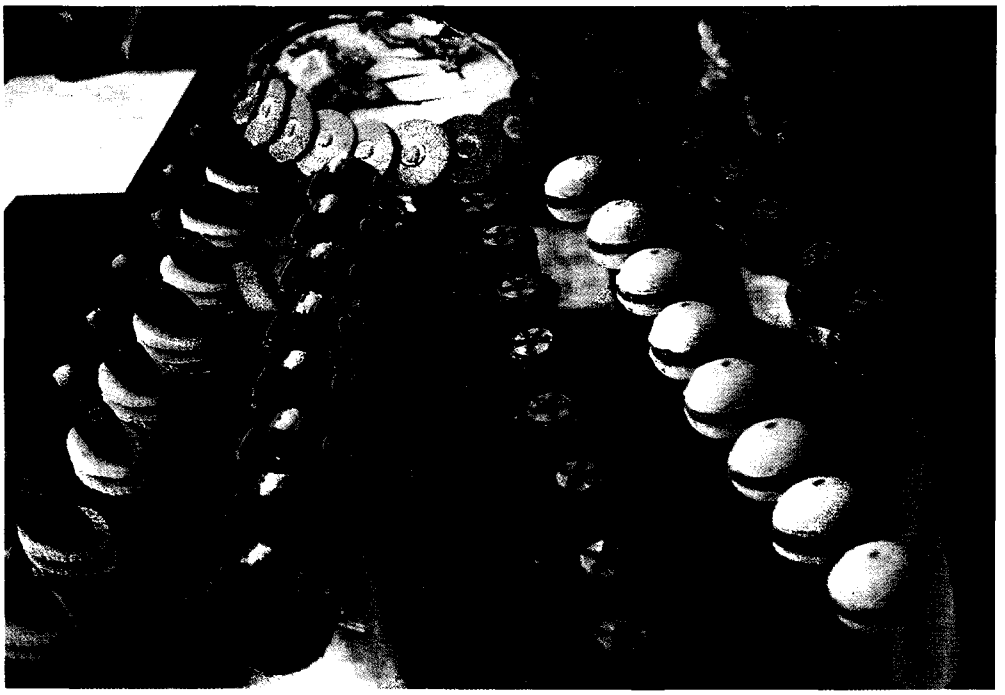
Ron grows upset seeing his coworkers struggle to earn enough to buy their families' overprocessed groceries.

Part of the blame for that behavior falls on advertisers. Spending millions on advertising to tell the nation how good a high-sugar soft drink is seems wasteful to him when buyers ultimately end up paying for the ads. And the buyers are getting something that's not good for them.

Converting to a natural diet, though, can be done. The rewards are lower costs and better health. He compares changing lifestyles to flying divebombers. "You can't turn and go back up immediately. But let's hope you pull out of the dive before you hit the ground."

"Pulling out of the dive" may not seem so difficult with Brother Ron's "transition food" recipes, since eating natural and nutritious foods can be done deliciously as well.

Brother Ron's millet burgers utilize the alkaline-balanced grain that is also known as "poor man's rice." Millet is a favorite grain of Brother Ron's; he uses it in many of his recipes. The cashew sauce, used to complement the millet burgers, is versatile and can also accent many other dishes, including steamed vegetables. (If Energy Egg Replacer®



He was the only natural-foods chef in the 1980 Culinary Olympics, but after winning a medal with his vegetable pâté and all-natural appetizers, the Franciscan brother is anxious to try his talent in the 1984 competition at Frankfurt, Germany.

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is not available in your area, you can substitute a half-dozen eggs and eliminate the water, says Brother Ron.)

Millet Burgers
(Yield: 5 burgers)

¼ cup millet cooked in ½ cup water
¾ cup soy grits cooked in ¾ cup water
¼ cup sunflower seeds, chopped
2 tablespoons sunflower oil
½ cup sesame seeds
½ cup finely diced onions
2 tablespoons whole-wheat pastry flour
2 tablespoons Energy Egg Replacer
½ cup gluten flour
2 tablespoons tamari or soy sauce
1 teaspoon garlic powder
½ teaspoon dill weed
½ teaspoon vegit natural spice
⅝ teaspoon cumin
½ teaspoon thyme
½ cup rolled oats
¾ teaspoon chili powder
½ cup water to bind

Cook millet and soy grits. Sauté onion, sunflower seeds and sesame seeds in sunflower oil. Add remaining ingredients and mix well. Form into loaves or burgers. The burgers can be frozen and then sautéed or broiled until brown on the outside, then cooked in oven.

Cashew Sauce (for Millet Burgers)
(Yield: ¾ cup)

¾ teaspoon cooking oil
1 tablespoon chopped onions
⅛ teaspoon paprika
dash garlic powder
dash dried thyme leaf
¼ teaspoon crushed bay leaf
½ cup hot water
1 tablespoon tamari or soy sauce
4½ teaspoons cashew meal or finely chopped raw cashews

Heat oil in small skillet. Add onion and spices. Sauté over medium heat 6-7 minutes. Add water, tamari and cashew meal and transfer to blender or food processor. Puree until smooth. Return to pan and simmer over low heat 5-10 minutes, stirring frequently.

Tofu Shiskabobs
(Yield: 4 shishkabobs)

These Tofu Shishkabobs are one of Brother Ron's specialties.

*2 pounds firm tofu (or 1 pound tofu and 1 pound sietan) cut in about 16 1½-inch cubes and marinated overnight in tamari or barbecue sauce**
2 green peppers
¼ teaspoon garlic, minced fresh
2 medium onions (sweet spanish preferred)
4 mushrooms
8 cherry tomatoes

Wash, clean and dice peppers and onions in 1"-1½" squares. Sauté green peppers in a little oil with garlic until about one-third cooked. Cool. Sauté onions until half cooked and lightly sauté the mushrooms. Assemble in color-contrasting order on 4 10-inch skewers (or: pepper, tofu, cherry tomatoes, onion etc. and end with a mushroom cap). Bake at 350° F. about 15 minutes.

*Sietan is a Japanese wheat meat sold at natural-food stores. Tofu must be firm to stay on skewer. If it is not, bake it for 10-15 minutes at 300° F. to dry it out before marinating it.

Lebanese Lemon Bake

Here's a lovely vegetarian casserole with an ethnic flavor. Serve it over brown rice pilaf.

2 cups diced onions
2 cups diced carrots
4 cups washed and chopped fresh spinach
¼ cup olive oil
4 cups cooked chickpeas
2 cups diced eggplant
1 teaspoon granulated garlic
½ teaspoon black pepper
1 tablespoon Voque Base or other vegetable-based seasoning (optional)*
1 teaspoon rosemary
1 tablespoon sweet basil
1 tablespoon oregano
2 tablespoons lemon juice
2 tablespoons arrowroot
2 tablespoons water

Soak chickpeas overnight and cook until done. Peel onions and dice small. Dice the carrots. Score eggplant and dice in ½"x½" cubes. Clean and chop spinach. Sauté carrots, onions and eggplant in oil with the seasonings. Add the spinach when the vegetables are about half cooked. Mix arrowroot and water together. Add a little more water if too thick. Add chickpeas and bake for 20 minutes in oiled 8"x10" pan at 325° F.

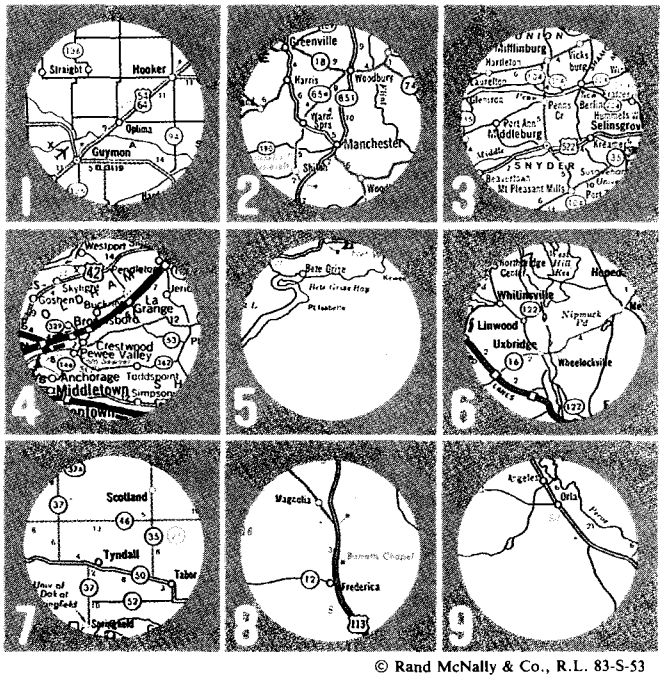
*Available at natural-foods stores.

Papaya Smoothy

This light, frothy drink is reminiscent of a milkshake.

1 medium-sized ripe papaya
12 oz. fresh orange juice
4 medium strawberries
½ ripe banana

Blend until smooth. Makes two average servings.



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Where do you think you are?

East or West, North or South, each of the distinctive areas above appears on the map of a single city, state or province. In terms of routes, state parks, mountains and memorials, there is, as the saying goes, "no place like it." Can you identify these locations? If you or a friend find the game too easy (but you won't), add the requirement that you place the area, north, south, east, west or central in the designated locale.

(Answers on page 100)

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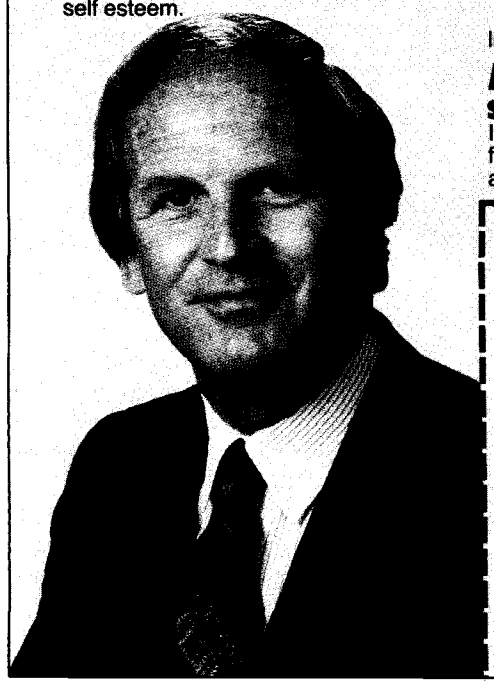

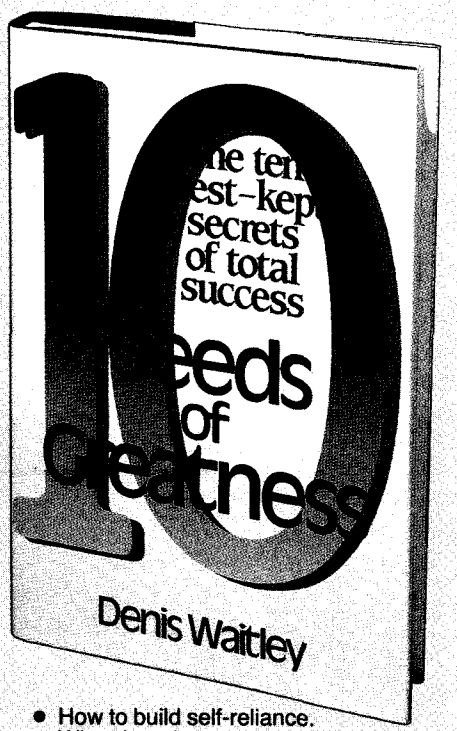

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Forever Voyage

continued from page 91

"But, captain, she's——" Hanks stopped. He nodded. "Where she is. Yes, sir."

"Good. Now give me the cup."

The water was fresh. It came from the islands beneath the earth. It tasted of sleep.

"One cup. She was right, Hanks, you know. Not to touch land ever again. She was right. But I brought her one cup of water from the land, and the land was in the water that touched her lips. One cup. Oh, if only——"

He shifted it in his rusted hands. A typhoon swarmed from nowhere, filling the cup. It was a black storm raging in a small place. He raised the cup and drank the typhoon.

"Hanks!" someone cried. But not he. The typhoon, storming, had gone, and him with it. The cup fell empty to the floor.

It was a mild morning. The air was sweet and the wind steady. Hanks had worked half the night digging and half the morn filling. Now the work was done. The town minister helped and then stood back as Hanks jigsawed the final square of sod in place. Piece after piece he fitted neatly and tamped and joined. And on each piece, as Hanks had made certain, was the tall, the golden, the full, rich, ripe-grained wheat, as high as a ten-year-old boy.

Hanks bent and put the last piece to rest.

"No marker?" asked the minister.

"Oh, no, sir, and never will be one."

The minister started to protest; then Hanks took his arm and walked him up the hill a ways. Then he turned and pointed back.

They stook a long moment. The minister nodded at last, smiled quietly and said, "I see. I understand."

For there was just the ocean of wheat going on and on forever, vast tides of it blowing in the wind, moving east and ever east beyond, and not a line or seam or ripple to show where the old man sank from sight.

"It was a sea burial," said the minister.

"It was," said Hanks. "As I promised. It was, indeed."

Then they turned and walked off along the hilly shore, saying nothing again until they reached and entered the creaking house.

Gold Rush of '84

continued from page 65

big, ugly bump under each knee."

Marie has been uprooting herself and following coaches, leaving both parents at home, since she was 12 years old. St. Louis and Omaha were her training sites before joining coach Bill Sands in Northbrook.

Although her father Fred, a 1968 Olympian and current gymnastics coach at the University of Minnesota, has been supportive, Marie insists that she has motivated herself. "It was something I wanted to do," she says, "not something he pushed me into."

Marie's most impressive tune-up came earlier this year. In the Coca-Cola International Invitational at London, England, she won the all-around title. She swept all but one event.

Choreography coach Donna Cozzo warns Marie Roethlisberger: "She's not your little smiling-All-American-girl-with-bouncing-blonde-ponytails. She's an extremely serious, intense girl who works about 30 to 36 hours a week."

While Marie may not have lived the life of a typical gymnastics pixy, there is a better-than-even chance she will become the darling of fans across the United States with no more than a bronze medal at Los Angeles.

Bolden's Bold Dash

Born premature, asthmatic and clubfooted, Jeanette Bolden's leap from life's starting block was anything but spectacular. For the first 4 of her 23 years this world-class sprinter was forced to wear corrective braces.

Today, should you happen to be on Los Angeles' Central Boulevard and spot the 27th Street Bakery, amid the aroma of sweet-potato pies you'll find three generations of the Bolden family hard at work. Jeanette, who says, "I grew up with flour in my hair," helps out by making deliveries. Although she uses an automobile, occasionally she could make better time on foot. Some track experts, in fact, give her an excellent chance of capturing the 100-meter gold medal in 1984.

If she does, she first must qualify in the Olympic 100-meter-dash trials next June in Los Angeles. Jeanette, undaunted, has overcome even bigger obstacles.

She not only had to wear corrective braces as a youngster, but several times during grade school she was rushed to the hospital with asthma attacks so severe her life was close to the finish line. At age 12 she was sent to Sunair Home For Asth-

continued on following page

Cover Contest Runner-up

"Our politics differ, but I'm a great admirer of Ronald Reagan," says Ray Reibel, explaining the cover portrait that brought him second place in the *Post*'s cover contest. Although a presidential portrait may seem pretty big game, Reibel says his favorite subjects for illustration are lions, tigers and panthers. Our congratulations to Ray Reibel of Englewood, Ohio. He wins a microwave oven.

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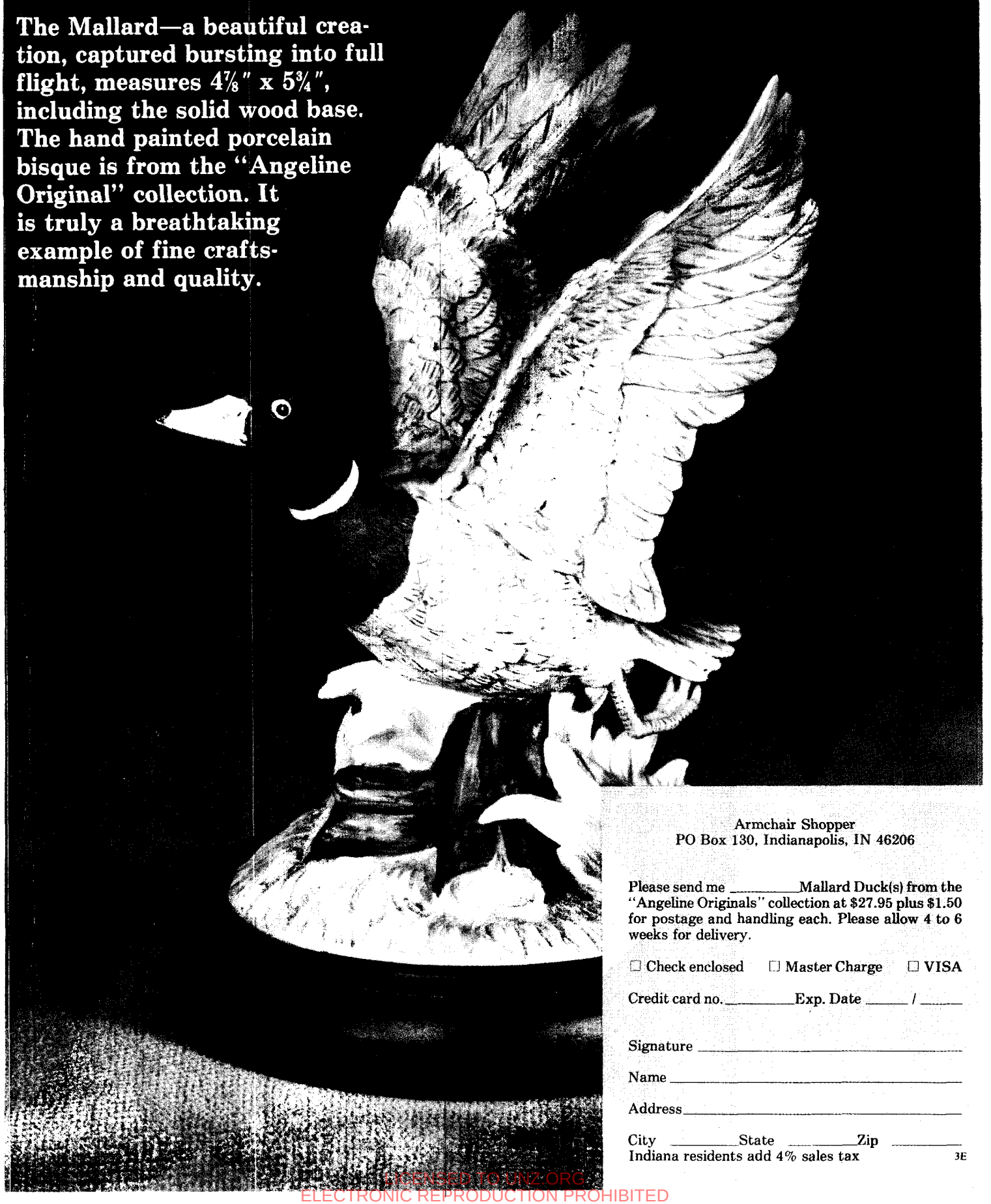

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Gold Rush of '84

continued from page 96

matic Children at Tujunga, California, for nine months.

It was there that she had an introduction to sports—first swimming, then branching out to running.

"The more I ran, the more people began taking an interest in me," she says. "And in 1977, after I beat some pretty good people, I no longer had to hide anything. I just wanted to keep on running."

Besides filling demands for inspirational talks and doing volunteer work for the American Lung Association, Jeanette can also still be found occasionally delivering a freshly made sweet-potato pie for the family bakery.

Not surprisingly, her favorite passage from the Bible, which she studies avidly, is found in the Book of Isaiah: "They that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength; they shall mount up with wings like eagles; they shall run, and not be weary; and they shall walk, and not faint."

Hard-Hitting Brothers

Farmer Theodore Gray, Boynton Beach, Florida, raises beans, cucumbers, eggplant, peppers, squash and boxers.

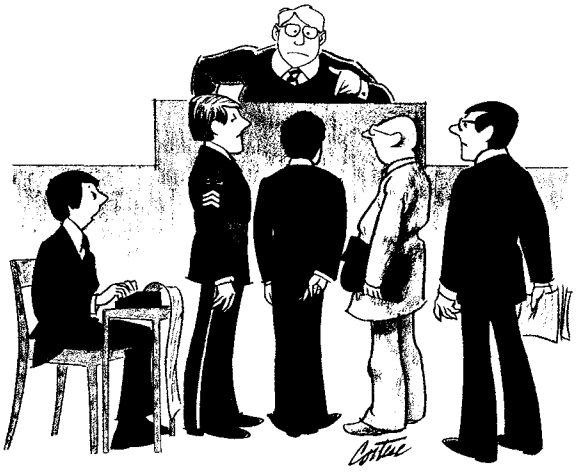
He planted the boxer crop eight years ago by hanging a potato sack filled with dirt and wet towels from a tree in the backyard and convincing his sons that it was a punching bag. Later, he drove them 170 miles a day to Miami for professional training.

Today, Theodore and Anna Mae Gray are harvesting a crop of amateur champions.

Last December, at the U.S.A. Amateur Boxing Federation championships in Indianapolis, the two oldest sons, Clifford, 21, and Bernard, 20, became the first brothers to capture titles in the same meet, vaulting into Olympic contention.

Currently, both boxers are working out at the Olympic Training Center in Colorado Springs, Colorado, as part of the U.S.A. Amateur Boxing Federation's "Operation Gold." Under this invitational program offering educational and athletic assistance to top American boxers, Clifford studies aerobics and speech at Pike's Peak Community College; Bernard is registered at Palmer High.

"If I make the team," says Clifford, "I'll give 100 percent to win the gold medal. Then Bernard won't have to cut his medal up to share with our father and mother. They can each have one—for the many things they have done for us."



You be the Judge

by John Ritter

Carter was tried for rape in Washington, D.C., in 1969 and found not guilty by reason of insanity. The reason was that he told his court-appointed psychiatrist he had committed more than 300 rapes. The psychiatrist therefore testified in court that Carter was a sexual sadist and insane. After five years in St. Elizabeth's mental hospital, he applied to the federal court for release.

"I want out," Carter told the judge. "I'm not insane and never was; I told the court and the psychiatrists back at my trial a lot of lies just to make them think I was insane. I never really raped 300 women—it was only five or six."

If you were the judge, would you order the hospital to release Carter?

Carter goes free, ruled the judge. Mental hospitals are only for the insane, and although Carter is a liar, he is not insane. Nor can he be retried, because that would be double jeopardy.

(Based on a 1975 federal case in Washington, D.C.)

Thus the U.S. Olympic boxing team—whose trials are tentatively scheduled for next June 4-10 at Ft. Worth—appears to have a very gray future—and that is a bright forecast indeed.

James Martin—For the Defense

Although James Martin refuses to ingest sugar, white bread, soft drinks and red meat, opting instead for fresh vegetables, poultry and fish, there was a period when this nine-time judo All-American wasn't so particular about what he put into his body. His rocky road to Los Angeles suffered a five-year detour through drug and alcohol abuse.

Spurred by rebellion to the rigid workout schedule set by his father, a Grand Masters champion, James turned his back on judo at age 15. But at 20, suffering ulcers and other symptoms of a badly mistreated body, he was given a shove—which also came from his father—right back into the sport.

"My dad challenged me," James remembers. "Tryouts for the nationals were a few days away, and he said he bet I couldn't qualify. With no time to get in shape, I entered—and won.

"I was really lucky, being in the right place at the right time," he says. "But from it I got the idea that I could come back and go for the Olympics."

Now 29 years old, the San Gabriel, California, resident has his eye on America's first Olympic gold medal in judo. And instead of dope, he is injecting himself with doses of confidence from coach Ben Chapman.

James, with an unprecedented six national titles to his credit, says a gold medal itself means nothing. "I'd just like to be the first ever to capture a gold medal in judo for the United States," he says. "Since judo became an Olympic sport in 1964, Americans have won just two bronze medals."

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Long Livers

continued from page 55

"Tornado!" I yelled, jamming on the brakes. "Head for the ditch!"

To my surprise, that is exactly what she did. Unfortunately, two days of rain had beaten us to it. But when one's life is up for grabs, what's a little belly flop into that gunk?

Ten minutes later, with no action except from you-know-who, I decided to risk just my head by standing up and peering over the bank. The clouds had by this time lifted a couple of feet, and I was able to distinguish the funnel cloud as the Mt. Pleasant water tower.

A late-model wife, of course, would have slogged her way out of the ditch, floundered back to the car, picked up her belongings and hitched a ride with the first truck driver able to distinguish her from a mud statue. Happily, to broken-in models such as mine, incidents such as these serve only as barnacles—if you will excuse this change of metaphor—which, over the years, have formed the great barrier reef that protects yesterday's marriages from today's incompatibilities.

In other words, long-livers come from marriages that can rise up out of a ditch muddy but unbowed, so to speak. In fact, I held her hand all the way to the car. A woman can't strangle a man with only one hand.

WHERE DO YOU THINK YOU ARE?
(Answers from page 94)

1. Oklahoma
2. Georgia
3. Pennsylvania
4. Kentucky
5. Michigan
6. Massachusetts
7. South Dakota
8. Delaware
9. Texas

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Eric Sloane

continued from page 69

stand in, and as deep as a cave. Carved on the mantel, a monolith of one enormous log, is the legend: "The providence of God is my inheritance." Above that (philosophy with a smile) are 14 antique hourglasses in many sizes.

Eric paints and writes within this room. There are 700 (count 'em) soft, fine brushes close to his easel. The 30-odd books Eric has written and illustrated are hidden in a huge oak closet that must have taken six men to bring into the room. His bookshelves are laden with other authors—leather-bound books of antiquity, old almanacs, treatises on art and photography and the collected work of the masters. Picture windows commune with the countryside from every angle.

In Eric's basement studio he waves with a kind of throwaway modesty at about 30 paintings he has readied for a forthcoming exhibition at the Museum of the Southwest in Midland, Texas. The paintings are of the New England and Southwestern scenes, yet he has found surprising similarities in the contrasting structures of these two areas; he calls attention to the steeples of Vermont churches making the same leap to the sky that is echoed in the high ladders of New Mexico Indian adobe prayer houses, where one mounts first to the roof, only then to descend to an enclosed space for spiritual uplift.

I ask Eric if he had any problems bringing so many paintings together for the showing. Was it difficult borrowing them back from galleries and other museums and private owners? Eric deadpans the answer: "Oh, no, I didn't have to do that. I just painted 30 new ones."

He goes on: "I paint very quickly, you see. Maybe I shouldn't admit to that, but in a certain sense, a painting I may have taken only a couple of hours to work out has been in the making in my mind for maybe 30 years."

I look at the paintings, and—as they used to say in the Rover Boys books—with a barely concealed smirk, I mention to Eric that I am very familiar with the tiny Vermont village he has painted with such affection, but I am sure there is no such mountain behind it. He wins the round and teaches me a lesson in one graceful, low-keyed reply: "I never paint on location," he says. "I painted that here. I didn't want to show one particular village or any particular mountain for someone to recognize." I like the painting far better with Eric's special mountain in it than I do with its own less-memorable hill. He has made me more aware.

A country man, did I say?

Eric Sloane had the good fortune to be born in New York City, which is about the best thing that could happen to anyone with a talent for painting rural scenes. A city's gift is to drive the nature lover into exile—or, rather, to create a love of nature by a denial of the countryside.

He was born in 1905, into a family with no artistic leanings whatsoever. He grew up in Forest Hills, New York, and had the good fortune to have as a neighbor Frederic William Goudy, one of the great typographic designers of all time. The boy (whose name was then Everard Jean Hinrichs), completely captivated by the magic Goudy had instilled in letters as objects of art, left home and traveled about America as a sign painter. Not that the youngster tarried in museums or art galleries—he painted one sign in ten-foot letters above the roller coaster of Steeplechase Amusement Park, advertising that temple of Coney Island fun to the world and those far at sea; he did a 1,000-foot mural for the Luna Park Ballroom, then a Steeplechase competitor. He also added to the decor of the Half-Moon Hotel at Coney Island, famous in the lore of honeymooners and gang warfare in New York. Floyd Bennett Field, the major Eastern airport of that era, happened to be nearby, frequented by the likes of Wiley Post and Charles Lindbergh. Post took the youngster up in his plane and showed him the

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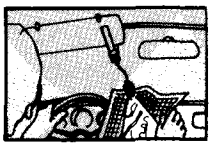

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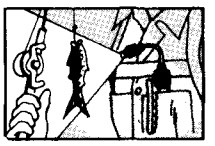

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fabulous world of the sky. Soon enough, the young artist turned out his first "cloudscape." A lady who herself had a passing interest in clouds bought it immediately. Her name was Amelia Earhart.

His sign-painting days beginning to fade, young Hinrichs did a stint at the Yale School of Fine Arts, and then joined the New York Art Students League. With his lifetime penchant for falling in with the right people, he came under the sway of John Sloan at the League—a moment of truth. Sloan was then the leading light of the Ashcan School, which merely meant that this group was moving its art out of the studio and onto the city streets, not that its subject matter was garbage. The youngster was so inspired by his new artistic mentor that he took unto himself the name "Sloan," merely adding an "e" to make the theft less direct. He also created his own given name of Eric by taking a word he loved after his own coast-to-coast travels—"America"—and simply deleting the first two letters and the final "a."

As I have suggested, Sloane is a complex personality.

He can say, on the one hand, about his reaction to an old barn: "Although they could not be seen [in the dark], the surrounding walls and the oversized beams made themselves felt, almost like something alive in the darkness. The incense of seasoned wood and the perfume of dry hay mingled to create that distinctive fragrance that only an ancient barn possesses. I felt a strong affinity with the man who built this barn." And when he discovered in the plastered foundation the imprint of the builder's hand: "Every line, callus and scar was there, and as I placed my hand into the imprint to compare sizes, I had the strange feeling of the past reaching down through the years to touch me."

Yet the same man says: "I am known as a painter of nostalgia—which I detest. I use old buildings to portray the *wisdom* and *taste* of yesterday. . . . Nostalgia is a disease. Age will do to you exactly what it does to a dead fish."

Eric had answered all my questions generously. But he had not yet offered anything coming directly from himself. Now, it came.

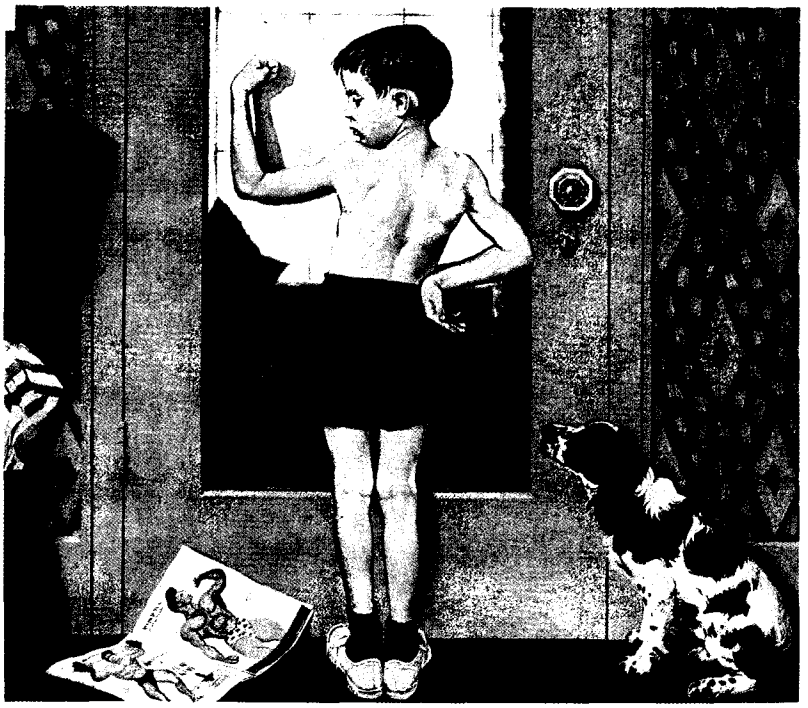
"This could embarrass you," he said softly, "but I hope it will not. Things have usually happened in my life in threes. And as I look back, I see my whole career in three parts. The first was when I painted for discovery. Second came the time when I painted for recognition and fame."

Pause.

"And now," said Eric Sloane, "I paint for God."

After parting, as Eric drove away, I noticed his license plate.

It was in letters, without any numbers on it. And the letters spelled: "Skies."



Can you name this picture?

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Our congratulations and a check for $100 go to Connie Taylor of Whittier, Louisiana, for the winning entry in our March caption contest.

The sound of the hedge trimmers snapping
And the snap of the ballbat cracking,
Keep some on the go,
While others we know,
Find these sounds simply music for napping.

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Secret Life

continued from page 61

tel (6 a.m.), Escort No. 2 (Carpenter) said good-by in foyer, remarking: 'I know when I am licked.' Subject and Ambrosini proceeded to Presidential Suite, Ambrosini inquiring: 'Are you licked yet, baby?' and Subject replying: 'I have only just started. What is for breakfast?' Ambrosini answered: 'Fried Ambrosini.' Both laughed. Subject had not emerged from Presidential Suite at 8 a.m."

Lucio Ambrosini . . . . The name itself was enough for a divorce action, thought James Howgill in a fury; Ambrosini had been cited in at least five of them, to the accompaniment of uproarious scandal and maximum headlines on both sides of the Atlantic. He was rich, elegant, much traveled, a household word in far too many households. He was a true international playboy, though he held some marginal diplomatic post that could not have occupied his time for more than a week in any one year. He drove racing cars into trees, horses into water jumps, women into transports of delight and floods of tears. He was Lucio Ambrosini, married three times, the bane of husbands from Capri to Cape Cod. It was said that he had only to look at a woman——

James Howgill crumpled up the report and hurled it into the fireplace. Then he reached for his hat. This ridiculous thing had gone far enough.

He faced his wife, across the sitting room—his own sitting room.

"But where have you been?" he asked again. "I've been ringing the doorbell here for nearly a week." He tried to make his tone a commanding one, but it came out as a sort of pleading complaint—the way, in fact, that he felt at this moment. Marjorie was really looking quite beautiful . . . . There had been all those men—and Lucio Ambrosini to top them all off . . . .She must have something, after all, and he had never been able to find it, until now . . . . His thoughts were confused, while Marjorie, he observed with deep misgiving, was composed and cool.

"I was away, James," she answered. "It was lonely here. I took a little holiday."

"A holiday? Where?"

"I stayed with some friends in Scotland."

"What friends?"

"You don't know them, darling." She smiled. It was difficult to say what sort of a smile it was. It might have been secretive. It might have been shy. It was certainly new—or perhaps he hadn't noticed it before. "You've been gone such a long time," she went on. "I'm bound to have made a few new friends."

"How long were you away?"

"About six weeks."

He stared at her, full of jealousy, raging with suspicion, yet powerless to make anything of it. He knew she was not telling the truth, yet he could not charge her with it. That would mean confessing about the detectives, and he was deeply ashamed about them and a lot of other things. And if he told her about the detectives, she might be angry and turn him out again. He couldn't stand that. Not now.

"I hope you haven't been too lonely," he said awkwardly.

"Not too lonely. Of course, I've missed you."

Marjorie smiled again, the same smile. It annoyed him, plagued him and intrigued him. He felt a wave of pure astonishment sweep over him. After all these years, she suddenly intrigued him . . . . Once again, he thought: She must have something, in spite of everything.

Looking at her, he knew it was something he had to have, this time for good. She was not the old Marjorie at all. She was new, tantalizing, feminine. Above all, she was his, to be defended against all comers. If other men were attracted to her, they'd just have to keep their distance.

On an impulse, he walked over and kissed her. Even her lips felt different now. He found himself swearing they must belong to him and to no one else.

"It's nice to be home," he said unsteadily.

Touching his hand, she said: "It is a nice house, isn't it?"

For a moment she wanted to tell him that while she had been away in Scotland, the house—their house—had been let, and to a film actress, of all people. But she decided not to. James was odd about things like that. And strait-laced, too. He might not understand. And she could not bear to spoil this moment. James was positively ardent. Life had really been very dull without him.

"It's lovely to be back," she said. "Please stay."

"Forever!" he answered determinedly. "Among other reasons, I don't believe you're safe to leave alone."

"Why, James! What do you mean?"

"You know," he said, with possessive warmth. "But let's never mention it again."

The Perfect Squelch

Edmund, a wealthy young intellectual who thought the best thing in life was "me," had finally found a young lady he thought might be worthy of him. To see if she measured up to his standards, he was outlining his critical views on almost everything. Having explained that he considered most books trash, most music not worth listening to and all sports completely boring, he moved into his favorite field of criticism, which was people. He pointed out a number of guests around them and explained how utterly dull and stupid they were.

Taking the girl's silence for agreement, Edmund expanded on the collective mediocrity of just about everyone but himself. "Sometimes," he finally sighed, "I feel like resigning from the human race."

"Oh," the girl said, "you belong?"

—Rose Philbrook

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Sally Struthers

continued from page 57

apartment, with no family responsibilities and her friends all well-off, her unique problem became one of "where to share?"

Fortunately, at that time, 1974, the CCF was looking for a celebrity, especially a young working woman, to represent it. The profile matched young working-woman-celebrity Sally Struthers perfectly.

"When I saw their ad in a magazine," she says, "I wrote to them: 'If you want me, I'm yours for life.' "

Want her they did, and the rest is history.

That history embraces seven years during which she has been an effective draw for the CCF, besides sponsoring eight children herself.

This spring she got to see the results of her own sponsorship in Africa. Despite advice not to travel to Uganda because of the violence in that country, she included Entebbe in her African itinerary, and there she met Damiano Wanambwa, whom she has sponsored since 1980.

"I had some anxiety about how he would look," Sally recalls. Early photos had showed a cute little boy with light hair and round cheeks. Sally was told the light hair and bloated stomach were signs of malnutrition. "But when I saw him," she says, "he looked terrific. His hair was darker. His stomach was much smaller."

Although Sally had brought a suitcase full of toys for Damiano, what appealed to the little Ugandan most was a jar of peanut butter and some bananas that one of the crew members had brought in his jeep.

In Africa Sally saw the great improvement of living conditions in villages being assisted by the CCF. Unaided villages, on the other hand, were "slums—terrible—with starving children." Unprepared for sights of such misery, she was frequently moved to tears.

Back at home, Sally gets all the repayment she wants for her CCF efforts from her appreciative fans. "People stop me on the street to thank me for what I'm doing and to tell me they've started to sponsor a child," she says. Sally notes that she sleeps better at night knowing that she is doing something constructive with her life and good fortune.

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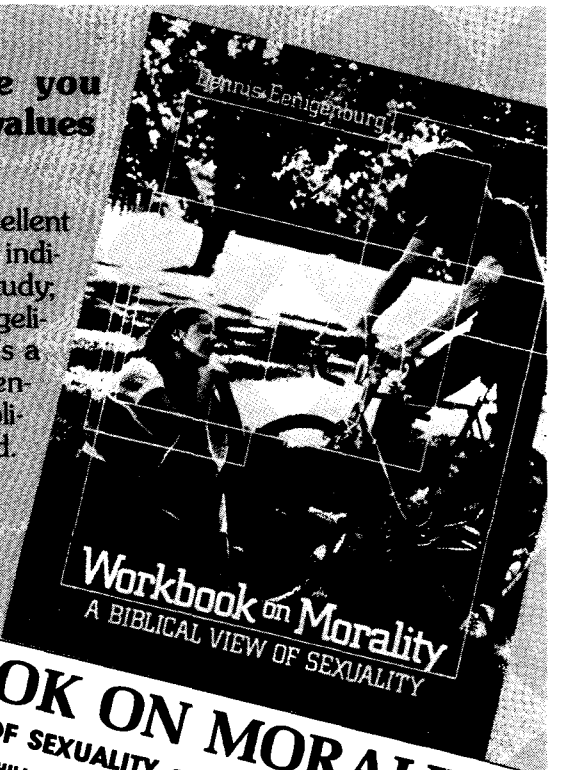

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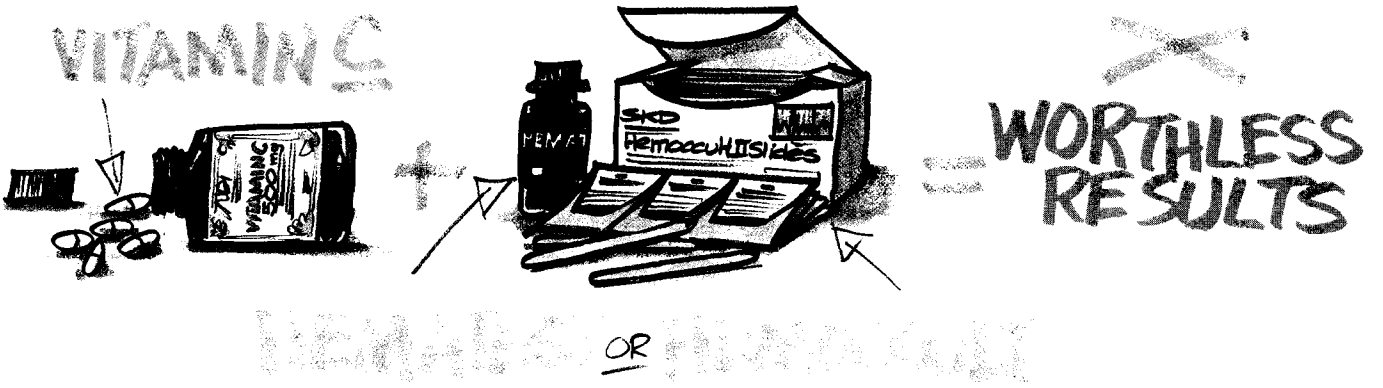
MEDICAL MAILBOX

by Cory SerVaas M.D.

"It is a most gratifying sign of the rapid progress of our time that our best text-books become antiquated so quickly."
—Theodore Billroth (1829-1894)



Hematest™ and Hemoccult™ are two tests that medical laboratories, hospitals and physicians use to test for occult (hidden) blood in the stool. The tests have saved many a patient from a colostomy bag or even premature death from colon cancer. Unfortunately, these tests are useless if one takes 250 to 500 mg of vitamin C per day for the three days before testing. Needed: A stool test that works in the presence of vitamin C.

Occult-Blood Tests

I'm looking at a small bottle of Hematest™ diagnostic pills that has an expiration date of 1985 on the box. I have used these to test for occult blood in the stool of my mother each time she comes from Iowa to visit us, and there is nothing on the instructions with this bottle which would indicate that these tests would be invalid if the patient were taking supplemental vitamin C. Yet, because my mother was taking more than 500 mg of vitamin C, the tests were worthless. So were the tests her doctor had given her in Iowa.

The frightening thing about this is that none of the physicians I polled were aware that these tests for occult blood in the stool are invalid when the patient takes vitamin C. One internist thought it wouldn't matter, because you could retake the test if it wasn't right the first time. In other words, he thought that, as is the case with red meat, vitamin C might cause a false *positive*. But there is a huge difference. A false *negative* would not be repeated.

"If you expect to live a long, healthy life, you'd better cut out smoking, cholesterol and that infernal finger-drumming!"

Because so many people and their physicians aren't aware of this danger, our readers are warned to always tell their physicians that they are taking supplemental vitamin C. In addition, the patients should always stop taking vitamin C for three days before their regular physical examinations, since their physicians will probably do a rectal exam. It is then that the doctors usually take a specimen of feces to determine whether any microscopic blood is being passed in the stools.

Catching this bleeding puts the patient a far jump ahead of the person whose blood isn't detected until it actually shows pink in the stool, should cancer be lurking within the colon.

The Miles Laboratories, which manufacture the Hematest, have revised their literature since my test bottle was manufactured. The new literature insert calls attention to the false-negative stool tests which have been reported due to vitamin C.

This seemingly well-kept secret actually became known in 1975 when an anemic patient was given three Hemoccult™ tests, a similar occult-blood test by Smith Klein & French. These tests all showed negative, but the laboratory became suspicious and did a more-sensitive benzidine

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test, which showed positive. During a discussion with the patient, she revealed that she took 2 g per day of vitamin C as a dietary supplement. When the patient voluntarily stopped taking her usual vitamin C for four days, her Hemoccult tests became strongly positive for blood. Resumption of oral vitamin C (500 mg/day) resulted in nonreactive occult-blood tests again 72 hours later.

This cycle was repeated twice more in daily stool collections with similar findings, except that vitamin C inhibition was apparent at 48 hours. Withdrawal of vitamin C resulted in strongly positive occult-blood tests 48 hours later, and daily thereafter. The patient was suffering from chronic blood loss and responded to iron therapy. Fortunately for her, the bleeding was not caused by a malignancy.

The bottom line on this information is that it takes a lot of reading to stay abreast of fast-breaking new developments in medicine. The above research paper appeared in the *Annals of Internal Medicine* in 1975. Yet, unfortunately, there are probably large numbers of individuals who are screened with Hemoccult or Hematest occult stool tests who do not know that they should stop taking vitamin C three days before the tests because it will mask the chemical color reaction. Any readers who have taken a Hemoccult test or Hematest stool test while on more than 250 mg of supplemental vitamin C should have the test repeated.

The good news is that there is a new test that may become practical for screening which may not be invalidated with vitamin C. Because of the increasing intake of vitamin C as a preservative, food additive and dietary supplement, the development of such a reliable test is much needed.

Down's Syndrome

My brother called last night to tell me the sad news that his newest grandchild had been born with Down's syndrome.

I immediately sent him the following excerpt from a booklet that Dr. Denis Burkitt (see p. 17) had written and fortuitously sent to me that very day. I hope that other parents or friends of Down's syndrome children will enjoy sharing Dr. Burkitt's beautiful thoughts:

". . .As a family we were shattered to learn that our youngest grandson was a child with Down's syndrome. What initially appeared as a stunning tragedy has already turned out to be—and we believe will continue to be—a blessing to us and to many others. Weakness and suffering bring out the best from people in the way of love, caring and understanding, and with these we have been enveloped and overwhelmed. Ability, fortune or success, on the other hand, foster the destructive evils of arrogance and jealousy. God has so often chosen the weak things of the world to confound the mighty. Our daughter and son-in-law have demonstrated their loving acceptance of this little one by naming him Edward Samuel, his second name meaning 'a gift from God.' A comment from our daughter expressed all that we as a family felt. 'When Jesus rode into Jerusalem he deliberately chose to be carried by a humble, stupid animal, a donkey. Edward may in the world's eyes appear stupid, but what matter if he can be used by Jesus.' We pray that he will be a pilgrim pointing others upward as he makes his way towards the Celestial City. . . ."

Denis Burkitt, M.D.

Vegetables canned without the traditional touch of salt and dash of sugar! Who'd think of such a thing! Well, Libby's—for one.

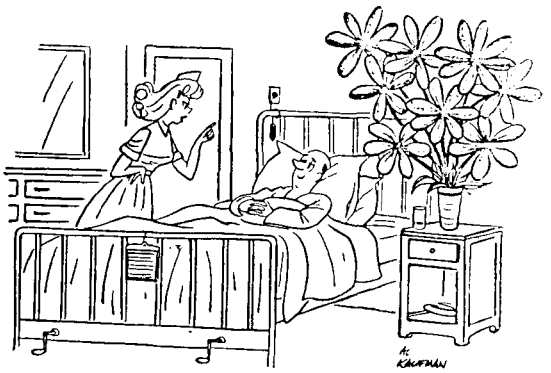
Responding to the health need for preventing high blood pressure, hypertension and diabetes, S.S. Pierce, packagers of Libby's, began defying the "no salt, no customer" theory of most other canning companies. Today, its entire Libby's Natural Pack line of canned vegetables—12 products in 33 styles and sizes—is canned with no sugar or salt added. And the public, if you'll pardon us, is "eating it up."

In support of the company's "you'll find nothing but vegetables in the can" policy, Libby's has launched a consumer-education program, sending nutritionists across the country to promote a menu plan—five full days of recipes, all prepared with spices and herbs instead of salt and sugar.

"We're happy to learn that the response has been remarkably good. Consumers want to cut back on salt and sugar, but because they believe these two killers are necessary for flavor, they have to be shown how. We offer them alternative ways to season food, which actually can be a lot of fun," says a nutritionist for Libby's.

The *Post* is happy to give this month's Ben Franklin Award to S.S. Pierce for its courageous step in salt- and sugar-free canning.

If you want to thank Libby's people, do so by buying their products from the shelves. They'll probably send you their free menu plan if you write to them. Their address is: Libby's Natural Pack, P.O. Box 1669, New York, NY 10163.



"Are you sure you're taking that vitamin prescription?"

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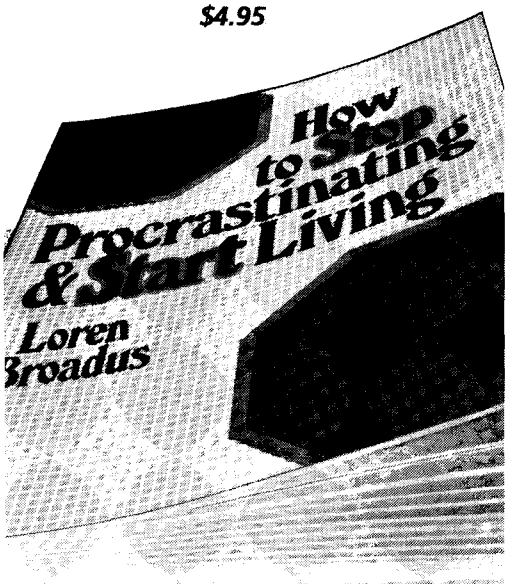

AUGSBURG

Diverticulosis

continued from page 28

composed of vegetarians, the other was not. Almy adds that the groups were matched for age, sex, education and a variety of other factors. The results, according to Dr. Almy, were impressive. "The researchers found nearly three times as much diverticular disease among the non-vegetarians," Dr. Almy said.

The researchers in the Oxford study went further to try to discover whether the risk of diverticular disease was related conclusively to fiber intake regardless of whether one was a vegetarian. "They found," Dr. Almy explained, "that for each individual the risk of diverticular disease was related to his/her intake of fiber. The higher the fiber intake, the smaller the risk of developing diverticular disease. So this not only brought in impressive evidence in favor of Dr. Burkitt's hypothesis that fiber was the difference between the primitive societies and the westernized people, but it also showed that the intake of other things didn't make much difference with regard to diverticular disease."

"The evidence that a high-fiber diet can prevent the development of diverticula, small outpouchings in the intestines, is now quite good," said David Y. Graham, M.D., associate professor of medicine at the Baylor College of Medicine and chief of the digestive disease section at the Veterans Administration Medical Center in Houston.

Getting a handle on the number of people with diverticulosis isn't an easy matter. Most patients with it have no symptoms, although some patients have pain resulting from contractions of the colon on the diverticula. However, for the most part, the patient with diverticulosis will go undiagnosed, either until the condition is discovered by X-ray, or until he becomes symptomatic or is one of the unfortunate ones who develop the complication of diverticulitis. Diverticulitis occurs when one or more of the diverticula become inflamed. It is in essence an abscess on the intestine. The result is intense pain and it can lead to intestinal perforation and bleeding. Such complications can become life threatening.

Our best estimate is that by age 65 about 50 percent of people in the United States have diverticulosis. As for diverticulitis, most doctors agree that somewhere in the neighborhood of 20 percent of those with diverticulosis will go on to develop diverticulitis. "We know that there are 200,000 hospital admissions a year in the United States for diverticulitis, and perhaps 150,000 of those represent new cases," Dr. Almy said.

Despite the increased incidence of diverticulosis among the elderly, it is by no means a problem confined to that age group. It can occur earlier. It is a problem that, Dr. Almy explains, results from increased pressure within the colon. "The intestine is covered with muscles and fibrous structures that one might call a skeleton. Over a period of years this covering becomes weakened, allowing small pieces of intestine to protrude through the muscular covering. These are diverticula."

Dr. Burkitt has explained that a high-fiber diet increases stool bulk. By doing this the intestine doesn't need to contract as much, less pressure is generated and the risk of diverticulosis is greatly decreased.

Dr. Almy feels that 30 grams of fiber per day is a good amount to achieve.

The benefits of fiber extend beyond just preventing and treating diverticular disease.

"Perhaps some of the most exciting evidence comes in the area of colon cancer," Dr. Almy said. "There is now ample evidence that most people in the United States and in much of the western world eat a diet that is too high in fat. Our diet has about 40 percent fat. That should be reduced to the range of about 25 percent," Dr. Almy said. The reduction of fat alone, many experts feel, would have an impact on a variety of diseases, including colon cancer. However, fiber, regardless of one's fat intake, appears to protect against the development of colon cancer.

"Epidemiologists at Kaiser-Permanente in Oakland, California, found that, among their black male population, the risk of colon cancer was three times higher in those eating a low-fiber, high-fat diet than in those eating a high-fiber, low-fat diet," Almy explained. However, some of the most convincing evidence showing the benefit of a high-fiber diet in preventing colon cancer comes, according to Dr. Almy, from

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a Scandanavian study done by a European study group. They compared an urban population in Copenhagen with a population in the rural county of Kuopio in Finland. Fat intake for both populations was similar, but the intake of fiber—both cereal and vegetable—was significantly higher in the Kuopio group. The study showed that the Copenhagen group had a fourfold higher incidence of colon cancer. "This as well as other evidence, I think, substantially strengthens the case initially made by Burkitt and others that a high-fiber diet reduces the risk of colon cancer," according to Dr. Almy.

A high-fiber diet is thought to be protective in several ways. First, by speeding up transit time through the intestine, fiber decreases the amount of time that potentially cancer-causing chemicals are in contact with the colon.

Second, byproducts from the digestion of fiber by bacteria that normally exist in the colon serve to strengthen the lining of the intestine. "Evidence shows," Dr. Almy said, "that these byproducts, which are short-chain fatty acids, specifically proprionic and butyric acids, are better sources of energy for the intestinal lining than is glucose. The person with a low-fiber diet may, therefore, have a weakened colon lining, and the hypothesis is that this makes it more vulnerable to injury by cancer-causing substances."

The third factor is that fiber reduces the concentration of secondary bile acids, which are recognized as promoters of neoplastic growth.

Evidence of the benefit of fiber in eliminating constipation is not even in question. A byproduct of that benefit may be a reduction in the incidence of hemorrhoids, which are partly caused or aggravated by straining to eliminate a small stool. A recent study has suggested that corn fiber is best of all fiber grains for alleviating constipation.

The evidence for a high-fiber diet reducing the risk of a person developing gallstones is also quite good, according to Dr. Almy. "I think," he said, "based on experimental and clinical evidence, that the case for that has been strengthened substantially in the last several years."

There is also evidence that fiber, specifically pectins (which are present in fruits), can reduce the level of one type of cholesterol. "The reduction is in low-density lipoproteins (LDL), which are felt to play an important role in the development of coronary artery disease," Dr. Almy said.

One of the beneficial aspects of fiber, which until recently received little attention, has perhaps the most potential for popular appeal. "A high-fiber diet can help someone lose weight and keep it off," Dr. Graham said.

I was reminded of a professor in medical school who told us that "In our country the biggest health problem of the poor is obesity." You may have observed, if you have ever watched a hunger march, how many obese poor people are out there marching. The good news for them it that fiber foods, which would help them lose weight, are also cheaper foods in most instances.

Several years ago a large hospital in which I worked took care of many indigent patients and provided free breakfasts for diabetics. I was always saddened to see the long lines of very obese persons in line for those free meals.

I'm particularly happy about the good news from Dr. James Anderson at the University of Kentucky, Lexington. He is having good results by giving diabetics high-fiber, high-carbohydrate diets and reducing the amount of insulin they require. An inexpensive diet for diabetics is also the best diet. He says:

"You have to be careful when trying to increase your fiber intake. Bran is an excellent source, but there are a number of breads which are advertised as being whole wheat; but when you examine the label, you find that, while they're brown bread, their whole-wheat content is actually quite low. Four slices a day of whole-wheat bread provides about 30 grams of fiber."

But what should you do if you are eating out and only white bread is available? This happened last spring when we were enjoying a dinner party in the Caribbean with Dr. Burkitt. "You eat the white bread anyway because it is so important to get the wheat in your diet," he said.

I remember attending a fiber-and-diet conference in Bethesda, Maryland, where fiber-food authorities from around the world had gathered in the Holiday Inn. The most popu-

continued on following page

MEDICAL FILE

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lar item on the menu was whole-wheat bread, and there wasn't a slice to be found in the dining room after the group met for lunch or dinner. Potatoes, beans, lentils and, of course, breakfast cereals were consumed by all.

Dr. Burkitt has long proposed that less than an ounce of unprocessed bran a day will revolutionize your gastrointestinal behavior. That is the equivalent of two tablespoonfuls. Unprocessed bran is available in most grocery stores today. Many good cereals are now listing the percentage of nonnutritive food fiber by weight on their labels.

One pitfall Dr. Burkitt warns about is the misconception that a salad can provide the necessary fiber one needs. While some vegetables are good sources of fiber, Dr. Burkitt refers to lettuce as no more than "packaged water" and fiber poor.

There is one thing those deciding to add fiber to their diet need to keep in mind. Transiently, they may experience slight gas—something that, according to Dr. Almy, usually dissipates within about six to eight weeks. All in all, it is an exceedingly small price for the long list of benefits that accompany increasing one's fiber intake.

The verdict on fiber, then, seems to be in, and a resounding "thank you" from both the public and the medical community is due the man who did so much to call it to our attention—Denis Burkitt, M.D. Here's to you, Dr. Burkitt: Our amber waves of grain salute you.

Any reader desiring a reprint of our in-depth interview with Dr. Burkitt that appeared in an earlier *Post* may obtain a copy by sending $1.00; 5,000 at 50¢ each. There is a 15 percent discount for Society members.

Gum Disease

continued from page 72

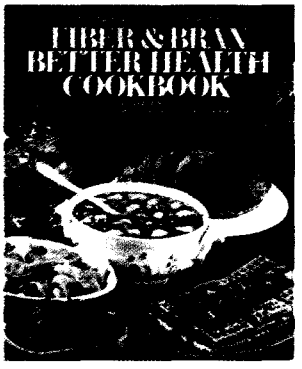
ience has shown that knocking them out produces results. The microscope is also used to monitor the program's progress. Examining scrapings from the base of the teeth and the root surfaces lets those who follow the Keyes method know whether the infection is really under control.

The second part of Keyes' program is the portion that has received most of the attention. "To many people the Keyes method is nothing more than baking soda and hydrogen peroxide. That is an unfortunate misconception," he says—unfortunate because that emphasis has made some people believe that there is nothing more to preventing or curing periodontal disease than brushing with a hydrogen-peroxide-and-baking-soda paste once a day before bedtime. "I chose baking soda and peroxide because there is good scientific evidence that baking soda will kill the offending organisms," says Keyes. "The peroxide is used not because, as some have said, the oxygen released is toxic to the bacteria, but because it is effective at dispersing and disorganizing the bacteria that make up plaque. And, perhaps most important, those two ingredients were chosen because they are cheap and are available without a prescription." Supporters of the Keyes method also add that regular use of the paste for six to eight weeks will result in whiter teeth.

As for the contention that baking soda (sodium bicarbonate) kills the bacteria, Dr. Ernest Newbrun, professor of oral biology at the University of California School of Dentistry in San Francisco, says, "We looked at a variety of salts that we thought would be effective, including baking soda, magnesium sulfate (Epsom salt) and table salt (sodium chloride). By far and away the best of the lot was the baking soda." Critics charge that Newbrun's test-tube results don't matter. It's what happens in the mouth, they say, that counts. Besides, they point out, no one has yet shown exactly what organisms cause periodontal disease.

Keyes says his experience as well as others' has shown the regimen works but that other agents can be used as effectively. Patients with hypertension and others on low-salt diets, Keyes says, should consult their physicians before using the baking soda. "I doubt that there will be significant absorption of the sodium, but each patient is different and should check before using it." Epsom salt or other agents can be used instead. Some patients may find three-percent hydrogen peroxide too irritating. They, according to Keyes, should dilute it one-to-one with water.

In some cases, Keyes advocates using antibiotics to bring the bacteria under control. "This emphasizes the importance of monitoring with the microscope or the cultures. Because the disease is so insidious, the patient may be unaware of his progress. Occasionally we find that, despite our program, the bacteria are not really under control—that we are in essence just fighting a delaying action. In those cases we use antibiotics for 10 to 14 days," Keyes says. The antibiotics used include tetracycline and metronidazole. The former, Keyes points out, shouldn't be used in pregnant women or young children because it can discolor developing teeth. Critics charge that Keyes is too liberal with antibiotic use. Supporters of the Keyes method counter by pointing out that the cases they see are often so far ad-



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vanced that agents such as baking soda and peroxide aren't enough.

Critics also charge that, even if baking soda and peroxide were to work, delivering them on the end of a toothbrush may be ineffective. Keyes agrees. "If the pockets are larger than three millimeters, brushing won't be enough. We have to use other devices to get the paste into the deeper pockets—for example, blunt-tipped syringes."

Keyes and his critics do, however, agree on the need for mechanical cleaning of the teeth. "An important part of the program is the decontamination of root surfaces and pockets with mechanical instruments. Most periodontists refer to this as root planing, scaling and curettage," Keyes explains. In addition, when pockets are present antiseptics are used to kill offending organisms. Keyes also instructs patients in removing plaque from accessible root surfaces.

Keyes' critics say his emphasis on the pain and expense of surgical therapy is misleading. "The cost will vary greatly, depending on how many teeth are involved, and, though there may be discomfort, the description of this as 'painful' is probably not fair," Max Listgarten says.

Keyes now works at the International Dental Health Foundation in Reston, Virginia. Here, Dr. Dan Watt, a dentist who became a Keyes believer, works with Keyes in educating other dentists in the Keyes method. Watt explains that, though periodontal disease is very common in the United States, no one knows what toll it takes in other countries. Nonetheless, Watt confesses a vision that the Keyes method coupled with the development of an antibacterial toothpaste might deal a deadly blow to periodontal disease, similar to the one that was dealt to cavities by fluoride.

The bottom line in most scientific controversies is data. In this case, however, the data are as embroiled in controversy as Keyes himself. Keyes says that his studies, conducted while he was still at the NIDR, prove his therapy is effective. Critics charge that the results of these studies have not been published in a refereed journal.

Critics also point to other studies that they say show no evidence that baking soda and hydrogen peroxide treatment is any better than the standard measures used to control plaque. The results, however, are equivocal.

There is little likelihood that this controversy will vanish anytime soon. So heated is the debate that a committee of the American Academy of Periodontology is attempting to gain access to the records of patients Keyes treated while at the National Institute of Dental Research. Such action is virtually unprecedented when there is no allegation of fraudulent research, because patient records are considered confidential. A spokesman for the American Academy of Periodontology said there is no allegation of fraud. "The committee's action," he said, "is merely the response to a motion made by one of its members."

Regardless of this controversy's outcome, there does seem to be some advice worth following to help prevent periodontal disease. First is to make sure that your dentist regularly checks for evidence of periodontal disease. Second, learn to recognize signs that might indicate you have a problem—a pink toothbrush, bleeding and/or sore gums, a sour taste in the mouth and/or bad breath. Finally—and perhaps central to the concept of prevention—institute a good oral-hygiene program. Such plans are usually best begun early in life when habits are fairly easy to establish. Mainstays of such a program are proper brushing and flossing, using unwaxed dental floss, the use of a Water Pik or similar device to remove debris from between the teeth and the use of toothpicklike products that can also help remove debris from between the teeth. Coupled with regular dental checkups, this is the type of program that will help you keep your teeth for many years to come.

Toward that goal, you may also want to consider the advice of some—not Keyes or his supporters, nor the American Academy of Periodontology—that vitamin C and calcium supplements may also help ward off periodontal disease.

After all, no matter how well dentures are made, all the experts agree: They'll never be as good as that set of choppers God gave you.

For a list of dentists in your area who use the Keyes method, write to the International Dental Health Foundation, 1930 Isaac Newton Square, Suite 106, Reston, VA 22090.

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Uncle Steve

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great deal else he could say.

We did know that Steve had made his peace with God in his final hours, and on the ride to Mount Olivet Cemetery Aunt Rose revealed that his last words had been, "Oh, mother." What can one read into that brief phrase? It seems only the cry of a defeated child.

"He never had a chance," muttered Charlie.

The September sky was gray over Mount Olivet as we gathered around the grave, and dead leaves hustled across the ground as the wind whipped about us.

Later, when they were taking me to the airport, Charlie said: "He'd spend his paycheck buying drinks for everyone in the house and then borrow more money."

He shook his head and again murmured, "He never had a chance."

In the end, all the comments made about Steve were similarly sad. They spoke of waste and blindness, of a life that meant nothing at all. Some used the phrase "He was not all there," as if emotionally, or in some strange way, he had been shortchanged by nature from birth. Some trick of the genes, some cosmic raw deal had been played on him.

We had said our goodbyes, and as my plane lifted from the runway, I stared into the overcast sky, wondering about my old friend, my mentor.

I kept thinking about the significance of his life. There are millions of Uncle Steves in this world. Almost every large family has one. You see them in all the big cities, sometimes on skid row. Alcohol, of course, is the means of their downfall, but it is not really the cause of it. There was something else, something that came before the drink that did the harm, that doomed them to be blown along the lonely streets of life as aimlessly as leaves before the wind.

Doomed and aimless . . . but was my Uncle Steve's life a complete failure? The gray mist scudded past my porthole, and I thought about an earlier sunny day with big Steve walking beside me. "Now get your shoulders up, boy, look like a soldier. Be a man like Teddy Roosevelt and Jack Dempsey." Now it wasn't the mist that blurred my vision.

It was difficult to assess my debt to Steve. His advice was excellent, his example deplorable. And yet by listening to him I learned what to do, and by watching him I learned what not to do.

How would God judge Uncle Steve? Would Jesus have judged him for not accumulating this world's goods, or would he have judged him rather for helping a young boy grow up to manhood, teaching him something about humor and forgiveness? Would He have judged him for his weaknesses, or for the many friends who mourned him? Would He have judged him for his despair, or for his excess and perhaps misplaced generosity?

"Glad to be going home?"

Our plane had broken out of the overcast, and the sun's reflection was blinding from the white clouds below. *Therefore I tell you, her sins, which are many, are forgiven, for she loved much; but he who is forgiven little, loves little.* I seemed to hear a soft whistling: "Sunbonnet Sue . . . Sunbonnet Sue . . . sunshine and roses run second to you."

Olympics

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contributions include those signed up as official sponsors of the Los Angeles Olympics. These sponsors will provide perhaps a quarter of the estimated $500-million total cost of the games. Coca-Cola contributed first, with $14 million. Southland Corporation (Seven-Eleven stores) built a first-class, $4-million velodrome. McDonald's has contributed a like sum for a new swimming facility. Levi Strauss is contributing all uniforms and garb for U.S. athletes and officials, and Atlantic-Richfield is sprucing up the Coliseum, where track-and-field events will take place. Other sponsors include General Motors, United Airlines, Sports Illustrated and Xerox. Arrowhead Puritas, a smaller contributor, also was a sponsor of the 1932 Los Angeles Olympics. In addition, *Woman's Day* magazine has created a fund to pay for women Olympians.

The National Sports Festivals, begun at Colorado Springs in 1978, now constitute full-fledged "off-year" Olympics in which thousands of athletes compete in regional colors for medals in Olympic events. At Syracuse in 1981 and at Indianapolis in 1982, hundreds of thousands of fans bought tickets to various events. The 1983 National Sports Festival will be held once again in Colorado Springs, which vies with Indianapolis to be "amateur sports capital of the United States."

Will all these improvements make a difference in 1984? Arthur Kuman, director of corporate participation for the Olympic committee, points out that the Junior Olympic programs, the National Sports Festivals, and the Olympic training center are providing thousands of American athletes with opportunities they never had before. Bob Mathias agrees, adding that, although the center cannot subsidize and sustain all athletes in all sports, there is no doubt "we'll begin to see the real results of our efforts in 1984 when we send the best team in American history to the Olympic Games in Los Angeles."

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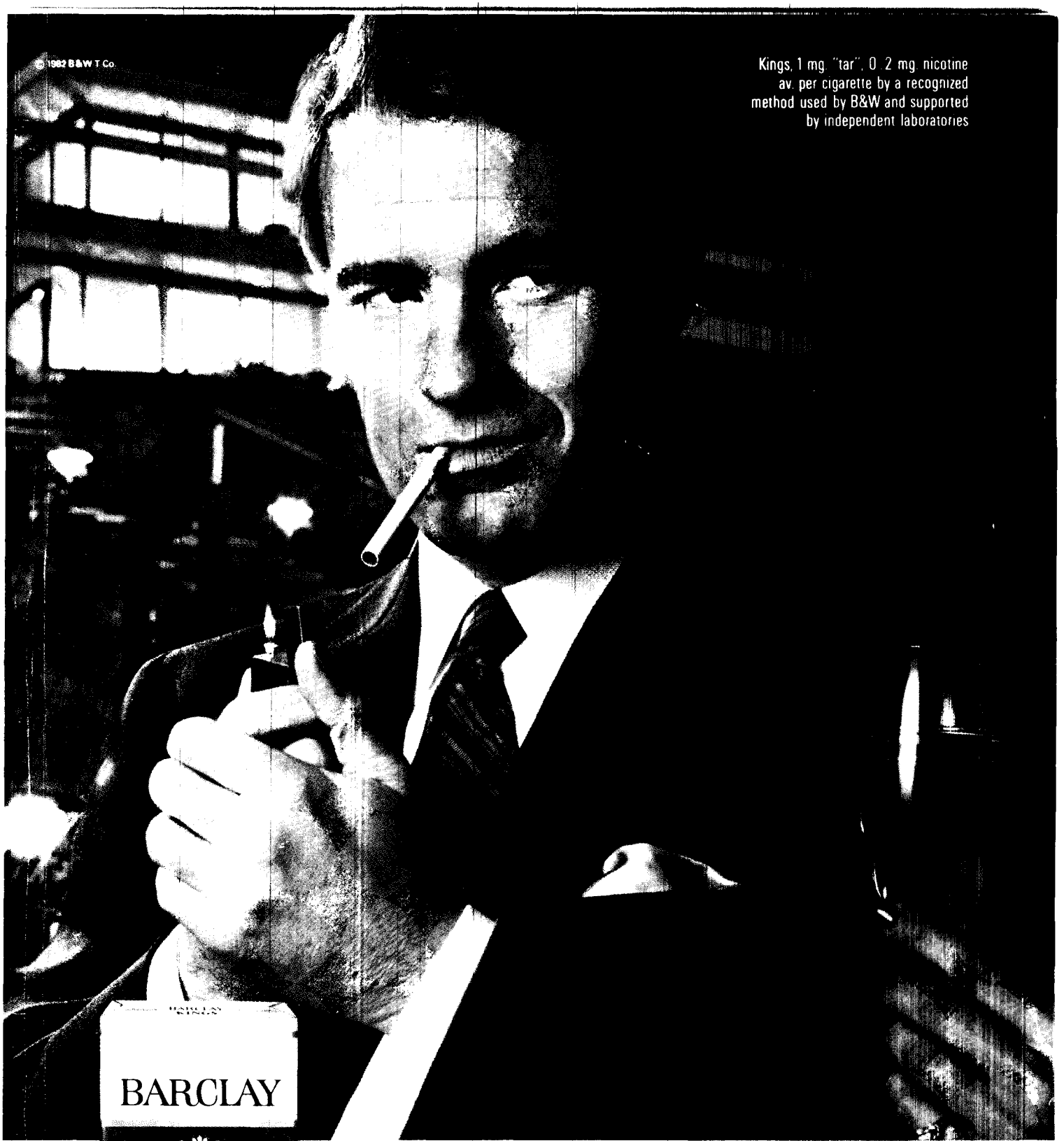

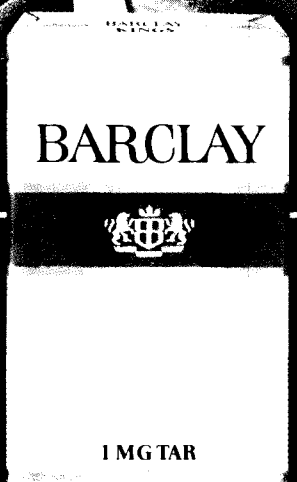

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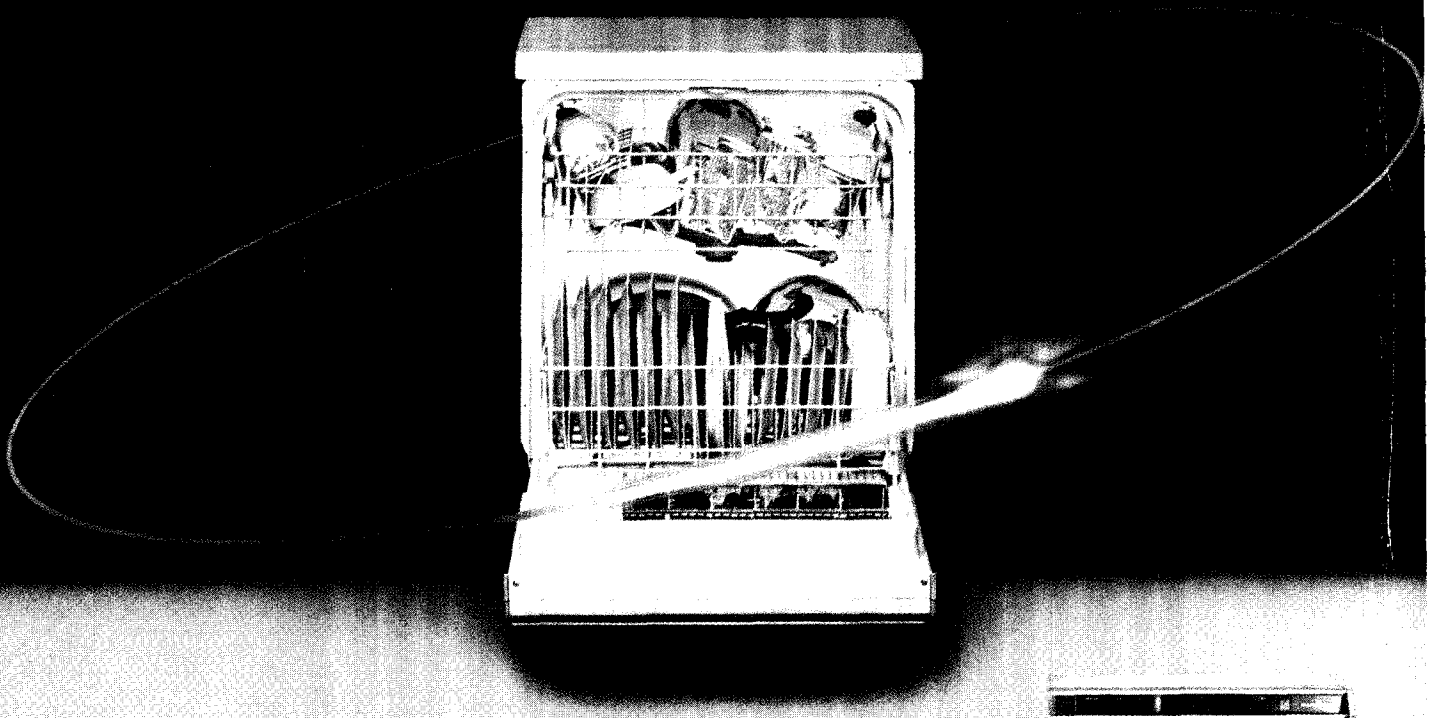

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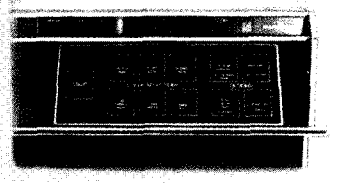

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